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free paper pattern on page 35

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Business Girl:

Our artist Boothroyd caught her at morning tea. The modern girl, with her combination of brains and beauty, has done much to make the dull routine of commercial life more happy. She brings the atmosphere of the home to the office, with her cups of tea, her vases of flowers, her powder puff and organdie frills.

The WEDDING of a THOUSAND GUESTS

Spectacular Nuptials Of Lord Mayor.... Dazzle Australia!

TRANSCENDING anything in the history of Australia were the preparations made for the marriage of the Lord Mayor of Melbourne (Cr. Gengoult Smith) and Miss Cynthia Brookes, daughter of the famous international tennis champion (Mr. Norman Brookes) and Mrs. Brookes.

The Cathedral, and Wednesday, December 6, were the place and date chosen, and for weeks past dribs and drabs of information have leaked out concerning the preparations for the event, the wonderful frocks, and gorgeous decorations.

No wonder, then, that people looked vantage points in shop windows along the route the bridal party was to travel, and that special police were detailed for the task of keeping an inquisitive mob within bounds.

WITH only ten days' freedom from the social round to make final preparations for her wedding to the Lord Mayor, Miss Cynthia Brookes could awaken on her last morning under the family roof at "Kurnah," South Yarra, with the reassuring knowledge that everything was ready for the biggest wedding Australia has ever seen.

This was largely due to the amazing organizing powers of her mother, Mrs. Norman Brookes. In the last couple of months since the wedding arrangements were first begun, Mrs. Brookes has carried out 13 big organizing jobs.

Even when the request was made a few weeks ago—after she had sent out 800 invitations to the reception at her home—that the reception should be a civil one, her efficiency did not break down. She calmly rang up the caterer for a fourth tier on the man-high wedding-cake for 300 extra guests.

A REHEARSAL was held at the Cathedral on Friday. All the bridesmaids, except Helen Hughes, who had not yet arrived from Sydney, practised several times in the dim light of the lofty building their nerve-racking walk up the long aisle under the gaze

of hundreds of people, though the almost empty pews were their only audience on Friday.

Near the doors of the Cathedral more than two dozen of our nicest young men gathered for their instructions about ushering the guests. The organ played softly until the perfect time was achieved for the bride's difficult walk, with more than six yards of train, up the aisle on her father's arm.

The bride, looking very young even for her twenty-third year, with a gay little smile offsetting her nervousness even at the rehearsal, wore an improvised train pinned with large safety-pins to the shoulders of her blue suit.

The Rehearsal

Mr. Norman Brookes was the quietest person in the Cathedral, perhaps already feeling the solemnity of the occasion which means the first marriage in his family of three daughters.

The dressmaker, who saw Barbara Hutton's frock in Paris from which Miss Brookes' wedding gown has been copied, watched the procession with a professional eye, and the bride's mother made the final decisions about the floral decorations. Her husband was frequently



THE BRIDE, round whom revolved the pageantry and splendor of Australia's biggest wedding. She visited Sydney and Brisbane a short time ago, en route to New Guinea and Papua. There were two Sydney bridesmaids.

at her side to help her. No doubt both of them were remembering their own wedding in the same cathedral a little more than twenty years ago.

Mrs. Chetty Mansfield kept an anxious eye on her pretty little daughter, Marguerite, who was initiated into the responsibilities of trainbearer.

LOTS of sentimental memories were associated with the bridal array. On the bride's lovely satin frock, the rose point lace that trimmed her mother's wedding gown, falling softly to cover the long satin train; the exquisite Venetian veil that her mother wore and that the three daughters were christened in; the bouquet of lily of the valley made by the florist who fashioned a similar bouquet for Mrs. Brookes!

While satin was chosen by the bride for her frock. The train, four yards in length, and more than two feet wide, was lined with ruffled net. Over it was a shorter train formed by a softly falling flare of the skirt, and over this again a panel of old rose point lace, which was used also to border the foundation train of satin. The sleeves were tight-fitting except for the soft folds at the top, which formed puffs over the shoulders.

A wristlet of orange blossom on the right arm, a coronet of orange blossom, and bride veil of rose point lace, and a long rope of pearls, loaned by the bride's mother, completed the ensemble.

12 Bridesmaids

Great artistry went to the fashioning of the frocks for the twelve bridesmaids. Forty yards of stiffened tulle in each, with wide frills across the shoulders and standing up like a fairy fan behind the head, for which were designed close-fitting little white hats with stiffened veils of tulle and a band of azaleas half-way round the crown. Slender sheaves of Madonna lilies were chosen for the girls to carry, and each of them received as a gift from the bridegroom diamond arrow brooches.

The bride's sisters, Elaine and Hersey, her cousin, Jessie, D'Arcy Lawry, Prudence Staughton, Nancy Griffith, Helen Hughes and Betty Bunting (Sydney), Noel Clapp, Betty Lawrence, Audrey Poolman, and Margery Stephens were the chosen bridesmaids.

The bridegroom and his best man, Col. G. I. Stevenson, had no wide field to choose from in selecting their wedding garments, and had to be content with conventional grey morning dress.

Twenty workmen from the City Gardens Department and a staff of a city florist were chosen to decorate the Cathedral and the Town Hall. They worked in two groups, beginning at midnight on Monday and continuing in unbroken relays until Wednesday.

Such Flowers!

As part of the decorative scheme at the Cathedral was a tall basket of Madonna lilies in front of the pew reserved for the bride's mother and relatives, tall palms lining the bride's path to the altar, and on the altar dozens of Madonna lilies. A garden of hydrangeas and glorioles, in all colors, rising from mounds of moss and exotic palms, forming a cool background; telargium lining the stairways lead-



ABOVE: These photos show the future home of the Lord Mayor and his bride in Clowes St., South Yarra, with a glimpse of its beautiful lounge-room. They expect to take up residence in January.

—Women's Weekly photos.



RIGHT: A Patou drawing of the wedding gown worn by Mrs. Barbara Hutton, the American millionaire, from which Cynthia Brookes' frock was copied. The Australian girl chose a different head-dress, here being a coronet of orange blossom, with the veil falling softly over the face. The original model was the subject of world-wide interest.

THE presents were like a royal ransom. Several lorries actually had to be requisitioned to carry the presents to the Town Hall to be on view.

The bride's gift to the bridegroom was a pair of gold sleeve-links with his monogram set in diamonds. Her gift from the bridegroom was a diamond sunrise pendant, a family heirloom valued at £1000.

From various friends enough clocks were received to stock every room from the bathroom to the dining-room.

ing to the galleries was the floral scheme for the Town Hall.

For the bridal table, running across the front of the stage, and raised 18 inches above the main floor, there were masses of water lilies trailing to the ground, and interspersed with tall hydrangeas, glorioles, and rare foliage. On the stage itself tall palms reaching to the ceiling, with the immense wedding cake set impressively in a horse-

shoe of glorioles and hydrangeas growing sweet peas falling to cascades down the front of the stage, and tall pillars of Madonna lilies at each end.

SEVERAL lorries were requisitioned to carry the presents from "Kurnah" to be on view at the Town Hall, where a special jeweller's staff arranged their display. There was the bride's parents' gift—the case containing 103 pieces of early Georgian silver that has been collected during the past two years in all parts of the world—and her mother's gift, a dowry chest made in 1796, and filled with beautiful linen.

Tactful Shops

Jewellers in the city have been able to prevent much duplication of presents, but nevertheless the Lord Mayor can never be late for an appointment, as there will be a clock in almost every room in his home.

The bride has received several lavish handbags, and she will be able to arrange lots of lovely rainbow color schemes with all the sets of colored imported glassware that have been sent for her.

Then there are several lovely pieces of Lalique that she will be very busy fitting into the already charmingly furnished home where she will go to live in January, after a fortnight's honeymoon and a few weeks with her family at "Cliff House," Frankston. Her grandmother, Mrs. E. E. Emerson, has given her a magnificent sable coat.



A PICTURE of the happy couple. They have excited the interest of the whole Commonwealth.

—Lalique.



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The POISON RING

A LONG COMPLETE STORY

Looking at her hand...she saw a tiny red mark.

THEY were sunning themselves upon the beach of the Lido. And there that morning were Louvina Prin-ton and Count Orsini, en tete a tete, as you might say, for despite the mias of humanity around them, they had eyes only for one another.

Ned, the husband of Louvina, was also there, or at least he was swimming in the sea at a comfortable distance from the shore. A good fellow Ned, but not possessed of much imagination; he could not understand, for example, why some Englishwomen found foreigners attractive.

Backed by the setting of Venice, with which his forbears had had very great connection, the Count Orsini made quite a romantic figure. He was able to tell Louvina a great deal about Italian history that is not written in books: he was slim and wiry, with the smart bearing of the Italian cavalry; in fact, he interested her thoroughly.

"As a matter of fact," said Count Orsini, "the Borgias were not the only great Italian family addicted to the use of poisons. I regret to say my own forbears were by no means above dropping a little something into an unwelcome neighbor's soup. Indeed, the Orsinis were quite as celebrated for their skill in their day as the Borgias, only their name has never become so famous, or infamous I suppose I should say."

"Really," said Louvina, momentarily more interested in the way her companion looked at her than the things he was saying.

They were taking their morning sun-bath; or rather Louvina in bathing costume was taking a sunbath. Orsini, after the fashion on the Lido still wore silk pyjamas of vieux rose.

"This is one of our family heirlooms," Orsini stretched out a slim, shapely hand, and showed a ring, set with a large pale topaz.

"Oh, yes," Louvina looked at the ring. "I have heard about those things. They used to put poison in them and then squeeze the poison out when they shook hands with their enemies, didn't they?"

"That was the idea; neatly made isn't it?" Orsini took off the ring and passed it to her.

Louvina could not repress a shudder as she took the thing, though at the same time she was thrilled by the thought that she was handling a true and a true poisoner's device, and that the man talking to her was the lineal descendant of the family that had used it, and so wore it by right as an heirloom.

"Do you suppose this very ring has killed many people?" she asked.

Orsini nodded. "How does it work?"

"I'll show you," Orsini replaced the ring on his finger. "Now give me your hand. All right, don't be nervous, I won't really use it, besides, there has been no poison there for hundreds of years, and I've had the thing chemically cleaned and tested and everything, to make it safe. Now, he took her hand in his and pressed it gently: "do you feel anything?"

"A sort of tiny scratch," she said.

"Right, now look at your hand, there, on the outside of the first finger! You are a good person to give a demonstration of the ring upon; you mark easily."

As Orsini said, Louvina did mark easily; her skin was soft and tender as cream. Looking at her hand now, at the place where Orsini pointed, she saw a tiny red mark.

"If I had pressed harder, there would have been a little puncture; but that will show you how it was done."

"I should have thought in these days, if anyone got their hand pricked by something, they would have become suspicious at once," said Louvina.

"Ah, no; you must remember a ring as a means of injecting poison was a novelty then. No one, except the Borgias and Orsinis, had thought of it, and the secret was kept strictly in the families. So of course anyone that got his finger pricked would simply think it was part of the metal setting that had scratched him."

"But when the poison began to work? Wouldn't he suspect anything then?"

"Ah!" Orsini's bright, dark eyes flashed quickly. "Now you really are asking a leading question. You

Illustrated by WEP

are asking me to reveal to you one of the secret poisons of the Orsinis, a secret that has been preserved for three hundred years, and that only I know, because I have access to the family archives."

"Oh, I didn't know it was so private as all that. Don't tell me if you don't want to."

"But I do want to," Orsini laid his hand lightly on her bare arm. His eyes wandered over the slimmest, most perfect figure that had been seen all that season of famous beauties on the Lido Beach. "I do not want to have any secrets from you. I think you have guessed my greatest secret already." His eyes, dark and eloquent, looked deeply into hers.

Louvina colored. She looked quickly towards the sea, where her husband was bathing. Her husband did not much care about these Italian Spaniards and Frenchmen — "dagos" as he classified them all; but he suffered Louvina to talk to them as she suffered his golf. And she found it exciting. However, she did not want matters rushed too fast and these foreigners needed holding.

"You were going to tell me about the ring," she reminded him.

"Ah, the ring, or rather, the poison that my family discovered

Well, it was ingenious. In those days we had interests in the East. You know the Venetians were all sailors. Well, the captain of one of our ships discovered an island infested with snakes; there is no doubt now that they were rattlesnakes. He must have been a pioneer of science in his way, that old captain, for he also discovered how to extract the snake's venom; simple enough, for you have only to hold the reptile's head over a glass bowl, show him some bright object, and he will spit the venom out of his own accord. After keeping the venom a little while the captain found that it dried into yellow flaky crystals."

"But it would not be poisonous then," Louvina protested.

"On the contrary, it is from the dried venom of snakes that anti-snake bite serums are prepared to-day in the big laboratories, and you can't prepare a serum from a virus that has lost its properties."

"So you mean to say—" Louvina gazed horrified at the ring set with its large yellow stone.



"Exactly, a solution was prepared from the venom, placed in this hollow stone, the enemy's hand given a squeeze, and an almost exact reproduction of rattlesnake bite produced. Ingenious, wasn't it?"

"Very," Louvina agreed. Orsini smiled complacently. "The physicians were completely mystified."

"They would know, of course, that the victim had been poisoned."

"But by what? Even to-day how could the cleverest doctor give a correct diagnosis?" Orsini's voice grew silkily soft. "There are no rattlesnakes in Venice. I suppose to-day they would say the trouble had started with the bite of a mosquito. The doctors must always say something, whether they know or not, and people have died of mosquito bite before."

"I think that is one of the most horrible stories I have ever listened to. Now I am going into the sea."

"No, not yet," Orsini put himself in front of her. "You don't know what it means to me just to be able to look at you."

Louvina could guess pretty well. She could see from the expression in his eyes that the Italian was crazy with excitement about her. The knowledge was not disagreeable, for it was rather thrilling to play with fire. However, he was really too impetuous and must be kept in hand or there would be trouble with Ned.

"I am going into the sea, I tell you. Please let me pass."

She added more sharply, as the Italian still barred the way.

"I will let you if you will promise me something." He caught both her arms.

"Promise what?" Louvina threw back her pretty little head and smiled. She never could resist the cave man business.

"That you do not mind my telling you that I love you."

He spoke in an undertone but with passionate earnestness. She felt the hands about her arms tighten. It was time now for matters to stop.

"Let me go. Mind! you'll scratch me with that ring of yours."

She began to struggle, but he still held her. Next moment the expression of Louvina's face changed from

Louvina looked quickly towards the sea, where her husband was bathing. He did not care much about these Italians, Spaniards and Frenchmen — "dagos" he classified them all.

playful reproach to genuine annoyance.

"You fool!" she said in an undertone as she saw her husband coming up from the beach.

At the same moment she wrenched herself free.

Count Orsini now also saw Ned approaching and, suddenly remembering a letter that he must write, he took himself off in the direction of the hotel.

NED, browned with the sun, muscular and deep-chested, approached his wife. He was not bad as husbands go, but he was most unfortunately British, a fact that several years' service in the back-blocks of Africa had intensified. He did not make much distinction between the woolliest headed of the niggers over whom he had ruled in fever-stricken swamps and the aristocracy of the Latin races, for whose society his wife showed a predilection by the waters of the Lido.

He had for the last few days been regarding the attention Count Orsini paid to Louvina with disapproval, to which the little scrape he had just witnessed now caused him to give vent.

By ARTHUR MILLS

"Look here," he said to Louvina, "you are not to let these fellows paw you about."

The wording of the remonstrance was a little unfortunate, implying as it did that Louvina had been making herself cheap and that she must obey her husband—an obligation she might be willing to fulfil but never to admit.

"What do you mean? pawing me about?" said Louvina, getting ready for battle.

"That fellow holding you of you like that; these foreigners are a sight too free and easy with their hand-kissing and other dago tricks. I won't have it."

Louvina regarded her husband. His blue eyes sparkled with temper; his

hands were clenched and the powerful muscles of his arms drawn taut. When all was said and done he made a better type of cave man than Count Orsini. The angry answer died on her lips.

"You old silly; you take things too seriously. If I really wanted to have serious flirtations with other men, why do you suppose I married you?"

The question was unanswerable. Louvina could have married anyone she chose, and Ned had had little enough to offer beyond the savings of three years in Africa, where he had endured hardships and ill-health to make money on her account. However, Ned could be obstinate.

"I'd rather you had nothing further to do with the fellow."

"Which fellow?"

"That chap that is always hanging around. Count Orsini or something, you were talking to him just now."

"Well, I can't help it if he comes up and talks to me."

Ned saw it was useless to argue further. However, there were other ways of achieving his purpose. If Louvina could not prevent Count Orsini from paying his attentions to her, he might be able to do something himself given a favorable opportunity.

THE opportunity presented itself that evening. There was the usual evening dancing, in which Ned took no part.

He had seen too much of the Charles-ton in Africa, he said; actually he longed to dance, but in Africa he had never had the chance to learn, and was shy of beginning; however, that is the way men put

things. Well, the dance was in progress and Orsini was bobbing about the ballroom trying to get Louvina under orders to avoid him, as a partner.

"Like an old thrush after a worm," said Ned, which Louvina complained was most impolite.

Eventually the Italian succeeded. Ned had retired to smoke a cigarette on the terrace, when he heard his wife's voice. He knew from the tone that she was angry.

"Count Orsini, will you please let me go!" Turning, he saw Louvina endeavoring to return to the ballroom, and the Italian holding her back.

Please turn to Page 42

THE PICK OF THE NEW SEASON'S CATCH



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"Hennafoam Wave-Set" is a lotion—it costs only 2/6 at the chemist. Apply as directed—wait a few minutes, and no one would know that you have not just come from an expensive wave salon in the hairdresser's chair! Deep, lustrous waves, semi-permanent, perfectly formed—lasting! Try it once—you'll never again be without Hennafoam Wave-Set!"

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NEW BOOKS

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LIFE in a BOARDING HOUSE

"Princes Terrace", a novel with an Australian boarding house setting, introduces a new Australian woman writer, Effie Marie Ford.

MISS FORD'S name is already familiar to newspaper readers through her articles in local journals.

Her first book is full of promise, and it is particularly interesting as representative of a new class of Australian literature.

During the past, Australian writers have been suffering from a national self-consciousness. It has been thought necessary to splash on the local color with a heavy brush, but these days are passing, and it will soon be almost bad form to describe a bush scene in an Australian book.

Vera Dwyer, herself a member of the new school, hit the nail on the head when she told Muriel Segal, The Australian Women's Weekly London representative, recently, that Australian writers must not be too Australian.

Miss Ford's "Princes Terrace" conforms with the new ideal. The story is not the usual threepenny Australian.

LIKE most embryo authors, however, Miss Ford slaughters her style in the last chapters of her book in order to serve up a whole series of melodramatic offerings to the false god "Plot."

But the first part of the book, which describes the life of several people in a cheap boarding house, is excellent reading, even though it is somewhat lacking in sophistication.

Miss Ford's style is crisp and powerful. She uses short sentences and simple words after the Galsworthy manner. She has even succeeded in achieving something of Galsworthy's genius for making the little simple incidents of everyday life read with interest, but this standard is not sustained to the end.

"Princes Terrace" has many technical faults, yet

it grips the reader in the first chapters and rouses curiosity. The author is to be congratulated for the masterful way in which she overcomes the difficulties of writing in the first person.

Elsa Chadwick describes the doings of

THIS is Effie M. Ford's Mrs. Chadwick's shopping list. See if you can decipher it.

12 Figs	1 Gin
4 Self	4 Junk
2 Shake	6 Bars
1 Can	2 Van.

The Solution: 12 figs of blue, 4 packets of self-raising flour, 2 cartons of shaker salt, 1 lb of candles, 1 tin of ginger, 4 junk tubes, 6 bars of soap, 2 bottles of vanilla essence.

Mrs. Chadwick's lodgers with naive simplicity, and occasional suspicions of satire. Miss Ford should not have used



TEACHER: Now, Smith, if your father received four pence, five pence, two pence, and a penny, what would he get?
SMITH: A seventh share in a lottery ticket.

Mr. Chadwick, the good-for-nothing father, to pad out her novel with his boring anecdotes. Her character studies, however, are sincerely sketched, and as a first attempt the novel is worthy of attention. (N.S.W. Bookstall, 2/- and 6/-)

All incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about.

Which Showed Resource

TWO girls who had a long standing arrangement to act as bridesmaids to each other were somewhat non-plussed when the dates of their wedding were arranged for the same day.

They overcame the difficulty in this way. The first wedding took place at the Anglican Cathedral at 3 p.m. with the girls as bride and maid respectively. Followed the reception, and after which the bride changed into her travelling suit.

At 6 p.m. the second ceremony was solemnized at the Presbyterian Church, the former maid being the bride, still clad in her bridesmaid's frock and the former bride being matron of honor in her travelling suit.

After the second reception the two couples departed together, separating when they arrived in Melbourne.—E.W.

Nicotine and Neck-to-Knees

MUSING idly on the sand at Maroochydhore, Qld., I rubbed my eyes when an old lady emerged from the billows clad in an apparently home-made costume which enveloped her completely from neck to knee.

My soliloquy followed the obvious channel of thought contrasting the change to-day to extreme backwardness, and so on. I wondered, too, what the dear old lady was thinking of the picturesque but scantily clad flappers on the beach.

Of her thoughts she gave no outward and visible sign as she trailed across the sand, but, having arrived at the spot where she had parked her towel, she produced a cigarette and lit up!—O.H.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals.

A Golden Ghost

LIVING in the locality of a deserted goldfield, a friend of mine was amazed by a tale to the effect that an old hut where a miner had died was haunted.

When a stranger camped in it for the night he vowed that the bedclothes were slowly dragged off the bed, and when horses were stabled there they stampeded wildly.

At which my friend decided to investigate. Armed with a pick and shovel he dug up the floor. A tin containing nine sovereigns was unearthed, after which all was tranquil.—G.W.

"Angels Unaware"

LIVING in a large town on a road that went straight through from the coast to the western districts, we were accustomed to a more or less constant supply of tramps.

When a tall, clean looking, and quite young man, obviously recovering from a celebration, called one day and requested tea, sugar, meat and a blanket, mother granted him request and improved the occasion with a certain lecture worthy of record in the honored classic Time-honored, also was his reference to his old mother and his repentance and so on.

He continued on his way and we gave the matter no further thought, until two years later we were visited from England a photograph of our milnion friend, resplendently attired, another of a charming and obviously refined woman, his "old mother," and a note of appreciation of our kindness to the gentleman. He had fallen heir to a big estate—"Hex."

Short Complete
Story....

JEALOUSY

THE receiver had fallen from Harkness's hand... His eyes were staring; every drop of blood had drained from his cheeks!

BYOND all question Harkness had found the ideal secretary in Miss Minchin. She was as efficient and as trustworthy as a machine. Better in fact. Even the best machine will sometimes break down, but you simply could not conceive such a thing happening to Miss Minchin, who was never tired and never ill.

Yes, she was a paragon among secretaries. A middle-aged woman, with a dull grey complexion and rather prominent eyes, she seemed to have eliminated the human element altogether in her zeal for work. Harkness sometimes laughingly alluded to her as "the Robot." But he was in such dread of losing her that he went out of his way to make her position in his office as pleasant as possible. Not only did he pay her an unusually high salary, but he supplemented it by little kindnesses such as giving her theatre tickets at Christmas, lending her books and so forth.

On this particular morning he felt more appreciative of Miss Minchin's merits than usual. Curiously enough it was her unattractiveness that had evoked his gratitude.

He had very recently become engaged to the prettiest little girl in the world, and on the evening before the prettiest little girl in the world had been cross-examining him about his secretary, whom she had never seen. As Miss Minchin and Harkness had to spend the greater part of every day in each other's company, her curiosity was not altogether unnatural.

"I'd much rather you had a man as your secretary," Fleur had said. "I've got a horrid jealous nature, and I don't like the idea of sharing you with anyone. Is this Miss Minchin very young and pretty?"

"My dear child," Harkness had laughed. "You could no more be jealous of Miss Minchin than you could be jealous of a gatepost. She—she's not a woman at all, I believe she's got red ink in her veins instead of blood."

When on the following morning Harkness saw his secretary's outdoor garments hanging on the peg outside the office door, he congratulated himself yet again that Miss Minchin was as she was. That unspeakable hat, that shapeless waterproof, those gossamer, that untidy umbrella—they were all so serviceable and all so unfeminine! He wished Fleur could have been there to see them. She would have known at once that her suspicions were quite unfounded.

Harkness could have wished that everything else in his life was as open to inspection as was his relationship

By...
**Garnet
Radcliffe**

with Miss Minchin. Unfortunately, that was very far from being the case. He was—well, to say he was vicious would hardly be to put it too strongly. Prior to his meeting Fleur, he had been very much the gay dog, and there were sundry skeletons locked away in the cupboards of his memory, skeletons of which, needless to say, he had told Fleur nothing.

LOTTA BLUNT was the most noisy of those skeletons. She was an actress, and as temperamental as Miss Minchin was the reverse. Of his many loves Lotta was the most recent and the most likely to make trouble.

In fact, Harkness was extremely worried as to what Lotta would say and do, when she heard about Fleur. If she chose to be unpleasant it would be very awkward. There were sundry letters and photographs in her possession which she could show to Fleur.

The thought that she might do so was horrible to Harkness. For the first time in his unprincipled, self-indulgent life he was really in love. Lotta was the one cloud on the horizon of his happiness. That morning he suddenly felt he could bear the suspense no longer. He would go and see Lotta. It would be better that she should learn of the engagement from his own lips than that she should see it in the papers. Perhaps he would find he had been worrying himself unnecessarily. She wasn't a bad sort, Lotta—not if you took her in the right way.

"I think I'll take the morning off, Miss Minchin," he said. "You'll be able to carry on without me, won't you?" "Oh, I think so, Mr. Harkness!" Miss Minchin looked up from her typewriter to reply. "How shall I find you if anything unexpected turns up?"

"I'll be at the club round about lunch time."

"Very good, Mr. Harkness."

Harkness hurried out and once more donned coat and hat.

Lotta's flat was no great distance from the office. Lotta had given him a duplicate key and he let himself in and discovered the actress eating chocolates and reading a novel before the fire.

Seeing her thus engaged, Harkness asked himself, as he had asked himself a hundred times before, how he could ever have seen any charm in this woman. With her ample form wrapped in a not too clean peignoir, her peroxide-dyed hair uncombed, and her sagging cheeks too thickly powdered, she attracted him at that moment as little as Miss Minchin herself. Once she had been a "fine" woman, but now she was rapidly losing her good looks. What could you expect when she ate sweets from morning till night and took no exercise? Heaven knew he'd warned her about it often enough!

He himself, thanks to careful dieting and much playing of games, had retained the appearance that had earned him the half-envious nickname of "Beauty" Harkness while at college. Apart from a certain hardness of the eyes, his innate viciousness was not betrayed by his face. At forty-eight he could still pass for thirty, thanks to a straight, slim figure. That was as well, for Fleur, who had no idea of his real age, was barely twenty.

"What's her name?" she asked harshly.

On his entry Lotta Blunt rose to her feet with a cry of rapture. She ran towards him and gave him a kiss that tasted of chocolate.

"Harry, how nice of you to come! And what have you been doing with your little self all these ages? Having a good time with the girls, I expect! I know you!"

It was going to be difficult, Harkness thought to himself. He had hoped that after his prolonged absence he would find that she had cooled off. But the manner of her greeting showed she had done no such thing.

"Tell me your news, Harry. What have you been up to?" She put her plump hand on his knee and leaped towards him, ogling him with her eyes.

He drew back a little. How could he once have enjoyed kissing that raddled face? "Look here, Lotta"—he spoke in a tone of friendly camaraderie—"I'm afraid this is a farewell visit. As a matter of fact, I've turned over a new leaf. Going to be a good boy in future. Marry and settle down and that sort of thing. We've been good pals and I thought it only fair to come and tell you. I didn't feel I could drop you without saying anything."

Lotta's mouth opened. Under the rouge the blood was seething from her cheeks. When she spoke her voice

was shrill with fear and anger. "You've met someone you like better than me! Some chit of a girl, I suppose. And you've come to tell me about her. Thank you for nothing."

"Now, don't be silly, Lotta," Harkness said sharply. "You knew our friendship would have to come to an end sometime, didn't you? Come, be a sport. Let's part friends."

"Part—" Words seemed to fall her for a moment. Then: "What's her name?" she asked harshly.

There was no point in not telling her. She would see it in the papers in a day or two.

"Miss Fleur Wilcox is the lady who has done me the honor of promising to marry me."

"Fleur Wilcox!" Lotta laughed aloud. "You mean the girl who's been so much photographed in the papers lately? The one they call the prettiest debutante of the season? Going to marry you! She must be mad. Doesn't she know what sort of a man you are? I could tell her pretty quick!"

"I hope you won't try to make mischief; it won't be to your own advantage if you do. Come now, be reasonable. Don't you see I've done the decent thing in coming and telling you?"

"Decent thing!" her voice vibrated with rage. "You've never done a decent thing in your life; you couldn't if you tried. You're a rotter out and out. If you marry this chit her life will be just plain hell. I know you, you couldn't stick to one girl. You're not going to make her unhappy, I tell you that straight. You'll not marry her."

"And who'll stop me?" "I will. I can do that all right. I've got some letters of yours that will make her sit up and think."

Harkness was white with anger. This was sheer jealousy on Lotta's part. She was still in love with him herself; that, and not a desire to save Fleur, was the cause of her behavior.

"Are you trying to blackmail me?" he demanded. "If so, how much do you want?"

"I don't want your dirty money. I want to stop that little fool walking into hell with her eyes shut." Suddenly she began to whimper. "You can't do it, Harry! Cut her out and let's be pals as we used to be. Think of the good times we've had together. You wouldn't want her when you got her. A little doll like that would bore you stiff in a week."

Harkness fancied he saw a way. "If I do marry her it doesn't mean we need lose sight of each other altogether. You give me those letters now and I promise I'll come and look you up occasionally—she needn't know. Come on, Lotta, be a sport!"

"No! I'm pretty rotten myself, God knows, but compared with you I'm an alabaster saint. Let you marry that chit and then—Oh, get out! You're more of a rotter than I thought you were."

HARKNESS went. He was so angry that he was afraid of what he might do. Prudence urged him to leave the room before the temptation to take her fat throat between his hands should overcome his reason.

He found himself on the pavement outside without knowing how he got there. There was a red mist before his eyes and his hands were shaking so that he could scarcely button his gloves.

A self-indulgent, unscrupulous man of strong passions, he had never been thwarted of what he wanted in his life before. What he had desired he had taken, regardless of consequences. Compared with the gratification of his own wishes, nothing else mattered.

And Lotta was standing between him and the girl he had vowed to marry! For the first time in his life he was really in love. Without Fleur he would not be worth living. The thought that, if he lost her, she with her amazing beauty would inevitably be married by another man, surged through his brain like a wave of poison.

Please turn to Page 8

Illustrated by
**Wynne W.
DAVIES**

Wynne W.
Davies

NOCTURNE

To-night I have loved....
The moon upon a tired sea,
The memories of things that
used to be....
Green stars shooting in a
mottled sky,
The brown night's dim scents,
the post....
A faded sigh. —P.D.B.

FLEUR the wife of another! Almost he wished he had yielded to his mad impulse to throttle Lotta.

He went into the first hotel he came to, found the bar and ordered a double whisky. There was a paper lying on the table. He took it up more with the intention of hiding his face than because he really desired to read.

A paragraph caught his eye. He had read it three times before the scene had penetrated to his mind.

CHOCOLATE POISONERS' VICTIM DIES

"Madman at Large"

"Scotland Yard Baffled."

"We regret to announce that Mrs. Dainty, who was recently taken ill as a result of eating poisoned chocolates sent to her through the post, has died in the Midland Hospital. This is the third similar fatality within three months."

"Scotland Yard's theory is that these crimes are the work of a lunatic who selects his or her victims at random from a directory. Mrs. Dainty had no enemies. It will be remembered that there was a similar series of outrages some years ago, the perpetrator of which was never discovered."

JEALOUSY

Continued
from Page 7

"Readers of this paper are urged on no account to eat chocolates that come to them through the post from an unknown source. They should be handed to the police for examination."

Chocolates? They were always associated with Lotta in Harkness's mind. She was inordinately fond of sweets. Being an actress, she had a little following of admirers who frequently sent her presents. The arrival of a box of chocolates would cause her no surprise, and even if she had chanced to read about the chocolate poisoner, she was too stupid to take the warning.

At first he did not realise whether his thoughts were leading. Lotta... chocolates... poison... What sort of poison was the lunatic using, he wondered idly. Almost certainly arsenic. As it happened he had a quantity of powdered arsenic in his possession.

It had come to him in a rather peculiar fashion. A lady friend of his

had been treating her Pekinese for some disease of the ear which required arsenic. She had obtained the stuff from a veterinary surgeon, and when the dog had recovered she, being nervous of having the poison in the house, had asked Harkness to take it away. That had been years ago. He still had the arsenic, safely locked away in a drawer of his writing-table.

Suddenly it came to him that Fate had placed in his hands a very easy way of getting rid of Lotta with practically no risk to himself. All he had to do was to buy a box of chocolates, insert some of the powdered arsenic in the top layer and send the box with a typewritten address from some post office where he was not known.

The unknown lunatic who had killed the other people would get the blame. Lotta would die and thus the barrier between Fleur and himself would be removed. He felt no compunction. He told himself that Lotta would fully deserve her fate.

But he must act quickly or it

would be too late. A confectioner's shop on the other side of the street caught his eye. He crossed over and paused for a moment to consider the contents of the window. There was a pile of exactly similar boxes of chocolates, all tied up with blue ribbon. "Galley's Popular Assortment." They were a popular brand sold in vast quantities all over London. One of those would be ideal for his purpose.

He entered the crowded shop and bought one. The transaction only occupied a few seconds and the girl behind the counter hardly glanced at her face. He felt certain she would never recognise him again.



"...Then there was the absent-minded short-story writer who forgot to stop writing."

A QUARTER of an hour later he was in his own flat, with the door locked against interruption. With great care he undid the ribbon and opened the box. There were large chocolates with a hard shell and various fillings inside.

There was no need to treat the whole of the top layer. He knew Lotta's taste in chocolates. She would go for the large square ones with the pink sugar on the top. Pink sugar, according to the printed chart on the inside of the lid, indicated a marzipan filling, and Lotta would have sold her soul for marzipan.

A sharp penknife was the sole implement he used. One by one he lifted out the chocolates, cut a disc from the base of each, scooped out a small quantity of marzipan and dropped a pinch of arsenic in the cavity. Then he replaced the disc in the base. It was child's play for his clever fingers. When he had put the sweets back on the paper tray no one could possibly have seen they had been tampered with.

After reclosing the box and tying the ribbon to his satisfaction, he paused to consider his next move.

He had remembered that he had arranged to go to Fleur's home for dinner that night. She lived on the outskirts of London. On the way he could stop at some little sub-office and post the box. That would be easier than making a special journey. An additional advantage was that it would be dark.

What should he do with the chocolates in the meantime? If he left the box in the flat there was just a possibility that a servant might be tempted to tamper with it. It was too large to go into the drawers of his writing-table. To leave it lying about would be a risk.

It would be safer in the office. But Miss Minchin would notice it. She might wonder for whom he had bought it. He'd have to account for it in some way.

Then came a really brilliant idea. Miss Minchin should notice it; he would in fact take pains to impress it on her mind. The thought had come to him that someone might have seen and recognised him when he was buying the box. Or it was possible that Scotland Yard might have posted detectives in the confectioner's shops to watch who bought boxes of chocolates. But now he had thought of a way to circumvent that danger. He had conceived a plan by which he could account in an entirely plausible manner for his having bought the chocolates, and he intended to make Miss Minchin one of his witnesses.

When the secretary returned from her lunch at a quarter to two she saw Harkness at his desk. In front of him was the box of chocolates. On her entry he turned round with a smile.

"Oh, Miss Minchin, I expect you can guess for whom these were bought. My fiancée, Miss Wilcox, of course. Do you think she'll like them? Being a woman you ought to be a connoisseur of chocolates."

Miss Minchin approached slowly. She was at her very plainest that day. "I can't say I know much about chocolates, Mr. Harkness," she said heavily. "I'm not much of a one for sweets myself, they make my teeth ache. But it's a pretty box, isn't it?" Harkness laughed and raised the box to his lips. He was the type of man who can perform such an action without appearing ridiculous.

"It couldn't be too pretty for the little lady to whom it's going," he said. "I assure you I chose it with great care. Do you see the blue ribbon? That's to match her eyes! But all this must seem very foolish to you, Miss Minchin. You're such a practical person, aren't you? No weaknesses at all!"

"Not for chocolates anyway," Miss Minchin said in her gruff voice. "Are you going round to see Messrs. Barrow this afternoon about the plans for that new factory, Mr. Harkness? They're expecting you."

Please turn to Page 40

Change Daily...



ONE DAY'S WEAR *spoils the*
freshness of underthings

If you would stay charming all day—slip into cool, clean underwear after the bath each morning. Nothing will keep you feeling so fresh.

All day long, every day, whether we know it or not, our underthings are absorbing perspiration given off by the pores of the skin. Underthings are never fresh enough to wear a second day. And when you can wash them the quick, simple Lux way it is quite easy to change underwear every day—Lux removes every trace of perspiration.

UNSAFE TO LEAVE PERSPIRATION IN CLOTHES
Perspiration acids quickly rot material, and streak and fade colours. It is unwise to wash

underthings less frequently than every day you wear them. And the gentle Lux suds keep the most delicate fabrics and softest shades like new after any number of washings.

FOLLOW THE EASY 4-MINUTE LUX METHOD
One tablespoon of Lux does all of one day's undies—and your stockings, too. Squeeze garments gently in the lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse twice, roll in a towel, and shake out—they're sweet and clean again.

Don't use too-warm water—it fades colours. Lux makes lovely suds in lukewarm water. **RUBBING WITH CAKE SOAP WEARS FABRICS, STREAKS COLOURS—ALWAYS USE LUX.**

A LEVER PRODUCT



Anything safe in water . . . is just as safe in LUX

5,294,8

CAREERS FOR WOMEN

Millinery— and a HAT... SALON



It is an old saying that "clothes make the man," and if hats do not make the woman, they certainly help to make her happy, at least until she wants another new one.

MILLINERY is a different position nowadays to what it was a decade or two ago, and going further back than that, one's sympathies are with grandmother in the monstrosities that were inflicted upon her in the way of headgear, but which she nevertheless wore with such stolid dignity.

The millinery profession finds employment for many thousands of girls in Australia.

Apart from the large number of hands employed in the millinery departments of the big emporiums in the cities, every suburb and every country town has its quota of hat designers and makers, and it is due to the ever changing fashions in women's hats that business in this branch of industry is invariably brisk.

Success in this particular profession requires natural qualifications for the work. A milliner must be artistic, have creative instinct, tact, and patience. The necessity for infinite patience will be realised by anyone who has had the experience of trying to sell a hat to a difficult customer.

No matter how satisfied she may be with the hat she selects herself, or that may be selected for her, she will not be content until she has had a peep at herself in every model in the shop.

It is not necessary for the right type of girl to pay a premium to become apprenticed. It is advisable to begin with a well-known business firm or manufacturing milliner.

For the first six months a beginner's duties will comprise sewing on wire, putting broad linings in hats, and buying materials required. After this she is termed an improver, which means that she is given more responsible tasks, such as blocking crowns, steaming, etc. Following this, she is placed in the care of a full-time girl or fully-fledged milliner. From then on she begins to learn the more advanced stages of the trade.

Every six months she receives an increase in salary until she has served five years of her apprenticeship, when she, too, becomes a fully-fledged milliner, capable of taking charge, if necessary, of a table occupied by eight assistants.

She is then termed a "trimmer," and should be able to create original models from any design, picture, or drawing. This also includes designing models.

AN opportunity of taking charge of a workroom with a manufacturing milliner is often made by the milliner in charge leaving to be married or branching out into a business of her own. The "trimmer" in charge of a model table is the most likely girl to be given this longed-for opportunity, but she must be tactful, and just, and possess a good deal of patience, as she is responsible for getting the best results from her staff.

Every ambitious little milliner visualises her own salon or clientele. One of the most exclusive milliners the writer interviewed has a charming little salon and workroom, tastefully furnished in

HAPPY DAYS as a FIREMAN... with LOWER

Was He Fired
with Ambition?

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

O H, I really must tell you about the time I was a fireman. Fires are so fashionable now that the hot weather has set in, what with times being so hard and these insurance companies bloated with money. What really prompts me to become reminiscent is the fact that the Chief Fireman in one of our big cities, Mr. Nance, is making Christmas toys for children in his spare time.

The only time a fireman gets a chance to do a bit of work is in his spare time.

You must have the right temperament to be a fireman. I was unfitted for it. I was born to a life of ease and luxury, and I'm telling you that it's no joke to have to sleep in a brass helmet with an axe tied to you.

A fireman should be able to get dressed in thirty seconds. That's why there are no women firemen. I could never quite manage to get to fires in time, and nearly always missed the last engine.

By the time I had bathed, shaved, dressed, polished the boots and helmet and sharpened up my axe, all the boys would be back saying what a lovely fire they'd had, and how they'd managed to save the site where the building used to be. Then I'd fall for the job of wringing out the hoses and folding up the ladders and polishing the engine, jobs that used to leave me absolutely exhausted and worn out. Jobs more suitable for a woman. As a matter of fact, I frequently said to the Captain, "Why don't you get a woman in to do all these rotten jobs? They're not fit for a fireman and a gentleman."

But he would just tap me on the helmet and say in his kindly way, "Never mind Lennie. One of these days when we get about two day's notice of a fire you'll be able to go for a nice ride on

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It took me some time to pick out a decent looking, light girl, but I found a likely looking one and hauled her out of the window.

the engine and I'll let you do all the squinting."

And I had to be content with that.

THERE'S a lot of graft in the Fire Brigade. At least there was up till the time I left. The captain used to rush the engine out to his home and

get the boys to water his garden. I was only allowed to go once.

I was in charge of the hose. When I had finished he had a much bigger garden then he started off with. It extended the whole length of the street and round the corner on to the tram lines, but he was not a bit grateful.

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THERE'S a lot of graft in the Fire Brigade. At least there was up till the time I left. The captain used to rush the engine out to his home and

get the boys to water his garden. I was only allowed to go once.

I was in charge of the hose. When I had finished he had a much bigger garden then he started off with. It extended the whole length of the street and round the corner on to the tram lines, but he was not a bit grateful.

the engine and I'll let you do all the squinting."

But it just shows you how the public's money is wasted. No idea of saving. On the other hand, I, by taking home about a dozen tins of metal polish each week and selling them to the neighbors, made enough money to be practically independent of the Fire Brigade. That's the difference between waste and business economy.

Of course, the brigade does teach you things. How to rescue women from burning buildings and all that. I would much rather have practised on a live girl like the time when the girls' club caught alight and I saved a girl out of a window.

It took me some time to pick out a decent looking, light girl, but I found a likely looking one and hauled her out of the window, and when I got down off the ladder I found it was the wrong house, and had to put her back. So I put her back in the club building, which was well alight, and saved her all over again. You couldn't keep that girl away from the Fire Station after that. Her father, too, and five of her big brothers used to wait for me outside the station every time it was my day off.

I always used to dodge them, though. I didn't want their thanks and praise. I had done my simple duty, and that was sufficient for me.

I RESIGNED shortly after that. The boys went out to a fire and came back to the station with the hoses not only wet but covered with mud. I went to the Captain and said, "You'd better send these things to the laundry."

He said no, because we mightn't get them back, and even if we did get them back they'd be all torn and have the nozzles missing off them, most likely. One thing led to another, and I resigned. I was sorry in a way, but I had to consider my pride, and anyhow, whenever I want to see any of the boys I just start a fire in some place and then wait for them to roll up.

People said when I left the brigade that I wasn't fired with ambition.

I just want to say that I wasn't fired at all. I resigned.

Quench your Thirst with REAL FRUIT JUICES

THERE IS ONLY ONE FIFTY-FIFTY AVOID TRADERS WHO PASS OFF

50 50

NOTHING COULD BE BETTER

34 GLASSES TO THE BOTTLE ALSO IN CONCENTRATED STRENGTH 50 DRINKS TO THE BOTTLE

Made from

ORANGES & LEMONS

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GROCERS, CONFECTIONERS & HOTELS. Sole Makers O.T. Ltd.

ECONOMICAL DELICIOUS HEALTHFUL

BOILED DOWN, IT'S WORTH SIXPENCE



WHEN it's all boiled down the stack of coins shown in the picture merely represents sixpence. The counterfeit florins total £2/6/-, and were taken over a shop counter. In the left-hand corner you will see what happened after a city metallurgist smelted the coins. His analysis is as follows:—

"I regret to advise that the spurious coins contain very little silver. The alloy is largely tin and antimony somewhat resembling pewter, with a silver content of 3.75 per cent. only.

"The weight of the bar after melting is almost exactly 8oz. troy, and the total silver present exactly 6.30oz., with a gross value of about 6d. I am returning the bar and making no charge.

ary, of a table occupied by eight assistants. She is then termed a "trimmer," and should be able to create original models from any design, picture, or drawing. This also includes designing models.

AN opportunity of taking charge of a workroom with a manufacturing milliner is often made by the milliner in charge leaving to be married or branching out into a business of her own. The "trimmer" in charge of a model table is the most likely girl to be given this longed-for opportunity, but she must be tactful, and just, and possess a good deal of patience, as she is responsible for getting the best results from her staff.

Every ambitious little milliner visualises her own salon or clientele. One of the most exclusive milliners the writer interviewed has a charming little salon and workroom, tastefully furnished in

When she decided to go into business, some friends promised to give their support, with the result that her clientele now consists of titled society folk and smart business girls.

When looking for suitable premises to set up business, it is necessary to select a well-known building or shop in a busy thoroughfare. If you are unable to afford shop rent, choose a large room with as many windows as possible. Portion of this may be partitioned off as a workroom—choose the best position, near a window, in order to cut down electric light bills.

The display room or salon may be furnished according to your taste and pocket, but it is necessary to have a few nice mirrors, modern hat stands to display your models, and cupboards in which to keep your stock. When everything is shipshape, it is wise to have attractive cards printed to hand to your clients and friends. Then the rest is up to you.

INTELLECTUAL SNOBBERY

I always think of trees as friends,
Not something that just happens to
Be growing where the highway bends,
For trees are more than that to you.
Of course, how much they are depends
On what you think and what you do.

POINTS OF VIEW

In a recent plea that typistes should not be called secretaries Mr. Wicks said, according to a cable: "There are many who answer to the name of secretary to-day—attractive young women who are really typistes in disguise, the product of favoritism, and called secretaries because it flatters both their employers and their own social status."

The idea seems a good one. Disease would be arrested early and the patients thus be saved the expense of several private doctors. Doctors would benefit, too, on the old principle of what is lost on the swings is gained on the roundabouts—their practices would be greatly increased as well as their incomes and the



And why not? Not long ago doctors were on the same par as hairdressers, and architects were masons.



HER SON'S Choice

A story of a girl who turned her mother-in-law's disapproval into gratitude...

A Complete Short Story



RUTH HILLIER gave a little sigh as she replaced the letter in its envelope. So it had come. David, her youngest son, was engaged. Was it possible? Why, it only seemed that yesterday—still, these things come to pass. After all, he was twenty-four. She ought to have expected it. Her family seemed to marry young—Ida had been barely twenty-one and John only twenty-five. Wisely she hoped that David would be able to make his home a little nearer to her than the others had done; John in Somerset, Ida in Newcastle. Surely her one remaining son would not have to settle so far away.

Mechanically she set about her household tasks. The spare room must be made ready. Thoroughly turned out; fresh window-curtains put up. The dining-room windows looked dingy, too. Better have clean curtains there, Cakes to be baked. David's favorite food coconut cake. Shopping. This extra person's coming would create a small stir in Ruth's placid organisation of her days.

She found herself wondering what David's fiancée would be like. Quiet, she hoped; a brave, sweet girl who would be a steadfast mate and temper the touch of wild irresponsibility that so often flashed in her son. A girl like Catherine, John's wife; gentle, untroubled; perfect wife and ideal mother—nobody could wish for better for a loved son.

The day of their coming. Ruth took a last look round. She had worked untiringly, and the spotless little house was presenting itself. Everything just so, primly, self-importantly. The curtains appeared to bow and the vases to shimmer.

Tea was laid on the dining-room table. Ruth's best linen cloth; freshly-baked scones; this bread and butter; David's cakes. They would be hungry after the long journey; no midnight afternoon tea on a tray in the sitting-room to-day.

Sound of taxi outside. Voices. They were here!

Ruth never quite forgot her first sight of David's girl. A thin little slip of a thing, scarcely more than nineteen. Enormous dark eyes, heavy with cosmetics; a pale small face with a mouth that looked like a scarlet wound; bright hair done in a multitude of babyish curls. She was wearing a dress that only the fact of youth and slenderness saved from looking, to Ruth's prim eyes, common and vulgar; a brilliant



Illustrated
by
Boothroyd

tango-colored affair, sleeveless, with a variegated silken girldie. A silly little black hat was perched on the riot of hair; her fingernails shone with a crimsoned brilliance.

But she was smiling, a really sweet, shy smile as David led her forward.

"Mum, this is Cherry. Cherry—my mother. You two are going to love each other."

Cherry went impetuously up to the other woman.

Ruth's eyes had seemed to ice over. She held out a stiff hand. The smile faded from Cherry's face, almost as though that hand had swept her painted mouth and wiped it away.

"How do you do?" she faltered. "I—I'm—"

"I'm very well, thank you. Will you come this way? I'll show you your room."

Ruth led the way; David had opened the door. He watched the two women as they went up the stairs. There was a twinkle in his eyes.

"Poor Mum! Poor Cherry!" he murmured. "They're in for it, both of 'em! But they'll both find out, bless 'em!"

Tea wasn't exactly a success. Slyness seemed to have overtaken Cherry. She scarcely spoke, except to answer Ruth's obviously information-seeking questions. No, she had no parents; an aunt had brought her up. Her aunt went to business; they looked after the little flat between them in the evenings and week-ends. Yes, it was a bit of a scramble; they usually brought food in

ready cooked. No, Cherry wasn't in an office—in a shop, fancy-goods department.

Ruth's heart sank more and more. A little shop-girl, with no home-training. What manner of bride was this for her David—irresponsible David? Still, she might have known, might have guessed the type of girl David would choose, she thought bitterly. He had always craved the bizarre, the tawdry, as a child. John now—dear, placid Catherine.

Cherry scarcely ate anything; she would not touch the delicious cakes that Ruth had so specially made. "No, thank you. I'm dieting, you see. Never touch jam—or cream, thank you."

"Yes, she's just the sort of little creature who would go in for this new-fangled dieting," Ruth thought grimly. "And I suppose David will have to diet with her! Oh, David—David, don't do this! See—before it is too late."

Conversation took another channel. David remarked that a certain film star was on at the Elite, and Cherry was off!

"Oh, how thrilling! We must go, David. Don't you adore her, Mrs. Hillier?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said Ruth.

"Mother has never been to pictures," David put in.

"What? Never? Incredible amusement."

"I have not," said Ruth. "At least, I did once, about—oh, ever so many years ago, and never did I spend a more miserable afternoon. Hot, stuffy place, and a horrible, vulgar man on the screen."

"And Mum can't be persuaded that things are any different to the war," David informed Cherry, smiling.

"Oh, but I'm sure you'd like them now, Mrs. Hillier. The Talkies are really wonderful; you forget you're not looking at real people. You must come with us!"

"Thank you. I don't think I'm likely to," Ruth said coldly. "Well, David, so long as you are going out, if you'll excuse me, I'll go to bed early. I'm tired. You and—Cherry—will have plenty to occupy your evening."

She got up and cleared away the tea-things. Cherry jumped up to help her, and upset the milk over the best linen cloth. She stammered apologies.

"Oh, it's all right," Ruth said wearily. Almost as though she had said, "What else can be expected from you?"

She went to her room, passing the spare room on the way. The door was open and she looked in.

Of course. Other disavowal. Cherry had opened the window wide, disarranging the curtains to bunches of untidiness. Her suitcase had spilled its contents over the bed. Her night-dress, without a neat case, flung on the pillow. Powder thickly speckling the dressing-table, and the floor beneath it. Dirty water left in the washbasin; crumpled towels thrown on a chair.

Ruth never quite forgot her first sight of David's girl.

What a wife for himself—so-careless David!

Downstairs Cherry was looking thoughtfully out of the window. Her gaze fell upon the stocks and magnificent growing in tidy rows in Ruth's wiggard. She turned to David impetuously.

"David! Even the flowers grow in pairs here," she said. "I'm afraid it won't wash, dear!"

David gathered her into his arms.

"Yes it will, sweetheart," he whispered. "Just give it time. You'll see."

"But, Dave, it's dreadful, I can feel disapproval in the air. And what can I do? I can't alter myself, any more than your mother can. We clasp—dreadfully."

"Don't worry, darling. Just be yourself. And now, come along. Greta's waiting!"

His Mother's Disapproval

THE next few days were a positive nightmare to Ruth. Cherry had lost her first shyness, and, with assurance had come boisterousness, high-spirited ribaldry with David; senseless practical jokes like turning Ruth's neatly-made bed into an "apple pie," and sneaking into David's room and sprinkling flour all over his pillow, squealing with merriment at the sight of his head in the morning.

By JANET BROOK

"Oh, David! I've often heard of people going white overnight!"

"Don't wonder, with a worry like you on my mind, darling!"

Senseless foolery! Why not learn just how to make a bed and just what to do with flour, Ruth thought bitterly. The little house seemed to hold up its hands in horror at its desecration. Quaint things in untidy heaps, curtains awry, the carpet in the sitting-room rolled back to the gramophones could be danced to—never before had house been so misused. When would this breezy young hoyden be gone? When would quiet, ordered peace, reign?

Ruth had very little to say to Cherry. She was polite, of course, and made vague murmurs about her staying as long as she and David wished. But secretly, fervently, she found herself longing for the time of their departure. It would mean David's going, too, of course. But it was preferable.

A little smile twisted her lips one day as she remembered how she had hoped that David and his bride would settle near to her. Near! Why, she could almost find it in her heart to wish for continence between them! And yet

John and gentle Catherine. She sighed.

She mentioned this subject tentatively one day. She caught David alone; Cherry had gone to the town to purchase something before the shops shut.

"David—I wanted to ask you, is it really settled—I mean—are you and Cherry getting married, soon?"

"Soon? Oh, not just yet, Mum." He heard her quick sigh of relief. Not yet, that was merciful, anyway. Perhaps—even—well, things have been known to fizzle out!

"Oh, I only wondered," she said. "Have you any idea where you'll make your home, David?"

"Not a twinkle," he said carelessly. "Somewhere close handy. I don't want to emigrate as far as your other wandering children, Mum!"

"N-no—I suppose not."

"I know you hated it when you went north and the other south, though you never said, Mother. So I'd like to feel that at least, we're within an hour or so of you, dear."

"That's nice of you, Dave," Ruth answered drily. He looked at her, and his eyes crinkled.

"Not fancying the prospect overmuch, eh, old thing?" he grinned.

"Oh, David, how can you say that? Why, you know that—"

"I know, Mum. But you don't exactly take to Cherry, do you? Come now—confess!"

Ruth was silent a moment. Then she said slowly:

"Well, son, I must admit, I find her rather—scarying."

"Yes, Cherry's not grown up yet. But I don't want you to misunderstand her. She's one of the best. You should have seen her when her

aunt was down with the flu—doing every blessed thing in her free time and never a complaint—"

"Very well, dear. Don't go into rhapsodies. I'm prepared to accept Cherry, but you can hardly expect me to be delighted at your choice." Ruth's eyes held a hardness, and David sighed. She touched his arm timidly.

"Don't think unkindly of mother, my boy. Just remember, that I'm only you left, and I've only your interests at heart. I want you to be happy. I would have liked you to have married someone like Catherine, now—"

"Oh, Catherine! John's paragon!" David sounded scornful. "Does your shirt feel sore enough, John, darling? Oh, John, that button's loose on your coat; let me get some thread! Yes, I always get brown bread—so good for the children—"

"She's a perfect wife for John," Ruth broke in cuttingly. "I admit she's not pretty or lively—but—oh, David—David—I do pray that you will not regret—Cherry!"

"Don't worry, Mum!" he said cheerfully. "I shan't!"

Please turn to Page 40



VISITOR: So you don't get any school holidays. How's that?
CHILD: I don't know—unless it's 'cos I don't go to school.

The FOUR M's of Womanhood

From MURIEL SEGAL, our Special Representative in Europe

An audience composed entirely of men listened to a lecture given by the Rev. Professor Eric S. Waterhouse. The Rev. Professor said some snappy things about women. He divides women into four "M's": Mannish, Modish, Minx, Mother.

CONCERNING the Minx he waxed most eloquent. "The Minx type uses the privileges of her sex for her own selfish

ends. She can be charming when it suits her, but when it no longer pays, out come her claws and the man gets scratched. Often the Minx is a girl highly excitable in company, and the unhappy man, meeting her in company, thinks her charming. When she gets home she collapses, because she is mentally tired out she slumps . . . and the man feels the effect of the slump."

The professor then went on to expound that well-known theory of the mother type being the only worth-while woman, and that women were meant for motherhood and no other work, and that was

the only role in which women were happy. How tired we are of hearing all that and how, on principle, everyone agrees; but being a mother, these days, is not so easy as the Rev. Professor Eric S. Waterhouse makes it sound—and how many "mother-types" are "Minx-types" through sheer necessity. But the male audience drank it all in.

Gloves and Muffs for Next Year

MUFFS are another leading accessory; they will be carried with all afternoon frocks next autumn and winter. They come in all shapes possible to a muff, and in all the furs of the season.

Problems of Real Life

Seaside CHILDREN and Their City COUSINS

Children who live at seaside resorts start life under a handicap, contended "A Mother" in The Australian Women's Weekly last week. The perpetual holiday atmosphere and life of seeming ease sapped their character.

This week a writer who has lived for several years at a popular seaside resort takes up the cudgels on behalf of seaside children. She points out that they are just as well fitted to meet the future, and just as ambitious, as children elsewhere.

By ENID DELALANDE

IT is surely unfair to compare or contrast the lives led by children in the purely seaside resorts with those of children living in the better class suburbs of our cities.

But what about a comparison of the advantages or disadvantages with the lives of the children whose homes are in the industrial suburbs of the capital cities . . . children who, instead of enjoying the pure, fresh sea air, and the open spaces, breathe a mixture of air, soot and dust, flavored by an occasional stink from the tannery, soap factory or slaughteryard?

"A Mother" instances the case of the "successful city business man" and of "persons with property yielding sufficient income" drifting to the seaside holiday resorts along the coast, to "settle with their families, to live a life of care-free ease" . . . "surely a consummation

quite a large number of men and women who graduated from these primary schools, to make Australian history.

However, the position at present is, that there is scarcely a seaside resort in Australia where the High School is not within reach of the girl or boy who qualifies to become a student, with, in most cases, free transport.

Even if the parents of these children do keep guest houses, and do allow their children to run about on the beaches unattended, what will they see on any beach in Australia that will have a demoralising effect upon them?

The scene depicted on the front page of The Australian Women's Weekly (Nov. 25)—"Sunburn and Laughter and a Dipping Sea"—might have been drawn on any beach in Australia. . . . Is there anything demoralising in it?

City Contrasts

Does "A Mother" know anything about the lives led by the children of board-

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

MADGE EVANS.

AT TWENTY-ONE, HAS BEEN A FILM STAR TWICE! SHE WAS A BABY STAR AT SIX, RETIRED AT NINE AND RETURNED TO THE SCREEN AT TWENTY.

FRANK FAY

DURING THE DISASTROUS MALIBU BEACH FIRE, WAS PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS BURNING HOME FOR A BACKGROUND!

SYLVIA SIDNEY

NEVER TRAVELS WITHOUT A PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH

DID YOU KNOW THAT~

RAYMOND HACKETT PLAYED A CHILD ROLE WITH MAUDE ADAMS IN "PETER PAN"?

devoutly to be wished," as Shakespeare has it . . .

A little later, however, the "successful city business man" appears to have lost his wealth, in some unexplained manner, and is now busily engaged in catering for the needs of the tourists who have a shilling or so to throw about.

The cold fact of the position is, that most of the permanent residents of the seaside tourist resorts are property owners, who are consequently in a position to give their girls and boys advantages at least equal to those enjoyed by the youth of the cities, plus a much better environment.

Educational Facilities

As to Education: "A Mother" appears to think that there are practically no educational facilities in these localities beyond the primary schools. . . . Incidentally, I could quote the names of

Glowing candles flatter every woman. Next time you entertain at dinner substitute candles for electric light and note the atmosphere of charm they shed. Choose tall tapers so that the lighted tips will not shine in the eyes of any guest.

Use Unseed oil for cleaning linoleum and grained paint work. It should be rubbed well in with a soft flannel.

ing-house keepers in the slum areas of any of the big cities? Their parents are, perhaps, too busy earning an honest penny to give any attention to their offspring's entertainment, and, like the children of the seaside resort, the youngsters go abroad in search of diversion.

Go abroad and watch a policeman collecting the drunks—men and women—or, as a change of scene, watch the "metho" addicts in the public parks.

I say, unhesitatingly, that the children whose early lives are spent in seaside resorts are just as well fitted for and have just as good a chance of finding congenial employment, as the offspring of any people in similar financial circumstances elsewhere. . . .

In the very nature of things, these resorts are easily accessible by rail or road, otherwise they would not attract the tourists and holiday seekers, and the local children are not shut off from civilisation, as "A Mother" would have us believe.

Finally, as to the implication that these children lack ambition . . . are handicapped from the start, and drift into hangers-on of boarding-houses, that is merely a statement, without one shred of evidence brought forward to support it.

HOT HOLBROOK says: The Holbrook Olives are grown in the sunny olive groves at Spain. Packed in Australia.***

Quality Gifts for Xmas



White Buck 3-Hole Tie Shoe. Neat Perforations and Medium Toe.

Rigney's Perfect Footwear



Black Kid Derby Tie Baby Louis Heels and Long Last. Also in Cocoa Brown . . . 29/6



Black Glaze Arch Support Instep Tie Shoe. Shaped Sides and Baby Spike Heels. Also in Brown . . . 31/6



Black Kid Instep Tie. Covered Cuban Heels and Cool Aerex Lining. Also in Brown . . . 24/6



Black Glaze Elastic Gusset Court Covered Heels. A Good Fitting Matron's Shoe. Also in Brown, 24/6



"Paragon" Black Glaze Arch Supports Derby Tie. Genuine Black Lizard Trimmings and Medium Heels. Also in Brown . . . 33/6

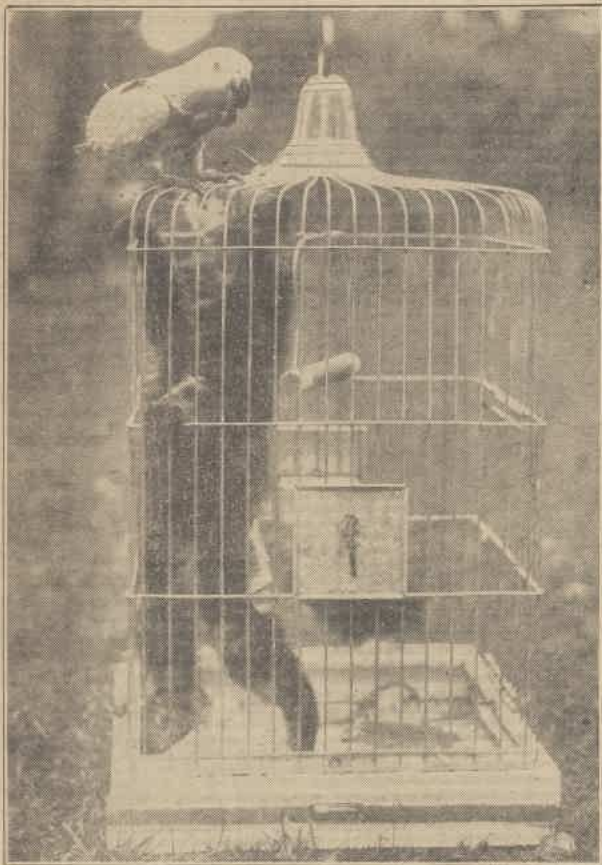
THE HOUSE OF PERFECT FOOTWEAR

RIGNEY'S

147 KING STREET, SYDNEY (2 Doors from Castlereagh St.)

262 EDWARD STREET, BRISBANE

Children's Beauty Salon ∴ Pastry Parson



NEW VERSION of the cat and the parrot story. Have you ever seen a pussy in a more undignified position? However, in this particular case all is well for the two are great friends. The cat is just telling the parrot to stop joking and open the door.



AND NOW it has come at last. Beauty parlors for the very young of the very rich. Not content with doing up the faces of society men and women in fashion crazy England, a West End specialist has started a salon for children. Face massage, manicures and hair waves are obtainable.



MISS WALDRON winning the Newmarket, England, Town Plate on Journey's End, Mr. J. Waldron's horse. She makes a graceful study as she flashes past the post. In England, women take part in quite a number of big events.



THIS FRENCH actress, Mile Jane Aubert, who is drawing crowds in London, has her legs insured for £200,000. She is demonstrating her pet way of getting up to her first floor bedroom. Climbing up the pillar and over the verandah, she does her daily dozen without wasting time.



RECENTLY we published a photo of Kaye Don's sister, who took part in recent women motorists' races at Brooklands. Here is another beautiful speedster. She is Mrs. K. Petre, who raced in the difficult mountain handicap. She is not superstitious.



A PARSON whose hobby is pastry. He is the Rev. C. W. Harbridge of St. Mathew's, Luton, England, who has carried off first prize for pastry-cooks at the annual competition, open to all the parish, for six successive years.



NIECE of the famous President Hindenburg gives a lecture in London on her uncle. Hindenburg is recognized as one of the greatest men this age has produced. Baroness Helen von Nostitz-Wallitz, his niece, is seen on the right of the German Ambassador in London, Baron Hoesch.

EXCLUSIVE
PARISIAN"CHANEL"
TOILET
PREPARATIONS
All Stores Throughout Australia.NOW
2' FOR TWELVEModess
SANITARY NAPKINS

Modess, a product of Johnson and Johnson, and the finest sanitary protection you can possibly have, is now sold by all chemists and department stores for 2/- packet of twelve.

WOMEN SPEAKERS

Ladies, are you nervous—self-conscious—or at a loss what to say when asked to address a meeting, move a vote of thanks, etc.

DON'T BE BACKWARD

Write to the Ladies' Vocal College for their Correspondence Course, "WHAT TO SAY AND HOW TO SAY IT." Complete Course, 18/6.

MADAM BURTON

21 WARD ST., GLEN IRIS, VIC.

FALLING STAR

Last Instalments
Of Our Serial...By...
VICKI BAUM
Author of "Grand Hotel."

WITH Oliver Dent still seriously ill in New York, the Phoenix Film Corporation had to set to and discover someone to take his place in his next film. Aldens, who had been Oliver's stand-in man, closely resembled the popular star, and it was Grannit's opinion that he was the man.

Mackenzie stopped eating as soon as Grannit came up to him in the commissary and leaned on the back of his chair and negligently said:

"I think I've found the right boy for you to fill Oliver's boots in your new production. There's nothing better than him. It's that Aldens boy."

"Aldens? Aldens? Who's that?"

"You should know him. It's the young German. You yourself picked him out of the extras to serve as 'standing' for Oliver."

"I? I know nothing about it. When did that happen?"

"In 'Hardogah'."

"He mustn't have made any great impression on me; for I don't remember him. Was it a short dark fellow?"

"My dear fellow, you would never pick a short dark fellow to 'stand' for Oliver, now would you? Aldens looks exactly like Oliver, and that's the trick. Get me? That's the bluff. Exactly like Oliver. Can you imagine the effect on the public if we can say, a week after Oliver's burial, through the papers, that we've discovered Oliver Dent's double, and that he is the star of our next superfilm?"

Mackenzie shivered a little on hearing Grannit speak of Oliver's burial so indifferently.

"You're a dead little heart," he said. "You have a golden disposition. Oliver is still alive and kicking. I'm still relying on him to pull through." And he continued to eat. "What else does your Aldens know?" he asked, continuing to chew. "A 'standing'! I can imagine how good he is. He can't

walk. He can't talk. He has two left arms and an accent like Eisenlohr."

"Why don't you have a look at the boy? I'm not getting any commission from him, but I did want to help you out of the mess," Grannit murmured angrily. "And you mustn't forget that Grannit isn't such a dud after all, and that he has already discovered a few people, hasn't he? And as for Aldens, you can ask Eisenlohr. He knows him well. And if you want to know something else, it was Eisenlohr himself who brought him to Hollywood."

"Is that so?" Mackenzie asked, and stopped eating. He even pushed his plate aside. If that Aldens was one of Eisenlohr's proteges it was worth while to look him over. "Well, now, tell me, how does he really look? What's the matter with him? The truth—one hundred per cent."

"He is a big, blond fool of Oliver's age. You can't expect him to be the patented double of Oliver, but he is absolutely the same type."

"Is he? Does he also have that sunny, beaming Dent-ish eye? Has he that?"

"He's charming. A little heavy. But good God in heaven! What does the great Mackenzie get such a big salary for, if he can't help a possibility like this to become a little sunny?"

BROWN, the young director, who had been rolling dice with Dr. Erbacher for the lunch, put the dice aside and said:

"Boys, when Oliver laughed in 'Hardogah'—do you remember it? When he laughed, we knew we could live a hundred years and not find anything like it. Oliver's type! Bunk! Oliver was no type. He was happiness personified."

Dr. Erbacher looked at him from his dazed stammering eyes.

"It is not yet sure that Oliver was even his own type. I mean, whether he was the type he was represented to be," Dr. Erbacher tried to elucidate. "Personified happiness? Maybe. My

personal feeling is that I can allow myself to doubt. He has laughed. Yes, that's true. Why couldn't we produce a copy of that laughter? We manufacture here jungles and towns and wars and Japanese cherry blossoms. Why couldn't we manufacture Oliver's laughter?"

Nobody answered. Erbacher's opinions were always such as to put his audience ill at ease. He pitched the tip of his nose with thumb and forefinger. It was his gesture of resignation.

"Good God, why do I say 'he was'?" Why do we all speak of Oliver as though he is already dead? It's a bad omen. He is still alive and fighting. We must help him. We should help him and stick by him."

"Well, after all, I can ask Eisenlohr about that Aldens boy," Mackenzie said. "How about you going and asking him to come and have a last ride, Grannit?"

"Old pal, why such a hurry? You will begin 'Progress' in a week from now. But, of course, I have asked him to come and have a test made," Grannit said cautiously. "It will be done at 7 o'clock. And will you please stay in the studio for his occasion? For Bill, too, will be here," Grannit added. And leaving Mackenzie's chair-back, on which he had been drumming, he went to another table.

Grannit had taken on a pompous and self-pleased attitude in the last few days. In the front section of the canteen Russian greybeards from the "Night of Fate" were sitting around the tables, their long grey beards pasted on; very effective but very disagreeable to lunch with. Grannit wrinkled carelessly as he passed by one of the men.

Yes, Grannit, who had been a broken man two weeks ago, who had gone to the dogs, lost his honor, been fired, been given an order to disappear, had come back to his job and was swimming on top now. He had been one of the little playthings with which public opinion amuses itself. Public opinion had played four days against Grannit, and hadn't allowed a single bit of his private life to remain private. Pictures of the wife, mistreated

by the terrible husband, had been in all the papers. Interviews with her filled the columns. There were pictures of her as a baby and as a bride in her veil. Absolute innocence. And her life-story as told by herself, the story of her unhappy married life, was sold for two thousand dollars and printed in instalments.

On the fifth day an opposition paper had the ingenious idea of printing Mr. Grannit's side of the story. And they trotted out the love life of Mrs. Grannit. And there was no scarcity of material there. Pictures of Grannit as a young man, a fine slender young boy full of fire, aroused sympathy. Pictures of Mr. Grannit's old mother! Who had ever thought that such a monster had a mother? And how well it spoke for Grannit that he had a mother, a mother he had supported since his early youth! And there were recent pictures of Grannit, the broken man, with his arms lying limp on the table and his head sunk on his breast. And the caption under the picture said clearly that Mrs. Grannit's love affairs were responsible for the change from the fiery youngster to the broken-down man. And what moving anecdotes from his life! Grannit, a good-hearted, sincere, trusting baby of a man who had been dragged through hell by a woman without honor and without conscience. And yet, the caption said, Grannit refused ten thousand dollars to say a single word against his wife or to speak about her faithlessness. And after public opinion had been worked on for a while, public opinion veered to Grannit's side.

Mrs. Grannit had to disappear. She sailed to Hawaii and the Phoenix Pictures Corporation called back Mr. Grannit to his job and apologised for the injustice it had committed against him. He returned to his office, in the Casting Department, and showed a little too much self-confidence. He had become a bit vain, wore new clothes, and was even spraying perfume on himself, morning. That was all very sad and pitiful, and happened because Grannit was anxious to hide the pain he still suffered. He was trying to bring himself into harmony with himself. He had given up his reducing diet and was going every afternoon to a psychoanalyst. There he would lie down on a chaise longue of green velvet and tell all about his life and his dreams and his suppressed desires and secret hopes. It was a little unpleasant. It went a little against the grain. He felt it even a little deeper when he returned to his apartment. But outwardly he looked as though his wounds were already healed. He was working hard and looked important.

His secretary thought that he was getting on his nerves now. And the extra girls he had patted familiarly, talked in the wardrobe and said that finally Grannit was becoming like all the rest.

MACKENZIE looked up Eisenlohr immediately after lunch. He walked through the lot and stopped for a while on a street that had been covered with artificial snow and was crowded now with people whose faces had been painted. There was snow on their shoulders and in their brows and beards. A little machine was continually blowing snow on these poor dishevelled open walking around in fur caps and Russian long coats and standing before the machines to have snow blown on them. It was the scene in which a bomb, thrown into the sleigh of the Prince, kills five innocent people. The women and children who were about to be killed stood in a circle about a young assistant who explained to them what it was all about. At the other end of the street was a troika, a sleigh, with three horses single-file.

Mackenzie espied Eisenlohr near the troika, and coming nearer he recognised the Morescu sitting in the sleigh. She was wrapped up to the nose in a fur coat, and was laughingly talking to the driver on the seat. Mackenzie pushed the newspaper deep into his pocket.

Please turn to Page 45

A SISTER
SPEAKS OUT by "STEVE"

MET A PEACH OF A GIRL
LAST NIGHT. HER NAME'S
PHYLLIS AND I'M GOING
TO SEE HER AGAIN TONIGHT

THAT SOUNDS SERIOUS.
AM I TO WELCOME A
NEW SISTER-IN-LAW?



YOU KNOW, I CAN ALMOST
GUESS THE REASON. IT'S
SOMETHING I'VE BEEN
WANTING TO SPEAK TO
YOU ABOUT, BUT I
ALWAYS HESITATED

DON'T BEAT ABOUT
THE BUSH, SIS. TELL ME
FRANKLY WHAT
YOU'RE DRIVING AT



NEXT DAY

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
YOU LOOK DOWN IN
THE DUMPS. DID YOU
MAKE A HIT WITH PHYLLIS?

I DID NOT! SHE WAS
PLEASANT AS COULD BE AT
FIRST, BUT SHE CHANGED. GOT VERY
COOL AND DISTANT—WOULDN'T
MAKE ANOTHER DATE



SIS CERTAINLY DID ME A GOOD TURN WHEN
SHE PUT ME ON TO LIFEBOUY. NO "B.O."
TO SPOIL MY DATES WITH PHYLLIS NOW!
WHAT GRAND LATHER LIFEBOUY GIVES AND
HOW CLEAN AND PEPPED-UP YOU FEEL



THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION
PHYLLIS... WILL
YOU...
COULD YOU...?

WHY, DARLING, OF COURSE.
I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH
YOU—WELL, ALMOST
FROM THE FIRST.

What untold harm
"B.O." may do us!
(Body Odour)

WE can't dodge facts. The pores of every normal person give off odour-causing waste daily. No one is safe from offending unless precautions are taken. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you, "Here is no ordinary toilet soap!" Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Its creamy, searching lather deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." (body odour).

Be sure you do
get LIFEBOUY

...because the special
Lifebuoy scent never clings
(like imitations)—it rinses
away with the lather, but
leaves protection behind.



A LEVER PRODUCT

2.181.16

PLATINUM Beauty; Rich SQUATTER

Gorgeous Engagement Ring For Follies Dancer!

With body deliciously sun-tanned and hair of the finest silk, a platinum blonde from the Folies Bergeres, Paris, is to be seen nightly at the Sydney Royal dancing one of the most exotic dances ever seen on the Australian stage, a Parisian version of the Rumba.

And now the platinum blonde is to figure in the realm of romance. She is to marry the son of one of Australia's wealthiest squatters, yet another instance of marriage between stage beauty and society beau.

TALL and slim and perfectly groomed, with slender ankles and expressive hands, that's Patricia Nelson, platinum blonde, late of the Folies Bergeres, Paris.

And on one finger of those exquisitely manicured hands there's a gorgeous square-cut diamond, huge, with a Maltese Cross cut into the back of the stone.

almost every country in the world. "It's six years now since I left New Zealand, really only a schoolgirl, but determined, despite my family, to go on the stage," she says.

"They had planned to make me a doctor. But, alas, for the family hopes! I just couldn't persevere with the study of pills. I was much too interested in tennis and dancing, and I flopped in all my exams."

"So I came over here to study dancing with Minnie Hooper, and I embarked on my stage career as 'Little Red Riding Hood' at the Empire—which attracted my family to action."

"So they sent me over to London to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. And luck was with me. Straightaway I was given a part."

"Since then I have played in almost every country in the world. In England and in France, in Germany, Belgium, and U.S.A., Italy, Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, in Spain, and in Switzerland, but, best of all, I love Paris."

"Of course, my engagement is a tremendous thrill. I had just made up my mind that I couldn't consider marriage for years, and so had Don."

"It happened like this, in the most casual way, a friend was talking about me to him and suddenly Don realised that the present Pat was his old friend, Billy, and he rushed round to see me."

THE platinum girl—Pat Nelson.

For Pat, of the fine, fair, silken tresses has announced her engagement to the son of one of our oldest Riverina families, Mr. Donald Gordon McLarty. Sydney and Melbourne know the tall, dark and handsome Don McLarty well, and Don knows Sydney and Melbourne just as well. About three times a year this well-endowed son of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. McLarty, of "Silverpines," a 38,000-acre sheep station at Bundure, in the Riverina district of N.S.W., pays a courtesy call on Sydney, and almost as often he pays similar tribute to Melbourne.

Each visit from his parents' lovely home with its beautiful lawns and gardens, is made in his shining aluminium Fraser-Nash, one of the fastest cars in Australia. And Don sees that it lives up to its reputation.

Don is an only son, but he has a sister, Mrs. Terry, who, it will be remembered, won the last Bong Hong Cup run with Kinsaid. He is a keen tennis player, a golfer of fair repute, and enjoys a day's fishing or shooting.

In three weeks' time St. James' will be the setting for a new role for the blonde Patricia, who has played in



THE young squatter—Don McLarty—Brenda Pardon.

"An old 'affaire-de-cœur' that dated from the days when I was a schoolgirl, and fat and dark-haired, was revived, and we are to be married in three weeks' time."

"Sometimes I can hardly believe it. I haven't met Don's people yet. But I have some snaps of 'Silverpines,' his home—it's down in the Riverina district—and it looks marvellous. We won't be living there, though. When I finish here we are going over to New Zealand and then to London. I couldn't give up my work. I love it!"

"We rang mother in New Zealand the other day and told her about the wedding. She was vastly surprised. She rather expected to hear the butcher's voice!"

"Our home is in Hawke's Bay, and there has been quite a lot of intermarrying with N.S.W. families. My cousin, Eric Nelson, married Enid Falkner. Mrs. Reg Bettington came from Hawke's Bay, too, and her family—the Lowreys—are distant connections."

"Don, himself, well, he's just a human. He spends a great deal of his time at 'Silverpines,' of course. Then when he comes to town he certainly knows how to enjoy himself."

"He fully appreciates the best hotels, belongs to one of the most exclusive clubs, and entertains marvellously."

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

Do Women Teachers Make Boys Namby-Pambies



A "COUNTRY MOTHER" writes: "I wonder if you think it a mistake for boys to be taught by women?"

"The only private school in our town-ship is run by a lady of great charm and culture, and our two boys—aged ten and eleven—and their sister—aged eight—have been going there for a year. But I fancy lately that my boys are being a bit girlish, and I have a horror of that in case it undermines their characters and makes them effeminate men."

That is a wise mother. She is taking time by the forelock, as mothers should and must, else they're too late.

Marjorie Bowen, herself the mother of three braw English boys, says, "Boys educated by women tend to become neuter. In the masculinity of a people lies its strength. In the sharp division between the qualities and attributes of the sexes lies most of the beauty, romance and nobility of life."

ONE little boy had been taught by his mother, and went to a boys' school for the first time, and returning home he had a proud story to tell.

"They said to me in the playground, 'You did say your poetry in a yow-yow voice.' Then they asked me my name. Then they said 'Are you a beast?' Then they kicked me."

The mother's heart turned over with dismay; but the father only smiled. "The boy had got among men," he told her, "and that will be the beginning of turning him into a man. Can't you see he's proud of it?" he whispered into her ear.

I think it goes without saying that mothers are not the best teachers for boys.

But the women of to-day are so practical and so modern that there is very little difference between a cultured woman teacher and a cultured man.

As a matter of fact, many young men in England, reading for their degrees, choose some brilliantly successful woman graduate for a coach.

GIRLS are apt to idealise their teachers if you give them the least excuse.

The budding innate worship in their feminine breasts often spreads itself lavishly on the woman or man who directs their mentalities, so perhaps, from that point of view, it is not a good thing for girls to be taught by men.

Many a young girl's first innocent unspoken love has been her drawing master, her arithmetic master, or the old Latin scholar, engaged specially to do "Omnia Gallia divina est" with the pig-tails and the shingles.

Young girls have a certain curious reverence for age when it accompanies knowledge.

In truth, young girls often marry old men simply because they can look up to them, and their superior wisdom.

THE great strange world of boys and men that the little boy gets into, away from mother at last, is bound to give

Should Husbands Wash-up?

Louise Mack's article last week on "Men in the Kitchen" has provoked a big controversy. See story on page 16.

him many perplexing problems, but he desires to solve these problems as it were off his own bat.

Little boys unconsciously resent feminine domination, and school, under masters, offers them opportunities for contact with the qualities they most admire—physical strength, an adventurous spirit, fearlessness, and technical skill with machinery.

"I want to see the wheels go round," cried the classic baby boy, in "Helen's Babies," and, as it was then, so it is today!

If a mother is wise, she will keep the relationship, as well as the boy's attitude to the whole sex, free of irritation, friction, dispute, and the familiarity that breeds contempt.

Let us quote Marjorie Bowen again on this subject, for of all living writers what mother has ever given us such a brilliant exposition of a mind that is equally feminine and masculine, whether as George Preedy or as Marjorie Bowen.

"Every mother," says Marjorie Bowen, "must have noticed when her boys went to school, even a day school, that they entered a world to which she is a stranger. She will see, however, that the normal boy is happier, because he is more fulfilled than he was at home, and that it is her business not to pry or question, and not to force confidences, but to let go."

Princess Betty Leads Fashions

PRINCESS ELIZABETH has become the fashion leader to children. Just as the Prince of Wales dictates London styles for men, so all the young people of kindergarten age follow the Princess.

American buyers have come to London especially to copy the double-breasted four-buttoned coat with wide revers but no collar, and half-belt across smartly flared bow.

"Have the kind of skin that wins" says **MARIAN NIXON**



"Stop being satisfied with a complexion that isn't truly exquisite. Have the kind of skin that wins—it doesn't take much time or money. I use the simplest care in the world because I've found it the very best care. I use gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It protects my skin perfectly—keeps it always soft and smooth."



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White Washable Seal Morocco new top-opening bag. Double division inner swing purse and mirror. Thumb strap at back.
Usually 10/6
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Children's Solid Calf Bag, with sliding fastener. Finished white piping, nicely lined. Has purse and mirror. In Blue, Beige, Brown, Red or Green.
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Morocco Underarm Bag, latest turn, clasp. Silk moiré lined flap. Leather Strong frame, double covered frame, inner division inner swing purse and mirror. Sliding fastener under flap. In Brown, Navy or Black.
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Usually 21/-
Gift Special .. 15/11

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Soft Cases with metal frame, reinforced corners and bands, two patent locks and metal clip.
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In Best Quality Hide.
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WASHING UP! Does Your HUSBAND HELP?

"Dinner's over! It's time to wash up!"

In thousands of homes this is the signal for husbands to enjoy a smoke while their wives do the necessary and important job of washing-up. But shouldn't husbands help?

SOME women say Yes, and others No. Men have even been found to agree with the former argument.

In fact, so great a controversy has resulted from the article in last week's *The Australian Women's Weekly* by Miss Louise Mack, well-known Australian authoress, on the subject "Men in the Kitchen," that well-known people were asked what they did about it.

The sharp division of opinion persisted. Not Men should not have to do the washing-up, said some. "Why shouldn't he help his wife?" asked others. Lady Harvey thinks that a wife shouldn't be lazy and leave everything to the last moment, and then ask her husband for help. But if she really needs assistance, certainly the husband should help.

Even more important, though, than washing-up, she considers, is that the husband should help a tired wife with the children. Even if employed, a little housework couldn't hurt him.

Sir John Harvey has always been most helpful, and is very domesticated. He quite boasts of his cooking. Once when Mrs. Lea and Lady Harvey were away, he used to ask the Rector of St. Mark's to breakfast, and give him scrambled eggs and coffee, whereas the Rector, when he asked him back, could only make up a boiled egg and tea.

Mrs. Ruskin Rowe, whose husband is the well-known architect, says that her husband is not the sort of man to sit down and smoke a cigar should he be needed to give a helping hand in the kitchen. Fortunately this seldom happens.

Mr. Ruskin Rowe can do most things in the house from mending the electric lights to seeing to anything that the house needs.

It is nothing new for young men to



MEN like this part of the job—but the washing up—

take off their coats after a party to give the girls a helping hand with the washing-up. At the seaside washing-up is looked upon as a most enjoyable job; in town it is a necessary evil seldom shirked.

Mrs. A. G. Thomas, vice-president of the Lyceum Club, never has to complain. Should occasion arise, her husband looks upon it as a privilege to give his wife a helping hand.

Men Don't Object

MR. JACK ARMSTRONG, a well-known business man, was amused at being asked if he could wash up? He can take a hand at most things domestic, as he has camped out in lonely parts of Australia, and if anything happened to the cook he could take his place. As for washing-up, he was an adept at it.

Mr. Armstrong prides himself on making a good cup of tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong have celebrated their silver wedding, and he does not consider it beneath his dignity to lend a helping hand at washing-up, even now, if it is required.

Mr. Frank Albert is a handy man, like most yachtsmen should be. He can do most things, such as cooking and washing-up. His son Alexis is not quite as clever as his father at these jobs of work, but he does his best. The girl he is engaged to is Danish, and sure to make a success of housekeeping, but should she want aid, young Mr. Albert will be ready to give it even unto washing-up.

Mrs. E. C. Biddle says: "No wife will expect her husband to wash-up after an honest day's work as a bread-earner. But where love lies he will never fail her when she needs his help."

So if you look forward to a happy married life, make some rule in advance about who is to do the washing-up.

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How I Look at LIFE

Mrs. Mordaunt is a woman of to-day's generation whose family is of the size we think of as "last generation." Here she sets out her philosophy of life.

By MARTHA C. MORDAUNT, who is the mother of eleven children.

"MAN never IS—but is always GOING TO BE—blessed!"

We look forward hopefully to the morrow—When the crop is harvested, "When the baby can walk," "When John passes his exam."—and to, there is another crop to be sown, the baby is soon to start school, John's exam leads on to further fields of endeavor, and so we go from day to day looking ever onward and upward, and finding more joy in the expectation than in the realisation.

When we have climbed up one step of the ladder we see another and yet another step to go.

No man lives to himself alone. We fit into each other's lives as the cogwheels in an intricate machine fit into one another. One cannot move without in some way moving another cogwheel.

As old age creeps on, I think of it as a ripening, a realisation of all we have been struggling up the hill so long for; a fair meadow where we may calmly rest a while, free from the fear of the future, secure from the heat and burden of the day.

WE learn deeper patience by our mistakes—"struggle to fight better, sleep to wake, fall to rise again."

Each of us must pass through phases of impatience, intolerance, distrust of ourselves, of our neighbors, but these phases pass like the menses and rumps stages pass in life; they are part of the growing-pains of youth.

BEING a mother, I naturally feel most for my own kind—I feel sorry for mothers in the aggregate.

We are mostly held in not in intolerant misunderstanding, then in, at least, amused tolerance.

"Poor mother! She means well, but she's so old-fashioned, she doesn't understand our outlook!"

When anything is required of us we are the best of mothers; when we require anything of them, the reverse is the verdict.

One consolation we all have: our mothers had it before us, our children will have it in their turn. The present generation will soon be in the past tense and be "tolerated" in the same way by the future generation!

Here's to them! The future generation, who will make just the same mistakes as we are making, and get just as big a kick out of life as we do!

VEILED PROPHETESS... Career of Englishwoman

Palestine Tragedy Recalls Strange Story of the Past

Recently the cables told of the death in Palestine, in romantic circumstances, of a beautiful American girl, Miss Joan Winters.

Specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly By A.J.B.

HER body, with that of her Mohammedan escort, was found at the foot of the Mount of Olives, close to the Garden of Gethsemane. Both had apparently been killed by Arab bullets.

The tragedy recalls the death, also in Palestine, of that strange, wandering, self-entitled Englishwoman, Lady Hester Stanhope—one of the most remarkable figures of which history has knowledge. Lady Hester, who was

was dying on the field of Corinthia, with his aide-de-camp, Captain Stanhope, bending over him, his last audible words were: "Stanhope, remember me to your sister." Though there was no actual engagement there was something more than a friendship between them, and the news of Corinthia was for Lady Hester a poignant tragedy.

In 1810 she left England, never to return.

She announced that she intended to travel in the East. She had ample means. On the death of Pitt in 1806 Parliament had voted an annuity of £1200 to his niece, recognising that she had stood to him in the last years of his life as a daughter. Moreover, her father, the third Earl of Stanhope, was a nobleman not likely to be troubled by lack of funds.

Wanderings in the East

LADY HESTER did things properly. In the ship that took her to the Mediterranean was a retinue of servants and one of her attendants was a travelling physician, Dr. Merz. For three years she cruised about the shores of Eastern Europe and Africa, and visited most of the cities of Asia Minor and Palestine. She gradually lost touch with Europe, and became more and more Orientalised.

In one of her exploring tours she went where no Englishwoman had been before. Riding on a camel, with only Arabs as attendants, she braved the leagues of sandy desert enclosing the hidden city of Palmyra, where she was received in stately fashion by a tur-



WYNDY W. DOWIES

banned sheikh who ruled the wandering tribes around.

In 1814 she took up her permanent abode in the village of Djoum, on Mount Lebanon, in the Holy Land. By this time her English servants had left her.

She wore Arab dress and entrenched herself in an old stone building where, attended only by native servants, she

acquired a reputation as a sort of veiled prophetess.

In the last years of her life she was rarely seen by any white person. She died at Djoum in June, 1839, aged 63.

Lady Hester on Mount Lebanon, the modern American girl at the foot of the Mount of Olives, are strangely linked in death.

FROM out the Arabian Nights there have come many picturesque figures. Grim, fantastic, mysterious, romantic.

But here is a woman who walked out of the humdrum life of England and into the strange environment of the Arabian Nights. She remains one of the enigmas of history.

born in England in 1776, was a niece of William Pitt, the younger—the Pitt who was Prime Minister of Britain during the first critical years of the war with Napoleon. The younger Pitt never married, and during the last three years of his Prime Ministership (1803-06) his accomplished niece lived with him and did the honors of his house.

When her famous uncle died in 1806 Lady Hester was 30 years of age. She was a handsome woman of strong personality—one who in these days would be called a feminist.

A ROMANCE of her youth links her with one of the heroes of British military story. When Sir John Moore

Brainwaves

Conducted by L. F. LOWER

HE: "If I see anything funny I simply can't keep a straight face."
SHE: "I say, you must find shaving a dangerous business."

OLD LADY (visiting prison): "And what is your name, my man?"
Prisoner: "159, madam!"
Old Lady: "Oh, but that's not your real name!"
Prisoner: "No, only my pen name."

SERVANT (answering bell): "My master isn't in, sir. You may leave the bill if you wish."

Caller (in surprise): "Bill? I have no bill, I wish to—"
Servant: "No bill! Then you must have called at the wrong house."

LITTLE ARTHUR was showing his temper before going to school, and the exasperated mother turned to the father, saying angrily:

"I don't know where Arthur gets his temper from. I'm sure he doesn't get it from me."
"No, dear," said her lesser half, "none of yours is raising."

MOTHER was stinging Baby to sleep. For some minutes Jimmy contemplated this, then he said to his Father, philosophically:

"Daddy, if I were Baby I'd pretend to be asleep."

BILLY the black had had a corn on his foot for the last three months, so his boss told him to go to a certain chirpist.

When he returned the boss asked him did they cut it out.

Billy replied: "No, boss, when they removed my boot, and then my sock, what should they find but my plucky collar stud!"



So Mary and John now have a cup of Vegemite every night instead of tea and they say they feel ever so much better. Mary just dissolves a small teaspoon-full of Vegemite in a cup of boiling water. It's certainly very appetizing and they said it's rich in Vitamin B.



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Dorothy Manners, judged the world's most beautiful woman, reveals the ideal Youth-o-Form figure.

Her measurements are:—

Height	64in.	Hips	34in.
Weight	86lb.	Thigh	19in.
Bust	33in.	Calf	13in.
Waist	25in.	Neck	12in.

GET YOUR TAPE MEASURE

and compare your own figure, and if during the winter only 70% of fat have come round waist, hips, or bust, be sure the beauty of your body, go to your chemist, and get a 5/6 carton of Youth-o-Form Tissue Reducing Capsules, and begin taking just one capsule each day at bedtime.

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Doctors know that Youth-o-Form is prescribed by highly qualified chemists from the most scientifically balanced formula in the world, and prescribe it as the most effective treatment in aiding the body of body, acting fast, effectively, humbly, and permanently, leaving no wrinkles or sagging skin, and acting as a tonic, too.

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Youth-o-Form is taken at intervals by thousands of people, not only to reduce extra fat, but to banish High Blood Pressure, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation, and Indigestion. People of all ages from 18 to 50 take Youth-o-Form, and this report from one of our clients is interesting:—

TAKES CORSETS 4 SIZES SMALLER

"I have reduced from 12 1/2 to 11 1/2 in six weeks, without diet or exercise," she says. "I feel wonderfully well, and, though 40 years of age, I feel 20 years younger. I take corsets four sizes smaller now than I did before. Graciously yours, L.W."

EVERYONE CAN AFFORD YOUTH-O-FORM.

For you need not the full six weeks' treatment for 20/-, which is enough to show definite results, or the trial carton for 5/6, from all leading chemists in Australia. The rate of reduction varies from two pounds to eight pounds weight—the fullest parts reducing first.

BE SURE TO GET GENUINE YOUTH-O-FORM.

There are so many imitations of Youth-o-Form that you must refuse substitutes offered to you, because they cost a little less, or because they give more profit to the one who tries to push them on to you. If you are not sure of a genuine note to this advertisement, with your name and address. Send it to W. James Rogers, Chemist, Drug, 1, 238 George Street, Sydney. Mr. J. Rogers and Co. P. Lindy and Co. McNeill House, 345 Little Collins St., Melbourne. W. J. Rogers and Co. Macleay and Co. Perry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane, and Youth-o-Form will reach you, plainly wrapped, with full directions, by return post—5/6.

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ANDREE WAVE 15/-

Select your own style—we will make your hair look exactly the way you wish. The "Andree" wave is a soft, undulating, GENUINE OIL wave, which will last for months, and is easy to rest. We employ experts who do nothing else but Permanent Waving, and are extremely skilful in this work. There are 23 rooms now, and as we are always busy, it would be necessary to Ring 2341, or call for appointment.

ANDREE WAVE—Shingle 15/-
ANDREE WAVE—Bob with curly ends 21/-
MCDONALD WAVE—Shingle 35/-
MCDONALD WAVE—Bob 42/-



BUCKINGHAM'S
OXFORD STREET

Their XMAS Shopping . . . Is Never Done!

*All-year-round Search to
Buy Gifts For You!*

CHRISTMAS may begin officially for the public in November when bright decorations are festooned round the shops, Christmas carnival tickets are written for every group of goods on show, and dozens of Father Christmas put on their red coats, snowy whiskers and a benign expression.

But for the shops, Christmas, 1933, began just after Christmas 1932 finished.

WHILE we are unwrapping our parcels in Christmas week, the buyers from the big shops will be looking their berth for abroad to choose what we will buy for Christmas, 1934.

Christmas stock has been arriving throughout the year on ships from England, Europe, America, and the Orient. It has been stored away for months in acres of floor space at the tops of big buildings.

Every year more and more elaborate arrangements are made for entertaining children.

THE fashion for modern jewellery will take a load off our minds during Christmas shopping. I saw one girl buying dozens of bundles of bright bone and wood bangles to give to various girl friends to match favorite frocks. And there are lovely metal slave bracelets, opaque glass ones that look like jelly-fish, and more elaborate diamante ones. Bangles range from 6d to four guineas in price.

This year's carnival seems to be a special smokers' Christmas. There is an astounding array of smokers' equipment. You can flick ash from your cigarette into a tray on the back of a real tortoise (no longer living, of course), into Sateuma, beautiful colored glass, Chinese lacquer, wood, deep enamel trays that look like a stack of modern bracelets, or soft jade from China beautifully carved, and in delicate colors.

Cigarettes are housed in rich enamelled metal barrels, in jars of anti-mony and blue glass, in a square green box with a clear glass lid and a glass

What Santa Claus Will Bring!

TOYS of every description, from the fast-moving trains, motor cars, and yachts down to the rocking-horse, are becoming more realistic each year, and even the sea animals made of rubber are intriguing replicas of the genuine animal.

bird for a handle, in a Chinese wooden box with a roller top and a mannikin to lift out the cigarette.

A BLACK-AND-WHITE group gives a suggestion for a nice present for a Parisian-minded friend. You might give her a black or a white handbag, a black and white glass necklace, and a delicate little spray of Chinese glass flowers—starry clematis or little star roses.

Perfume is obtainable at fabulous reductions. In one shop I noticed two guinea bottles reduced to 7/6. The bottles are very modern and attractive.

Gloves being more interesting this year than they've been for a long time, make presents that will be welcomed. Silk ones with organdie gauntlets can be bought from 8/11 a pair, and there are demure ones with black-edged frills as low as 2/11.

If you have got so far through your shopping list that you are down to the handkerchiefs, there are some lovely sun-tan linen ones, appliqued with gay little yachts and sails and cruising sea-gulls, for 12/6 the half-dozen.

THERE is some lovely pottery from the East called Sunlight pottery, in parchment color, with simple bright patterns of chrysanthemums and Virginia creeper, and made in pleasing shapes. And there are miniature pots of glass flowers—anemones, snowdrops, bluebells, or hyacinths from 2/11 upwards.

Christmas cards this year reflect the fashion for owning dogs. Every second one seems to be of the doggy variety, usually Aberdeens and other terriers.

All the big shops report greater activity this year than other years. Early shoppers are much more numerous; they are spending more money and buying more presents than they did last year.



**Ladies—
Xmas
Holiday
Beach
Wear
will cost you
less at**

ASHDOWN'S

Ashdown's selection of Ladies' Beach Wear is the largest in Sydney . . . at prices that save you cash . . . every line a veritable bargain, comparing quality for price. . . . Buy at Ashdown's, where you receive courtesy and quick attention. All beach wear guaranteed.

Ashdown's Jantzen 12-in-1 Costumes, selling fast at 22/-

Ashdown's Jantzen Formal 12 in 1 back Swim Suit has a snappy front neckline sweeping with an alluring line to the low-cut back. Extremely popular. All the favorite colours. S.W. 22/-; W. 23/6. Surf Caps to match Jantzen Colours, 2/11, 3/6, 4/6, 6/11.

Ashdown's Ladies' Slacks 12/6

Slacks are the thing for promenading at the beach or camp, and Ashdown's have them in all styles and a wide range of colours, well tailored and cut for freedom of movement, and will keep their shape. All sizes from 12/6.

Ashdown's Ladies' Shorts 4/6

Girls prefer Ashdown's Shorts because they fit perfectly. Put a pair in your kit for Tennis, lulling on the beach, or taking in the bush. All sizes and a good range of colours. 4/6 and 5/6.

Ashdown's Ladies' Beach Shirts 4/6

Ladies' Beach and Sports Shirts, short, half and long sleeves, English Bermuda, excellently made, and perfect fit. All sizes, 4/6.
Ladies' Rayon "Whisk" fastener Shirts, half sleeves, good quality . . . well fitting . . . a necessary holiday garment. 8/11. Here's a Special to Silk and Wool Beach Jumpers, all sizes, 4/11. In Black and Blue Stripes.

MAIL YOUR XMAS ORDER TO ASHDOWN'S

ASHDOWN'S

"The Jantzen King"

134 PITT ST., 2 Doors from King St. (opp. Proud's),
SYDNEY

Also 107 Oxford St., Bondi Junction;
413 Parramatta Rd., Leichhardt (near Norton St.).

LIFE—A BUSINESS

It is a paradox, perhaps, that, while Home Life is a refuge from business, it is itself a business.

Money enters so largely into everything that it must be planned for in every phase of life.

It is in business that money is earned, in the Home, chiefly, that it is spent, and there is no sound reason why the spending should not be regarded as being just as important as earning. In fact, it is far more important, for earning is difficult, and must employ wisdom, forethought, and energy, while spending is easy, so easy that there is temptation to spend unwisely.

Every Home, then, is a business, and needs an economic system, of which the Savings Bank Pass Book can be the valuable basis.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government).

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"FLY-TOX" is all efficient, all pervading—quick, sure, economical. Each lot is laboratory tested to prove its super-strength. A little goes far. Use nothing less effective when the health of your family is at stake. Insist on genuine "FLY-TOX."

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THE best people write letters to "So They Say." This week's first letter is written by a brilliant young Australian pianist. There is a first prize of £1, and 5/- awards for all other letters used, each week. All letters must be endorsed "So They Say."



CHILDREN'S MUSIC

I WANT to protest against the utter unsuitability of the so-called music broadcast during the children's sessions from several local stations.

During the past fortnight I have heard: "Ah, But Is It Love," "Learn to Croon," "The Moonlight, the Danube, and You," "Hold Me," etc., in some cases actually sung by kiddies in the studio, their childish trebles pronouncing with gusto the sickly sentimental words. Surely it would be possible to give the children more wholesome songs, and also, with the aid of records, to let them hear attractive and easily understood orchestral works. A radio Uncle with the gift of imagination could hold the attention of his young listeners by building a story round the work, thus combining entertainment with education.

Miss Dagmar Roberts, 35 Bancroft Avenue, Roseville, N.S.W.
First letter £1.

ALSO AGAINST FAIRIES

I READ with interest Miss Jean Davidson's par (The Australian Women's Weekly, 11/11/33) "Teaching children about fairies." As she remarks, why confound the mythical with the real? May I add that if children were taught that our beautiful flowers, etc., are not made by "fairies" but by the hand of God, we parents would find it much simpler to train the little ones to a religious manner. I think it is deplorable that one finds stories of giants, gnomes and fairies in the school children's readings.

Mrs. E. Savice, Moe (Vic.).

WHY CRUEL FAIRY TALES?

IN reference to the "Defence of Fairies" article (The Australian Women's Weekly, 25/11/33), I might say that fairy stories are not very lovely, and no childhood would be complete without them, but why such cruel stories as "Jack the Giant Killer," "Three Blind Mice," "Red Riding Hood," and "Bluebeard" have to be introduced is beyond my comprehension. They are exceedingly cruel and on a young mind they must have a tremendous effect. Perhaps they are the foundation of a child's fear of the dark or lonely houses, for surely this fear is not a natural one, not an instinct born with us. In my own case I know that fear of "ghosts" given to me when very young has never left me despite the reasoning of common sense.

Y. Kidston, "Edgewell," Wotseley Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

THOSE POOR SALESMEN

STEPS should be taken to prevent the exploitation of unemployed by "commission only" concerns, who are virtually capitalising the depression with their advertisements for salesmen, "commission only."

Within an hour they can have a staff of 20 or more at no cost (bar 2/- for ad.).

Out they go filled with hope, and at the end of the day struggle back, tired and disillusioned. Yet, if 20 have made an average of 5/- each for their toll, the "firm" has made about £5. Not bad, 45 for 2/-, and plenty more salesmen when this "team" fires out.

Avenell Cooke, 196 Coogee Bay Road, Coogee, N.S.W.

NOW SHE ASKS YOU

YOUR article on The Modern Business Woman is rather opportune inasmuch as I am faced with the problem of making a decision one way or the other. On one hand I am offered the security of marriage with a nice, decent, young fellow whom I respect and admire very much, while on the other I am offered the fulfillment of my life-long ambition of becoming a commercial artist in a big department store, after having worked tirelessly as a stenographer for years, to achieve this, I want to make a final decision and afterwards have no regrets.

W. B. Davies, 13 Shakespeare Grove, Hawthorn, E2, Melbourne, Vic.

Christmas Gift Problem

Keep Money in Home

I QUITE agree with Miss Smith (The Australian Women's Weekly, 18/11/33) regarding the giving of Christmas presents to others outside your own home. If you must buy presents, well, spend the money on your own family, and give them the pleasure of having the presents.

On the whole, I think it is only a yearly tax on every home, which I think should be abolished, according to the present conditions of living. By doing this, it would enable many a person to buy some little thing they need for themselves. It would be money wisely spent, not wasted.

A. Dwyer, 31 Anderson Rd., Mortdale, Sydney, N.S.W.

Go On Giving

I DISAGREE with Mrs. Green's suggestion that we limit our Christmas gifts to "those we loved, the children, the lonely and the needy." After all, aren't these the very ones whom people do remember at Christmas, if at no other time; and why should our dull old office, cheerless boarding-houses, and the like be deprived of the spirit of festivity and cheeriness which for one day in the year pervades them? We have been forced to relinquish much these last few years. Don't let us give up our Christmas presents, even if they are only "more or less useless articles." I don't think that useless presents are given much nowadays—but, granting that they are, we all like getting useless "pretties" occasionally, and in the laughter, goodwill, and jollity which accompany the giving, we receive far more benefit than the actual worth of the gifts.

Miss M. Harvey, 4th Floor, 17 O'Connell St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Treaty with Friends

THE sentiments expressed by Mrs. J. E. Green in your issue of November 18 will, I think, be heartily endorsed by the majority of people.

How many of us have had this thought uppermost in our minds each festive season?

What a lot of worry, inconvenience, and expense this "Christmas Gift" giving entails, and I am quite sure if we would make up our minds to come to some agreement with our friends in this matter, they would be just as pleased as we to be released from this customary obligation.

Mrs. H. Stevens, c/o 75 Reina St., North Bondi, N.S.W.

What Is Their Place "Falling Star" Has Won Readers

Plight of Grandmas

THE letter entitled "Give Granny a Chance" reminds me of an old lady who once told me that she was seventy years of age, and had hardly ever tasted the white meat of a chicken, because, she said, "When I was a child, children were of no account, and when the family fowl was served, I counted myself lucky if I got a drumstick." When I married, and began to acquire a large family, we could only afford poultry when we had guests, who, naturally, were given the best bits. Now I am old, the children are of more account than the old folk, so Granny still takes a back seat—and the drumstick.

Edith Willis, 86 Raglan St., Mosman, Sydney.

Happy To Be Of Use

MY experience is that Grannies are only too happy to be of use to her grand-children, or in any way to lighten the untiring burden of motherhood borne by many young mothers. To get right away from the worry and anxiety just for a wee while from household duties allows the mothers to return refreshed and ready to enter the routine duties of another day.

From what I see of life, Grannie has the happiest time, by far, especially if she is fortunate enough to be a widow.

M. Redford, 90 Beach Rd., Darling Point, Sydney, N.S.W.

Opinions Wanted

IT would be interesting to hear what the Grannies themselves think about having their children's children "foisted" on them. If I know anything about it, they often find much more joy in their grandchildren than ever they had time to while rearing their own "six or more," as Miss S. Hyde mentions.

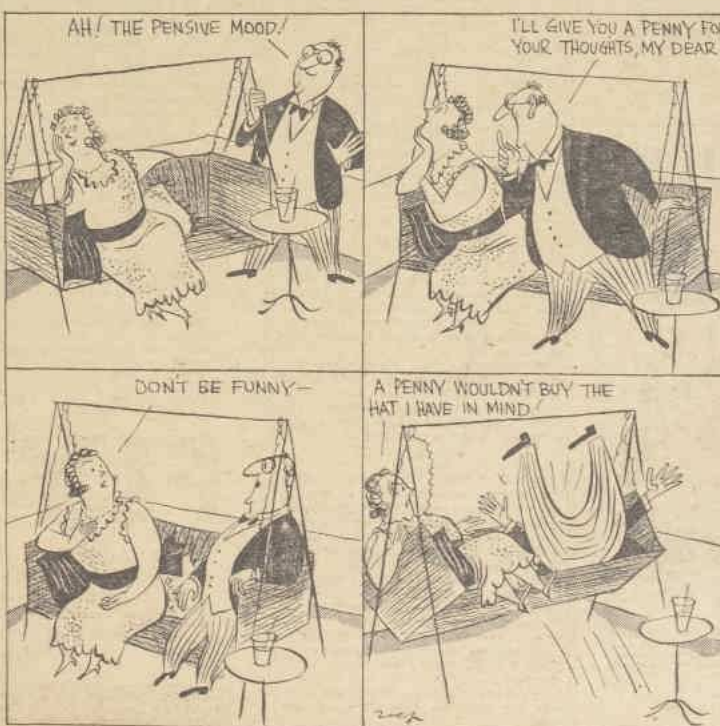
Such women's hands have always been very busy, and as they cannot take up new interests often so late in life, they welcome the opportunity to fill their spare time looking after sons' or daughters' children. Most of these women are the first to offer to mind the wee ones so the young parents can have an evening out occasionally.

How often have we heard Grannie say "Now, have a good time, dears, you're only young once. The bairns will be safe with me."

Mrs. Irene A. Greenwood, 39 Birriga Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

In and Out of Society

By WEP



The tired housewife or mother who just snatches say, ten minutes or so to put her feet up and enjoy a read, likes to go straight ahead and read a short story to forget house duties and all, and not have to start by worrying her already tired brain to remember past incidents.

Therefore short, bright stories every time.

Mrs. Ward, 9 Jackson St., St. Kilda, Melbourne.

In Step

IN answer to P. Bedford's letter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 25/11/33) re serial stories, I, for one, like reading them. I always read the serial in our local paper, and also in magazines.

As for "Falling Star," I am getting to like it very much and always look forward to the next issue.

M. Pearce, "Brinkworth," Fuchsia, N.S.W.

ON A first call on a new acquaintance it is necessary to leave one of the lady's and two of her husband's cards, except in the case of a widow, when only one, the lady's, is left. If the visit is made to a widow, the lady visiting should leave her own and one of her husband's cards.

TOGETHER WE STAND

THE peace recipe, in which every nation accepts a common religion based on the Ten Commandments (The Australian Women's Weekly, 25/11/33), would certainly help to abolish war, if carried out. But it does not go far enough. We must do away with nations altogether. They must be superseded by a federal world state, whose common policy will be the good of mankind. Impracticable? Not at all! It needs only, say, five of the Great Powers to form a kind of United States, and less powerful countries would join also. For as long as we are split up into nations, whose interests must sooner or later conflict, so long will war be inevitable.

Mrs. J. R. Cress, Yeerongpilly, Brisbane.

LURE OF SHOWINESS

LIKE E. H. Flaxman, of Taree, I think it is ridiculous for Australians to have to go abroad to become top-notch dancers. But no society of dancing would survive long here as the majority of Australians do not appreciate the art. Alexis Delinoff, of Pavlova Company, was able to teach anything. After society had amused itself with him, the middle mass found his fees too high and boomed his "efficiency dancing." And a girl who passed all London exams, has quarter the pupils of a cheap teacher.

The lure of "showiness" is irresistible to most dancing Australians.

Merlin Merchant, Bundarra Road, Armidale, N.S.W.

CAGED BIRDS HAPPY

WITH reference to M. Dickie in "Free Caged Birds," I cannot understand why people should be termed stupid, selfish, and cruel for caging birds. At least not in all cases. I have known people to erect beautiful aviaries, with natural trees planted inside, and everything for their comfort. These birds have nearly all been born there, and are happy and full of song.

I have also seen people place their pets in cages, about 12 or 14 inches square. This is certainly cruel. There can be no freedom here.

Many a tiny creature caged up has been a soul companion to old people.

Mrs. S. Ellis, South St., Grenfell, N.S.W.

OUTBACK MALE ATTIRE

I HAVE never had a chance of seeing half-dressed sun-bathers, living over three hundred miles from any beach, but think it cannot look as horrible as our wheat lumpers and lorry drivers in the street and cool drink shops in our country towns smothered in filthy sweaty mud, with a very much cut away, once white singlet, and trousers burnt red, where not eaked with mud.

Mrs. E. Drogemuller, Grenfell, N.S.W.

HERE'S A BRAVE MAN

SOME of your readers appear to be dumfounded and horror-stricken at the way in which our youths are waving their hair and using powder and rouge, etc. I was so much interested in The Australian Women's Weekly, 25/11/33, that I made an experiment on myself. After having my hair waved I applied a liberal quantity of cream, powder, lipstick and rouge to my face. When I smiled in front of the mirror I looked nothing less than beautiful; otherwise I am just ordinary. The girls thought twice as much of me and want me to continue the good work. In conclusion, I might say that the youths who try to enhance their beauty are not degrading. In fact, I think the next generation will see all the youths with their powder puffs, and the young men will look prettier than the girls of to-day.

From 3 costly powders

Pond's took these perfect qualities



-and created this exquisite powder



In America, the Pond's Company, makers of the famous Cold and Vanishing Creams, copied three luxurious powders—a French one, with a subtly alluring scent, costing \$10 (£2), an American one, noted for its perfect skin shades, another French one of marvellous texture—and combined the leading qualities of each into one exquisite powder, to be sold at a reasonable price.

This adorable Face Powder, with a lovely scent, perfect skin tones, fine clinging texture, delighted American women. Now obtainable here, Australian women will love it too! In four shades: Naturelle, Light Cream, Rose Cream, Brunette. 1/6 the box.

POND'S New face powder

Send coupon and 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing for free samples of Pond's Powder, and Cold and Vanishing Creams, to: W. L. BUSH & CO. LTD., DEPT. NO. 805 1131 E. G.P.O. MELBOURNE. Check choice of colour: Naturelle []; Light Cream []; Rose Cream []; Brunette [].

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Send four photographic snaps of any size up to 10 x 12, and let us convert them into full-sized oval-shaped pictures, complete with detachable solid Gold Frame and Stand, backed with Mirror, which may be used as a Dressing Mirror.

The "Royal" Wonder Mirror makes the ideal Xmas Gift, and having just arrived from the Continent is being offered for the first time in Australia.
SPECIAL PRICE 2/6. POST FREE.

Satisfaction entirely guaranteed or money refunded.
SEND POSTAL NOTE TO "BIBLEN ARTS" C/O. BALVACAY STREETS, 26 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

FOR SALE

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!
Small Baby Dolls, half dressed, movable arms, very pretty. Packed SIX in a case. POST FREE 2/- per case. (Limit 1 box each). With each parcel, 1 small dressing-table mirror. Order now to
LIQUIDATED STOCKS COY.
313 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

TRULY BETTER

1/3 40 Pills 3/- 120 Pills

BILE BEANS are not just a temporary help, but permanently correct every common ailment of the Digestive System: Liver, Kidney and Blood Disorders, Constipation, Biliousness and Anemia. Safe, sure, rapid and non-habit forming. Bile Beans never weaken or grip the system. Thousands upon thousands state that they owe their abundance of health to Bile Beans, and so will you.

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FANCY COSTUMES

PRIZE WINNERS for the Children. Stylish Dress, Dinner Suite, Bred. New Coronation Robes. Lists Posted. 31 Phillip St. Phone: B1107. SHAW.

MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

"La Traviata" was First a Fiasco

JUST eighty years ago Verdi's "La Traviata" was given its premiere in Venice. It called forth nothing but laughter and derision. Next week, on Wednesday evening, December 13, it will be welcomed as one of the most popular operas in the A.B.C.'s series of national performances.

The Story in Brief

And here is the story of "La Traviata" in a nutshell: Alfredo Germont loves Violetta, the courtesan, and establishes himself with her in a villa outside Paris. There his old father pays Violetta a visit, and by representing that the matrimonial prospects of his daughter are injured by Violetta's connection with Alfredo, induces her to leave him. Alfredo is indignant at Violetta's supposed inconstancy, and insults her publicly at a ball in Paris. In the last act Violetta dies of consumption after an affecting reconciliation with her lover.

"LA TRAVIATA"

VIOLETTA VALERY (a courtesan) DOROTHY D'ORN
ALFREDO (her lover) LIONELLO CECIL
GERMONT (Alfredo's father) FRANKO ZEAL
FLORA EVELYN LYNCH
DOCTOR REGINALD HOOD
MARQUESE REGINALD HOOD
GASTON FRED FOXLEY
Chorus and Orchestra under the direction of Wanda Alderandi.

A Melbourne Heroine

Interest in the A.B.C. production of "Traviata" centres on the appearance of a Melbourne soprano, Dorothy D'Orn, as the frail heroine. Miss D'Orn had a sound musical education at the Albert Street Conservatorium, where she was the holder of a private scholarship. She later studied opera in Italy with Maestro Pittinella and made successful appearances there, being especially admired as Violetta.

Other Radio Events

Apart from opera the A.B.C. programmes for next week contain many sessions of interest. Another programme in the "Foundations of Music" series, for instance, is scheduled for Sunday night. Elsie Steele (violinist) and Margaret Sutherland (pianist) are to play compositions by early French composers such as Couperin, Rameau and Loeillet.

On Monday night, December 11, we are to hear some of the compositions which won prizes in the recent Australian Composers' Competition. Frank Hutchens (pianist) and Cyril Monk (violinist) are to play a Sonata by Edward William Black; Constance Burt will sing songs by Dulcie Cohen, Dulcie Holland and Serena Turrey; Margaret Sutherland's moderate for cello is to be played by Orie Pyffe (cellist), while Frank Hutchens' new trio also is due for performance.

Molly de Gunst has been engaged to sing the principal role in "Madame Pompadour," which is to be broadcast on Friday evening, December 15. On the following night she again will be heard in the broadcast of the Welsh Choral Society's "Messiah" concert at the Sydney Town Hall. The other principals on this occasion will be Nance Marley (contralto), Lionello Cecil (tenor), and Raymond Beatty (barritone).

"The Pines of Rome"

Ottorino Respighi is one of the most important of contemporary Italian composers. A recent opera, "The Sunken Bell," was quite a success in America; his works for orchestra are frequently played and his songs included in many vocal programmes. Last year Dr. Arundel Orchard introduced the poem, "The Fountains of Rome" to Sydney. For his final orchestral concert this year he has just conducted "The Pines of Rome," a poem depicting Respighi's reactions on visiting the several pine groves in and around Rome.

In this poem Respighi utilizes all of the devices of the orchestra, and a good many more even to the singing of a nightingale reproduced by gramophone record. After the performance there were conflicting opinions on the merit of the work. My own is that it is not great music, but good theatrical stuff achieving, in a most convincing fashion, the pictorial impressions it sets out to reproduce.

Alma Davies

A contralto worth watching is Alma Davies, who gave a recital in Sydney last week. She has a very attractive voice, which she handles artistically in English song, lieder, or opera. Her enunciation is exemplary.

Brahms-Wagner Concert

I saw more dress suits than ever before at a Sydney Town Hall concert when the Broadcasting Commission held its big Brahms-Wagner recital on Saturday night. More important, however, it was a genuine gala occasion musically. Professor Bernard Heinze conducted the big orchestra in the programme which had previously been heard as the sixth of the recent commemorative series in Melbourne. Brahms' first symphony was magnificently played. Just as impressive was the third act of the "Valkyries" in which there was some capital singing by the Melbourne soprano, Alice Orff-Solcher and her band of warrior maidens, and by our own talented baritone, Walter Kingsley, whose Wotan was memorable.

In Brief

Mr. Roland Foster is giving a concert and dance at the Forum Club this Saturday evening, at which a number of professional singers from his studio will appear, including Nora Hill, Heather Kinnaird, Millie Hughes, and Raymond Beatty.

When "La Gioconda" made its Australian radio debut, recently, it was Ellen Boyd who sang the part of La Cieca so beautifully.

Little Theatres

STARTING rather tamely, with S. straightforward dialogue and not much action, "Wanted—A Divorce," produced at the Repertory Theatre, by William Hess on Saturday, became more amusing and original as it proceeded. The plot concerns a wife who, finding everything else fails, decides she must be the centre of a scandal to



FAT COTTON and Adele Quinn, as the Duenna and Roxane, in "Cyrano de Bergerac," the Impressionist Theatre Club production to be produced for five nights at the Theatre Royal, commencing Saturday, December 16.

become a social success. She determines therefore to be divorced from her husband. This causes a number of unforeseen complications, but in the end everything returns to the normal. May Baker, who played the most original character, Miss Pastel, who suits her manner to her company, her styles ranging from complete old maid to very giddy person indeed, gave her best performance to date, and carried off the acting honors; Helen Lohan, as the wife whose plans went all awry had, like May Baker, a fine voice, and pleasing pose; William Hess was good in the part of the unwilling co-respondent, but had added no little original touches of his own to the characterization as he usually does. Helen Kent unfortunately was miscast.

COMING PRODUCTIONS FOR SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9

Independent Theatre: Strange Orchestra, by Rodney Ackland (last performance).

Bryant's Playhouse: Gilbert Murray's "Carlyon's Secret."

Players' Club: No production.

Repertory Theatre: "The Donovan Affair"—a mystery drama.

On December 11, at St. James' Hall, the Experimental Theatre will produce a series of one-act Molnar plays, which will be followed by a presentation of prizes.

THE Epping and Northern Suburbs Musical Society opened its first concert season before a crowded house at the Epping School of Arts.



CAN BE ALWAYS YOURS with this marvellous new beauty mask...

It's simply marvellous the results being achieved by this new Beauty Mask which is being used by all the Hollywood Stars, and is being sold in Australia for the first time. TRUTH, bringing to Australian women the fruits of years of investigation Research Work and the same opportunities of retaining youth as the famous beauty overseas.

In one application you will notice a marked improvement—wrinkles—crow's feet—sagging lines—responding marvellously, even in one treatment.

Included in the Compact are also FOUR jars of other Beauty Aids, which will nourish and keep your skin young and supple—special Pure Cream—and Creams—for cleansing and nourishing the skin.

The whole compact costs only 15/-, post free, and there is sufficient of the Beauty Mask for five applications. The old methods of Clay Packs, Massage, etc., were good, but the cost and the time it took for reformation, made their use prohibitive to people of moderate incomes. This treatment can be done in your own home, with a certainty of procuring immediate results.

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Zoldy will bring back to you a skin that is soft... delicate... radiantly lovely. A skin so flawless that even the glare of the day cannot lessen its beauty. There is a Zoldy Skin Cream for every type—Dry Skin—Normal Skin—Oily Skin. Won't you let it make you beautiful?

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Sydney Weaving Co.
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will give you

2 YEARS!
TO PAY!



W. W. Campbells' new "50 Pay Way" gives real credit to all young people and others about to furnish. This liberal scheme applies to all general furnishing orders of £50 and over. Using this amount as an example, each fortnightly payment will be only 20/- (equal to 10/- a week). You make 2 payments as a deposit, and the remaining 48 payments fortnightly.

This unusual offer only applies to Metropolitan orders. It is a straightforward and new scheme and is backed by W. W. Campbells' 50-Year reputation for honest trading.

249 CLARENCE ST.
(One door from Market St) **SYDNEY**

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT



Here is a modern Lounge Suite, of handsome appearance, upholstered in best quality Velour. Springing is most comfortable and general construction and finish make this suite a wonderful bargain at This Week's Cash Price, £13/19/6.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

14'6 DEPOSIT **3'6** WEEKLY

1934 RADIO

Our 5-VALVE "CAMBRON" 1934 SUPER-HET, as illustrated can be secured on

17'6 **4'6**
DEPOSIT WEEKLY

Special Cash Price, £15/19/6.
Perfect Local and Interstate Reception.



NEW 2A5 AND 2B7 VALVES

New Type
Amplion
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Guaranteed by
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HEAR THIS SET

No obligation to buy. Twelve months' Guarantee. Free Installation. Free Service.

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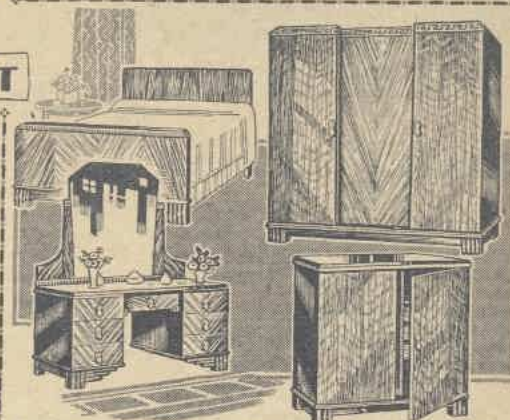
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Usual Value— £7/10/- £10/10/- £11/15/6 £13/10/-
9ft.x6ft.9in. 9ft.x9ft. 10ft.6in.x9ft. 12ft.x9ft.
NOW AT—
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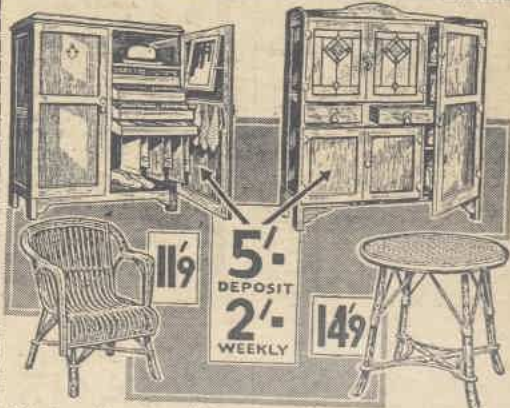
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Faithfully made to an original design, this fully Polished Bedroom Suite is not an "imitation" constructed for advertising purposes. You must see this suite to appreciate the handsome design and the beautiful Figured Walnut veneers. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe and Double Loughboy are fully fitted, and 3ft. 7in. Dressing Table is most artistic. This Week's Cash Price (Bedstead extra) is £16/19/6.

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16'6 DEPOSIT **3'9** WEEKLY



Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails and adjustable mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.
4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted, handsome appearance. This Week's Cash Price, 87/6.
Beautiful Mottled Cane Chair, sturdy construction, 11/9.
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AXMINSTER CARPETS

9ft.x7ft.6in. 9ft.x9ft. 10ft.6in.x9ft. 12ft.x9ft.
Usual Value— £7/10/- £10/10/- £11/15/6 £13/10/-
NOW AT—
£4/19/6 5/19/6 6/19/6 7/19/6



GLORIA SWANSON once worked in a store, and she still likes to don mufti and visit the downtown cafes and dance halls, where, quite unrecognised, she makes many conquests through her own personal charm.

Turning the Spotlight on Hollywood

By a Hollywood Correspondent

HE writes quite frankly of the incidents and the idiosyncrasies that, though seemingly unimportant in themselves, reveal the glamorous figures of the screen as more or less everyday mortals, prone to likes and dislikes, and subject to the whims of fortune.

The majority of the stars are, as is generally believed, "passing rich", not "so fat a year", but on the proceeds of their large holdings in real estate. Betty Compson, for instance, left the handling of an enormous salary to an investment company and is now in the happy position of owning a large portion of the Hollywood Boulevard.

Constance Bennett, also, leaves her affairs to the good offices of an investment company, and they place their faith and the fair Constance's cash in government bonds.

Norma Talmadge, who lost a great deal of money in a financial crash, has a fortune in jewels, while Peggy Hopkins Joyce is reputed to have reaped a dividend of 1,000,000 dollars in diamonds from her various and varied matrimonial ventures.

Louise Fazenda restrained her inordinate sense of humor sufficiently to make a fortune in sugar during the post-war period, which she has carefully invested.

Joan Crawford, glorious girl and dancer, is another who places her all, financially speaking, in the hands of the ubiquitous investment company. But the said company returns a quid pro quo by allowing the lady 50 cents a day for luncheon.

In the ranks of those who see the value for their money in real estate are Mary Pickford and Ruth Roland. One of the finest residential areas in Los Angeles is her Roland Square. She got a "Roland" of property for her "Oliver" of cash, somewhere between two and three million dollars.

Mary Pickford, despite her ingenuous curls and disarming smile, is a very shrewd business woman, in fact, a financial magnate. She can sign her name (it's really Gladys Smith, or was before she married Owen Moore and

AS he has seen them and known them, a special correspondent writes of the interesting, arresting personalities of the silver sheet, of their riches and their setbacks, of their friendships and their quarrels.

They have earned colossal salaries and they have invested their money wisely so that, apart from present salaries, Hollywood stars include some of the wealthiest men and women in the world.

the elder Fairbanks respectively) to two million dollars in negotiable securities and, in addition—almost multiplication in fact!—she owns many business corners in Hollywood.

But there is quite a different Pickford personality from the "mercenary Mary." It is the little girl who formed a friendship with another small lass of her own age when, daughters of young and widowed mothers, they stayed in the same boarding-house in New York. The other girl was Lillian Gish.

After a time they drifted apart and when, two years later, Lillian and small sister, Dorothy, went to the pictures and saw their old friend, Gladys Smith, on

the screen, they sought out Mary Pickford. "The World's Sweetheart" introduced them to the great Griffith and they embarked on screen careers that were to give us such unforgettable films as "The Birth of a Nation" and "Way Down East."

The friendship between the elder Gish and Mary Pickford has lasted through the years, and one of Mary's cherished ideas is to become Lillian's manager.

Now that Mary and Doug have written this across their matrimonial page, it is thought that we will shortly have a film featuring Lillian Gish and produced by Mary Pickford.

There is another friendship that has more than the proverbial saving grace of humor. It is that of Charlie Chaplin and producer Syd Grauman. A serial story could be told of the practical jokes these two have carried out.

On one occasion Syd bet a Charlie \$5000 that he could steal a huge Persian carpet from the lounge of one of the biggest hotels in Los Angeles.

Syd arranged with a third party to rush out on the balcony of one of the upper floors and shout "fire." Everyone rushed out of the lounge. Syd, carried off the booty, and Charlie, who had sung for pennies on a London pavement, signed on the dotted line to the tune of five thousand pounds.

Gloria Swanson once worked in a store and, seemingly, some of the simple pleasures of the humble role have left with her a memory that is not unpleasant. For she likes to don mufti and frequent the downtown cafes. She derives an inordinate pleasure in fascinating the policemen, clerks, tram conductors and other proletarian habitués of these places.

A complex person, this Gloria! In the first flush of her success, she purchased an attractive home in Beverly Hills. When she heard that a more established star had a butler, she exclaimed: "Oh, wal, never mind, I'll have two!"

Her erstwhile husband, Wallace Beery, makes no comment; but it is said that in his home up in the Sierras, from which he has to pack all his stuff in on mules, he has a particularly obstinate animal. This mule he flays unceasingly—and he calls it "Gloria Swanson!"

They're Versatile

Lew Cody owns a dry-cleaning establishment.
Jack Oakie has a jewellery store.
Cecil B. de Mille indulges in a laundry and several factories as side-issues.
Wallace Beery's first job was that of an elephant-trainer with a circus.
Ramon Navarro was to have been a Jesuit priest, but could not stand the hard study.
George O'Brien is the son of a San Francisco police chief.
Clarence Brown, Garbo's director, was sales manager for a big automobile factory.
John Barrymore was a cartoonist on a Hearst paper.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

What DOES the Public Want?

Of course, if anyone could supply a really authoritative answer to this question he would have no difficulty in making a large fortune. Everybody, more or less, in the film industry is looking for it. These men are wondering what the public wants all day, and they dream about it at night. However, there are certain indications which are some guide.

IF we look round at the present long runs for films in Sydney and think of others that have preceded them, we shall easily reach the conclusion that the public likes music. Not necessarily high-class music. People will enjoy grand opera, provided they are thoroughly familiar with it. "Tell Me Tonight," at the Mayfair, broke all records. But we have to note that it starred a world-famous voice. And did the public enjoy the operatic selections more than the song, not in the operatic class, which gives the title to the film? Probably not!

Again, think of Richard Tauber, who has an enormous public through his gramophone recordings, and whose film, "At the End of the Rainbow," did well at the Lyceum some time ago. Here again is a wonderful voice. And Tauber, as a matter of fact, practically confines himself to the sort of music that calls forth pungent comment from Professor Bernard Heinze.

Another sure drawing card seems to be an established humorist. "Falling For You" is doing remarkable business at the Lyceum. But who that has once been tickled under the ribs by Jack Hulbert's quietly good-humored agile fooling would miss seeing him in a new part? Especially when he is abetted by Cicely Courtneidge. And then the Lyceum bill is strengthened by that finely pictorial film, "Haroud."

"Dinner at Eight," at the St. James, shows another reason for popular favor. Audiences dote on Marie Dressler, and they are moved to mirth at the laughing match between Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery, but the tragic drama of the two parts played by the Barrymores pulls them, too.

It is also undoubtedly of assistance to a theatre which goes in for extended seasons if it can maintain a consistent policy. Its regular following feel that they can rely on its programmes. Extraneous claims in advertising do little good. Few of us expect to see "the mightiest show on earth" every week. Misdirected advertising even does harm. Advertisements that suggest salaciousness keep some people away. And those who go hoping for "hot stuff" only to find much less spice than they expected are apt to feel defrauded.

"WALLS OF GOLD"

Sally Eilers, Ralph Morgan, Norman Foster (Fox).

THE difficulty about turning a full length novel into a film is always that a good deal must be left out. Furthermore, as in this instance, psychological development is often hurried. It surprised us a little to find the very competent and likeable business girl portrayed by Sally Eilers falling a prey to Ralph Morgan's elderly fascinator, in spite of his millions. And on the very evening of their wedding he shows the iron hand in the velvet glove with some suddenness. We do not regret his death after the way he has treated her, but the tangle is straightened out rather too easily at the end. There is, however, good acting in this film, and there is a very graceful solo dance by one of Ralph Morgan's charmers. The young hero, played by Norman Foster, impressed us as rather a dull dog.

"THE NARROW CORNER"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., and Patricia Ellis (Warner Bros.).

A CURIOUS film; not a satisfactory whole, but with some passages of real beauty. There are astonishing shots of a trading lugger in a storm and later going over a perilous reef which practically encloses an island harbor. The atmosphere and background of the film and some of its philosophy appear to derive from Robert Louis Stevenson. Most of the minor characters are real and distinctive—a shady sea captain martyr to dyspepsia; a scholar who spends the balmy days of the South Seas translating a forgotten classic; the old buccancer, his father-in-law; and lastly the doctor, whose selfishness and tolerance of crime have not destroyed his kindness. A splendid study this. But the part played by Fairbanks is not convincing in itself, and he hardly makes the violent changes of emotion natural. However, he is learning to speak English. Patricia Ellis is supposed to be a girl of British birth. But she does not serve us in for a model. She is just the spoilt American miss, reaching out for what she wants. Artistically, this young waif and his one-idea'd girl should have foundered in the storm. But they sail away to find a glorious life beyond. I wonder.

BEATRICE TILDESLEY prepared a report on the Cinema in Australia for the Pan-Pacific Conference of Women held in 1930, and is to act in a similar capacity for the Pan-Pacific conference next year. She is also hon. secretary of the Film Society of Australia.

"BLONDE BOMBSHELL"

Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy (M.-G.-M.)

THIS is a most amusing skit on film production from behind the scenes, a screen in both senses from beginning to end. Jean Harlow gives just the right suggestion of a half-wit beauty, who owes her stardom mainly to her rare coloring, and to the attentiveness of her publicity agent (Lee Tracy). By herself she is a good-natured little simpleton, and she is exploited in every direction by her hard-drinking father (Frank Morgan) and her disreputable brother, who live in clover at her expense, and other hangers-on. This she can put up with. What rouses her to fury is the discovery of the various outrageous tricks played on her by Tracy. Dash it all, she has been billed as an "If" girl.



JEAN HARLOW, with the cockatoo which figures among her pets in "Blonde Bombshell."

That implies temperament. Very well, she will throw up her contract! To the publicity expert, without compassion and without shame, she is scarcely more than a splendid opportunity to display his alertness and invention. He bows to her wrath and then pulls some more manipulating strings, and makes more newspaper placards of her private affairs.

His engaging impudence even the ill-used star cannot resist too long. As for her, there would be pathos, if it were a genuine feeling, in her fancied longing now for a quiet domestic life, now for culture and for marriage into the aristocracy of Boston. But she belongs to the film world. And she returns to the hectic round on the sets, and to the over-garmented opulence of the Hollywood bungalow with its menagerie of unusual pets, which every film star owes it to herself to collect. (Released at the Regent.)

The THEATRE

"THE STUDENT PRINCE"

THOSE who remember picturesque Peppy de Vries in "The Student Prince" and those who recently saw, and heard, Sylvia Welling in "Music in the Air," will look forward to the revival on December 23 at the Royal of the former show, with the latter star in the leading role.

John Dudley has been cast as the prince—one of the finest singing parts in the realm of musical comedy. Cecil Kellaway has been cast as Lutz and Sydney Burdell as Dr. Engel.

The return of this company recalls the impression of perfect casting that marked "Music in the Air." But taking a more critical view Sylvia Welling's magnetic personality and striking appearance, the conviction arises that credit is due rather to the artists who portrayed the roles so perfectly, than to the casting itself and pleasurable anticipation attends their re-appearance in entirely different roles.

WOMEN Who Are Seeking HUSBANDS

More About the Methods of Matrimonial Agencies

Investigating the work of matrimonial agencies, the special commissioner of The Australian Women's Weekly showed, last week, how quite a number of apparently well-to-do men were looking for wives.

This new article deals with the subject from a different angle.

Clients, both men and women, are attracted to the agency through the medium of advertisements in the newspapers. They receive in reply to their inquiry certain literature explaining the objects of the bureau, and are asked to fill in a form of application giving their age, occupation, means, and other particulars which might interest a prospective partner.

Member for Year

On payment of a small fee the applicant is then admitted to membership of a club for 12 months, and supplied with the names and addresses of other members of the club of the opposite sex who have registered and who are considered suitable. The business of the agency ceases at that stage, except that each month the applicant receives a list of new registrations for consideration. It is then left to the parties to communicate with each other and arrange a view or survey.

The lists of club members are classified according to age. For instance, if a girl of 25 is the applicant she is supplied with a list of eligible men up to about 40 years of age.

But if she happens to be 38 only men of over 40 are included in her list. Any member of the club has the option of having her name kept out of the published lists on request.

Quite a number of people answer the advertisements for pure devilment, but long experience has shown the proprietors of the agencies how to sift the grain from the chaff, and the practical joker never gets very far with her joke. The majority of names registered on the books of the agencies are from country residents, the men being mostly workers or small landholders, and the girls daughters of people in similar positions.

ONE agency recently arranged a marriage between a well-to-do Queensland squatter and an English girl who was employed as a nurse in Sydney.

Another reports within the last few months having fitted up a West Australian landowner owning 40,000 acres with a wife. Lots of people who are past the age of romance also use the matrimonial agencies and applications are often received from old-age pensioners who want a wife to look after them in their old age.

While the ages of the women who have registered on the books of matrimonial agencies vary from 17 to 60, and there are any number of young men from 25 to 35 available, the rare avis is the man over 45.

The records of the agencies show that during the past year about 1000 introductions were arranged, and in 15 per cent. marriages followed, while others are still in the considering stage.

Husbands Wanted

A few of the women who want husbands selected from the club members, are given in the list below:

South Australian girl. Dark hair, blue eyes, and weighs 11 stone. Is 22 years of age. 5ft. 8 in. in height, and is a Protestant. Has a quiet but happy disposition and has received a College education. Has £500, and expects to inherit £700 shortly. Likes either city or country life, and is very fond of home.

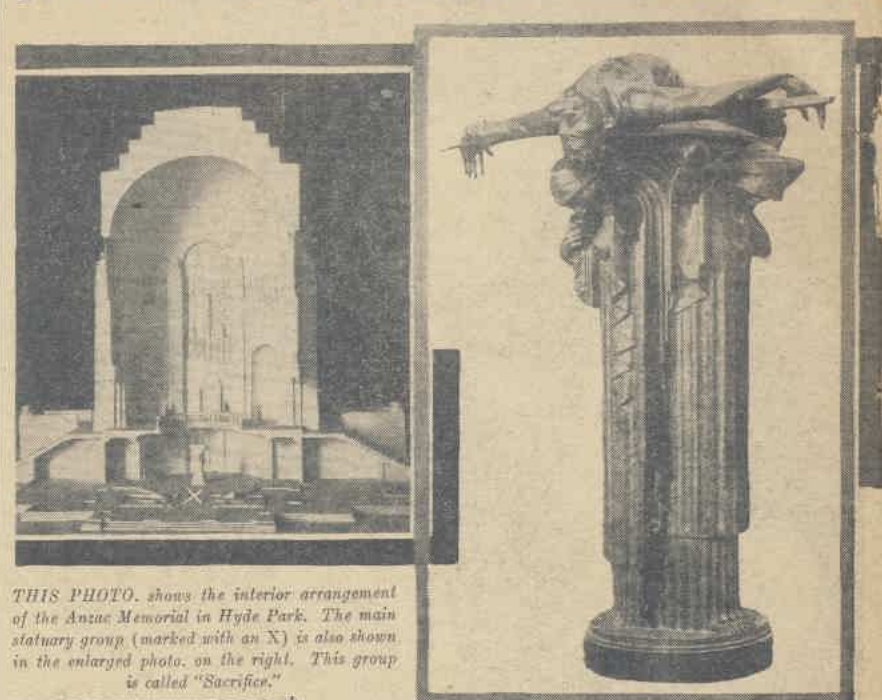
N.S.W. woman, is 40 years of age. 5ft. 8 in. in height, and weighs 9 stone 10 lbs. Has brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. Is a Protestant with an amiable disposition. Common school education. Has £800 capital and likes either city or country life.

Victorian girl, 23 years of age. 5ft. 7 in. in height, and weighs 10 stone. Has brown hair, blue eyes and an olive complexion. Is a Protestant, and has a bright disposition. College education. Has £200, and is expecting to inherit about £3000 at least. Prefers city life, and is very fond of home.

Queensland woman, is 24 years of age. 5ft. 7 in. in height, and has dark brown hair, grey eyes and an olive complexion. Is a Protestant and has a quiet disposition. Has about £100 ready money, and is very fond of home life.

Tasmanian woman, 23 years of age. 5ft. 5 1/2 in. in height, and weighs 9 stone 2 lbs. Has brown hair, grey eyes and a fair complexion. Is a Protestant. Has received a good education, and has £200. Prefers country life, and is very fond of home and children.

SPIRIT of Women's SACRIFICE



THIS PHOTO shows the interior arrangement of the Anzac Memorial in Hyde Park. The main statuary group (marked with an X) is also shown in the enlarged photo on the right. This group is called "Sacrifice."

WOMEN'S CHARTER

Probably one of the most progressive steps that have been taken since women were granted the suffrage is that which evolved from the two-day rally held in Melbourne last week.

As the outcome of the rally, at which many prominent men and women gave addresses, it was decided to draw up a women's charter which will be a platform for all women candidates for Parliament, both Federal and State.

The need of such an organisation has been felt at each election when women were aspirants for Parliamentary honors. A provisional committee was appointed to deal with the charter, and includes Mrs. I. H. Moss, president of the National Council of Women in Australia, and Mrs. B. M. Riechleth, president of the Australian Federation of Women Voters.

When the charter has been drawn up it will be submitted to women's organisations in all States of the Commonwealth.

Expressed in Anzac Memorial Interior Group

IN the great bronze group called "Sacrifice," the sculptor, Mr. Rayner Hoff, has specially commemorated the spirit of the sacrifice displayed by women in the war.

In carrying out this magnificent conception, Mr. Hoff has also attained complete harmony with Mr. Bruce DeLill's architectural scheme.

The interior of the Memorial is generally circular in plan, of great height, and completed by a dome. The design of the group is admirably adapted to this magnificent setting.

In regard to the "spirit" of the group, the following note by Mr. Hoff is most expressive:

"I have tried to epitomise in this design the essence of sacrifice.

"The great burden of sacrifice, pain, horror and annihilation was laid on the youthful manhood of the nation.

"The quiet, continuous sacrifice of women throughout the war was less obvious and received no honor, praise, or decoration.

"Thousands of women, although not directly engaged in war activities, lost all that was dearest to them, sons they had borne and reared, husbands, fathers of their children, friends, and lovers.

"There was no acknowledgment of them in casualty lists of wounded, maimed, and killed. They endured all man's sacrifice quietly.

"In this spirit I have shown them, carrying their load, the sacrifice of their menfolk."



A GROUP of Deaf and Dumb receiving instruction by means of a blackboard and interpreter at the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, Sydney. A conference of deaf and dumb people will be held in Sydney from December 27 to discuss industrial, educational, and domestic matters. A sports carnival, commencing on December 26 is to last 10 days.

Women Study World Questions

The executive of the International Council of Women passed several resolutions at their meeting at Stockholm, in July, 1933, to be on the agenda of the Paris Congress in 1934. Twelve of these were brought under the notice of members at the National Council of Women of N.S.W. at its recent meeting.

THE resolutions dealt with the suppression of the narcotic drug traffic; the abolition of slavery; traffic in women; nationality of married women; the right of women to vote and to be elected on all electoral bodies; the right of women, whether married or not, to obtain and to keep paid work; the protection of children against the dangers resulting from the long unemployment of their parents, and against their educational facilities being curtailed; the promotion of educational and recreational clubs for unemployed; the proposals of the arts committee; the recommendations of the cinematograph and broadcasting committee; dangers to athletics, fish, and batters from the waste from oil-burning vessels; international traffic in live animals; and the need for the voice of women to be heard for a measure of agreement at the Disarmament Conference.

Reference was made to the dissolution

of the National Council of Women of Germany, and the desire of their international officers to retain their positions on the executive.

AT the instigation of the Combined Women Teachers' Association, the N.S.W. Council has resolved to approach the Minister for Education (Mr. D. H. Drummond) to obtain concessions in fares for women over 21 years of age attending evening classes.

The matter of the proposed increase in fees for fine arts students of the Sydney Technical College was deferred for investigation.

The president (Mrs. Muscio) announced that the Women's Secondary Council in Victoria was anxious to arrange an international women's congress in connection with Melbourne's Centenary celebrations.

If this were successful part of the congress might be held in Sydney.

FIRST Big BRIDGE TEST!

WHATEVER the result of the McAdam v. Joske bridge contest at Christmas time, the N.S.W. Bridge Association decided on Monday that a representative team from N.S.W. should play a Victorian representative team at an early date.

With the object of deciding the personnel of the N.S.W. team, elimination tournaments have been arranged to be held at the Millions Club on December 12 and 14, commencing at 7.30 p.m.

Entries close with the hon. secretary, Miss Myra Millington, on December 11.

In connection with the forthcoming match against the Victorian team under Mr. Joske, Dr. F. V. McAdam has formally notified the New South Wales Bridge Association that he claims that his is the best team of four that can be selected in New South Wales, and as such is entitled to represent the State in interstate matches.

Dr. McAdam added that he was perfectly willing to defend his claim against any team which the Association might select. It is obvious, of course, that the duplicate pairs elimination tournament will not decide this issue.

Farthings For Sale

NOVEL ideas for raising money are not yet exhausted. For a new one has been thought of by the Kindergarten Union. It has imported a number of farthings, newly minted, from Britain. Brooch pins have been attached, and the finished article is being sold at 1/-.

HOT HOLLOUGH says: My Anchovy Paste is sold in little glass jars. Delicately sandwiched can be quickly made. a.m.



THE basis of all beauty is a well-regulated system—free from constipation, no accumulation of uric acid, an intestinal tract kept clean of poisons which affect the whole functioning of the body.

That is what a small dose of CARLISTA every day will do for you. You will feel the benefit from the very day you start this health-giving habit.

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STYLES that Illustrate FRENCH FINESSE

LA VILLE is a white tailleur and the medium is Dangoli with herringbone design. Two pockets trim the coat at either side, and the blouse and hat are made of gleaming lacquered satin in marine blue.



CIEL BLUE is the attractive shade of flannel used for this tailored yachting, golf or holiday suit. The turtle-necked sweater has stripes of ciel blue and navy on a white jersey ground, and the lapels and cuffs are trimmed with machine stitching.



LA ROBE NOIR is modelled from heavy black satin. Two bands tie at the back of the neck and join the frock at the waist. A dash of turquoise blue confers a classical note, while the new short train gives added dignity.



THAT ORIGINAL NOTE

WHEN Paris points the way to fashion, it leads through the byways of dainty finishing touches and clever outlines.

High necklines and low, sashes and belts, feminine notions or severely tailored models all conform to the modish line of the slim silhouette which must not be impaired.

Lacquered surfaces have literally leaped into favor, and the most exclusive Parisian gowns gleam with all the lustre of precious jewels. Lace, satin and muslin all conform to this gleaming idea, and even the most conservative tailored suit is en-



LA ROBE DU SOIR features black lacquered lace with a surface of dazzling highlights. The back is cut high, but it is transparent; while the yoke has been cleverly cut into bands that continue down the arm to the flared elbow cuffs.

—Photos by Lafayette.
—Robes by Pierre Fornari.



TROIS COULEURS is a backless frock for the house or the beach in washing crepe-de-chine, gaily striped in red, white and blue. The stripes are cleverly arranged on the bias to give a slender line, and white cord is used at the neck and waist.

of a simple sash in a luminous shade of blue. Adjusted with a nice degree of care, a contrasting sash is a happy thought on an otherwise undistinguished gown, and a suggestion that may be carried out in a variety of color contrasts.

For truly Parisian chic on the tennis court, the material is a specially woven length for a striking frock. It matters not that the frock is simply cut practically in two straight lines; the design is woven into the material itself.

Shoulders and sleeves have responded to almost every conceivable method of treatment from the fully puffed very short style, that is at once dainty and demure, to the important elongated shoulder line and epaulets and what not.

And Paris suggests a further notion. Slash your sleeves; cut them away; reveal white arms, above or below, but continue the material in a narrow band to meet elbow cuffs that may be as dashing as you please.



LA ROBE DE TENNIS is very new. The colors are a golden brown and white. The material has been specially woven for this model, which is made from one straight piece. The belt is brown rope with a metal fastening.

hanced by the shine of a lacquered satin blouse beneath.

Lacquered materials are not confined to model frocks. Handbags, evening sandals, extravagantly cut to reveal toenails that are lacquered too; gloves, tiny hats, tip-tilted to a provocative angle; and scarves are all conjured from this gleaming material.

An evening gown that is chaste in its simplicity of design achieves an arresting note by the addition

COAX BACK INTO YOUR SKIN THE ALLURE OF YOUTH

Climate and diet both affect the skin. Wrinkles may come before age does. There is one cream—Facial Youth—that really WILL enable you to defeat the enemies of your loveliness—that will assure for you a skin soft, pliable and pitiless. Facial Youth prevents the skin becoming that sallow yellowish-brown, no one likes—giving, instead, the total quality of a fresh, young, white flower. While it rejuvenates your skin, this remarkable cream ends freckling, skin-thins, open pores, blackheads, blotches and other defects. Facial Youth holds powder marvelously. Designed to protect the natural and necessary acid coating of the skin, this cream also discourages the growth of superfluous hair. Begin using Facial Youth to-day. See how adorably, how quickly your skin clears and freshens; how much more attractive, young and lovely you become.

Facial Youth is available in 1/4 lb., double-sized tubes at 2/6, and Sandalwood jars at 2/6d. Special size for deep-pore cleansing, large jar, 2/6d.

facial youth
a skin cream that REJUVENATES



KATHARINE HEPBURN, FAMOUS
R.K.O. RADIO PICTURES STAR

THE FASHION PARADE by JESSIE TAIT.

CITRON yellow and tobacco brown cotton tape, sewn together in diagonal lines, make a double-breasted blouse to wear with a brown suit.

PARIS Shows the Two-piece FROCK: The BLOUSE Comes Into Its Own!



From left to right: Pale pink heavy satin blouse with short puff sleeves. The skirt is of nigger brown velvet and so is the very latest hat from Paris.

PULLOVER evening sweater of gold and blue brocade lame. The standing band collar has loops extending beyond the shoulders. Beneath is a low-cut evening dress of royal blue silk.

TURQUOISE blue basque blouse of starched chiffon with circular frills on the sleeves and at the bottom. It is worn over a black Ottoman silk skirt of medium length.

A MODERN version of the "Gibson Girl" shirtwaist in brown foulard spotted in string color. The skirt is tweed linen in string shade.

RED AND WHITE gingham makes this over-blouse with a red suede belt. Upstanding pleats give shoulder width. The skirt is heavy white linen.

WHITE Shantung, unusually printed with navy blue stripes and dashes, makes this attractive summer blouse worn with a plain navy Shantung skirt, which buttons on.

lame jumper the bodice of the blue crepe dress is cut very low and plain, and is real evening dress when the jumper is off.

BLOUSE and skirt ensembles are the newest idea that Paris has to offer. Lots of the latest dresses have skirts that are no longer sewn tight to the waist, bodice or blouse above.

The blouse has a new independence—it is often shown in a different color and material to the skirt. This separation can be used to great advantage by us all in getting variety into our clothes, for when a skirt and blouse are separate, a change of blouse is easy to achieve.

Pre-War Fashions

The designers are talking a lot of the "Mae West" influence on clothes—the return of the rounded, more feminine figure, frocks moulded to show off the hips and bust. With this idea in mind the new models have a flavor of pre-war days, showing the almost forgotten elegance of clothes, yet made on more practical lines to suit the needs of the present day.

It is going back to about 1910 to the "Gibson Girl" era, when skirts and shirtwaists were the height of fashion—worn with the quaint little sailor hats almost identical to those we wear now.

The Importance of the Blouse

Unquestionably costume blouses have come again into their own. From the predominance of suits for sports and formal daytime wear, attention naturally focuses on blouses that are a necessary part of the ensemble. From this stage the two-piece idea has developed rapidly. Three-quarter length tunics over a contrasting skirt, knee-length over

blouses and sweaters belted at the waist, and lastly the Gibson Girl blouse, which goes beneath the skirt. The popular desire for contrasts has helped this style considerably—so much may be done in this way with two striking shades.

For Sports And Day Wear

For daytime wear the newest blouses shown in Paris are of velvet and velveteen. At a recent showing those of plaid velveteen were shown with plain velveteen or woollen skirts. The necklines were generally built up in front, and a novel idea is to fasten the blouse down the back!

A pumpkin colored uncut velvet blouse was shown with a tigger brown woollen skirt. A black velveteen tailored

always tailored affairs, with long sleeves, high round necks, or else opening like a man's shirt. Gingham and linens and Shantung are especially cool and practical worn with plain colored skirts.

The Skirt

Skirts are all slim, somewhat longer when not worn for sports, and with pleats hidden here and there near the hem. Patch pockets, pouch pockets, pockets with flaps, and set-in pockets are scattered around all sports skirts.

Buttons as Trimming

Square buttons of wood, leather, bone, metal or crystal, or almost any other material, trim the blouses and the skirts.

The Two-Piece For Dressy Wear

The vogue for blouse-and-skirt extends to afternoon, cocktail and cinema, and even evening wear.

There are heaps of these dresses with velvet or stiff silk or satin skirts, cut on long, narrow lines, and with blouses of colored crepe and chiffon and satin, with basques of transparent lame, with pull-over chenille sweaters. One design shows formal frocks with hand tucked satin vests and velvet skirts, or the separate velvet skirt and blouse, the latter having yoke, sleeves, and back of fine black net.

The feeling for elegance we hear so much about has inspired the blouses of gold and silver lame, rich metal brocade, worn either with a medium length skirt and small hat for "don't dress" occasions, or with floor length skirts for evening wear.

Sketches on this page is a pullover sweater-blouse of "laster" lame—the rubber threads running through the material at the back enable it to cling to the figure. Under this blue and gold

Color-Contrasts

For cocktail party and cinema wear the contrasts are very marked. Skirts of black satin, velvet or crepe are worn with pastel tinted satin or chiffon dressy blouses. Turquoise blue and the palest pink are most popular. Tiny hairs of black feathers or fabric, and sometimes a hat of the color of the blouse.

Nigger brown skirts look well with dirty pink, lime green, or orange tops. A petunia red blouse is good combined with a dark blue skirt. Two shades of one color—for instance, a pale green top with a dark green skirt—are favored by many designers.

For evening the contrasts can be more vivid. For instance, a scarlet top for a royal blue skirt, emerald green with royal blue, orange with grey, duck-egg blue with raspberry red, green with purple, yellow with grey, scarlet with blackberry.

Beach Suits from South of France

TOWARD the end of the summer season at Cannes there were no bright colors worn over bathing costumes.

String shade and white, navy blue and grey, were the foundations of the beach costumes. The most popular ensemble being: Shorts of string colored crash, with a man's shirt of the same, a skirt buttoning all the way down with the bottom buttons left undone. The shorts and skirt both buttoned on to the same six large buttons on the skirt. A wool jersey sweater in navy blue or carnation red for warmth, gives the necessary color note.

Turquoise blue, white, grey and yellow were the favorite colors for bathing suits.

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

COLLARS for sports dresses are often mannish, or they're round and childish, or they are gathered double ruffles, or they are variants of the turtle neck. Tricots are in high vogue, and new knitted materials are rougher than ever, often with ridged stripes like those in a man's knitted sock.

WORTH is showing a new black velvet with heavy, white hairs woven into it, which he calls hedgehog.

AMETHYST, pansy blue, hazel brown, and petunia are four new dress colors.

MAINBOCHER is doing sheathlike evening frocks with flared peplums on the hips and cocktail dresses of pastel satin blouses with black wool skirts to just above the ankle in front and to the floor at the back.

THE newest evening capes and coats have a draped cowl back which gives the effect of a hood, but isn't one really. Some coats have these hoods that can be put over the head if necessary—to keep the cuffure in order.

SHOULDERS are no longer so top-heavy and broad. They have returned almost to normal or they are drooping and Victorian.



**£1,450
Last Week!
£625
FRIDAY**

LUCKY FRED, who has won **FOUR FIRST PRIZES**, has given his shareholders a marvellous week. Last Monday week he won £825, including **THREE \$100's**. Every winning number was published, so shareholders could check up these wins.

Last Friday Fred won £625 including:
£100—29536.—£50—26892,
50443, 70922, 70986.—£40—
28534, 31652.—£20—67684,
71935.—£10—29807, 25392,
26632, 50548, 50788, 93450.

£5
3837, 8695, 25290, 25313,
25566, 26866, 27005, 27006,
28287, 29340, 29341, 29575,
31590, 31972, 47060, 47084,
48270, 48692, 49852, 50672,
50709, 69145, 70144, 70894,
84534, 84546, 92042, 93144,
93170.

This is easily a record of big prizes won in any one week by Lottery Share Syndicates, and **AGAIN LUCKY FRED'S SYNDICATES SCOOPED THE POOL AND WON MORE CASH THAN ANY OTHER SYNDICATE IN FRIDAY'S LOTTERY**. Stick to Lucky Fred!

A One Minute Service at 14 BARRACK STREET

The Postal address is still the same, Box 39077, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., but for the convenience of city clients, Lucky Fred has opened a branch just three doors from the Lottery Office, where his shares may be purchased. A one-minute service, and every ticket is bought by Lucky Fred himself.

SPECIAL OFFER

Four Fifth Shares in different tickets for 5/6.

This is a great idea, and gives you **FOUR SEPARATE CHANCES** to win £1000.

This appeal to the wise investor who likes four lucky numbers to lose for the result and instead of one.

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By return mail you will receive your Lottery Share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.

To-day may be your lucky day—£1000 may be yours next week!

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The Human Link Between Hospital and Patients

By STELLA DAVIES

Hospital almoners, established for many years in England, are comparatively new to Australia.

Melbourne adopted the idea about four years ago, and the General Hospital, St. Vincent's Hospital, and Children's Hospital in that city have almoners' departments. There is now one almoner in Sydney.

Miss Stella Davies, who tells of the duties of an almoner in the accompanying article, was the first graduate of the Board of Social Study and Training, Sydney. After a year's study abroad she was recently appointed almoner at the Children's Hospital.

THE present system of medical social service originated in England 37 years ago.

Mary Stewart, the first hospital almoner, commenced work at the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road in 1896.

She was a trained worker, having gained her experience with the Charity Organisation Society in London.

THE overcrowding in the out-patient departments of the public hospitals was at that time so bad that a select committee of the House of Lords was appointed to enquire into and report upon the matter.

It was found that patients were using the public hospitals whose means permitted them to pay for private treatment; that many patients were in the habit of attending two or more hospitals at the same time; and that destitute people might be supplied with medicines though they lacked what was more necessary—food!

There was no one on the hospital staff whose work it was to deal with these things and to serve as a link between the hospital and the outside world.

IN most of the large hospitals in England and America a Social Service Department is now included as a necessary part of the hospital's equipment.

It is recognized that the worst form of waste exists wherever the utmost use is not made of the specialist's skill.

More effective and more lasting results are achieved when the treatment given in hospital is supplemented and extended by constructive after-care.

In order to derive the greatest possible benefit from medical treatment it is important that the patient should understand the personal part to be played in the treatment given.

IT is for the almoner to explain this, and to help the patient as far as possible by removing or adjusting any difficulty, apart from the illness, which may be hindering recovery; such as worry about the family at home, inability to pay for a surgical appliance or a special diet, bad working conditions, or countless other ills.

The social worker must plan to help overcome or modify the difficulty. To do this it is necessary to gauge the patient's ability to carry out medical

directions when away from hospital routine.

In any case, the work must necessarily be moulded to a certain extent upon such resources for amelioration as exist in a community and the degree of co-operation with these it is possible to effect.

MISS KATH OGILVIE, secretary of the Rachel Forster Hospital, Sydney, who has been studying almonery abroad, will establish an almoners' department at the hospital. She returns home this week.



MRS. A. V. ROBERTS, organising secretary of the Blind Institution, William Street. She was president of the Women's Union of Service from 1921 to 1924, and president for seven years of The Women's League, and has held executive office in many important organisations.

Women's Auxiliaries Report on Work

REPORTS of activities for the past year of the auxiliary and district committees of the Women's Hospital, Crown St., are to be presented on December 12 at the annual meeting.

So energetic have the linen and junior linen committees been sewing sheets, pillow slips, night gowns, and babies' clothes one day each week at the hospital that they have made more than 8000 garments.

The 16 voluntary helpers at the hospital shop have also attended one day in each week. They have shown a good profit on their sales.

Reports are to be presented by the committees of the Blue Bonnet, the nurses' auxiliary, and the district central committees from Kensington, Manly, Ashfield, Mosman, Northern Districts, Cremorne and Neutral Bay, Dee Why, Abbotsford, Dulwich Hill, and the Boulevard shop.

Mrs. Hubert Fairfax will preside.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY FREE BATH TOWEL?

SPECIAL QUALITY NEW DESIGNS 42" x 21"

WHAT A SMART PATTERN! AND DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU GOT IT FREE?

YES... FOR 40 SIREN SOAP CROSSES — THAT'S ONLY TEN WRAPPERS.

ONLY 40 CROSSES! — I'LL SOON HAVE ENOUGH MYSELF! I ALWAYS USE SIREN.

I CHANGED TO SIREN SOAP LONG AGO. WASHING DAY NEVER EFFECTS MY HANDS NOW — SEE HOW SMOOTH THEY ARE.

HOW TO OBTAIN A FREE BATH TOWEL

Don't miss these towels—better quality than any that have been offered free before! And they're right up-to-the-minute in new colour schemes and intriguing designs. To obtain your Bath Towel save 40 crosses (10 bars) from Siren Soap wrappers and take them to: Gift Showrooms, 365 Kent Street (near King Street), Sydney. Or Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

If unable to call, post your crosses with your name and address (in BLOCK LETTERS) to TOWEL DEPARTMENT, J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., Box 1590B, G.P.O. Sydney.

TOWELS NOW AVAILABLE
Send in your Crosses Now!

OFFER OPEN UNTIL 30th APRIL, 1934

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SIREN SOAP

The Chicago Chorus Girls WERE WORRIED

First night of the new show. The chorus had been up only a few minutes. A row of mingled applause and abuse. Then quiet... absolute silence. What? Were the boys' owned, omitted, throttled? Or merely inebriated their guests? No—they were killed by the amazing contrast of the Pale Sisters, one of whom was using real Rose-Petal Soap, while the other had the audacity to use a cheap and stinky substitute.

Intimate Jottings



Did You Know That—

THOUGH Donna Waltha Torigiani cannot speak English very well—she is tremendously quick in the uptake?

After 18 years in Darling Point, Mrs. C. M. Gunther is moving in January to Woolwich Point?

Professor and Mrs. Lovell are leaving for abroad in a few weeks as guests of the Carnegie Institute?

Jean Bell, whose hobby is tennis, has just become engaged to Edward Campbell, who is keen on golf and cricket?

John Faviell is apparently interested in far West children?

Mary Wentworth is tripping to England shortly?

Back for Christmas

CANON and Mrs. Lea and family returned from England this week, all well in spite of tremendous buffeting on the Victorian coast. The Rev. F. T. Perkins, who is continuing to help in the parish work during January and February, is boarding in Darling Point Rd.

The Leas motored 5000 miles when abroad.

Two Reasons for Party

"ANY excuse is good enough for me to give a party," Mrs. James Ashton always says, but for her dance at "Tuelia," Double Bay, on Saturday, she had two good reasons. One was Phil Ashton being up from "Horseshoe," Murrumbidgee, and the other the glorious full moon, which positively demands attention from homes looking over the harbor.

The guests, who numbered about forty, included the usual set, except young Sam Hordern. He motored his June to Bowral to spend the week-end with his parents.

Tennis Court Attraction

THE Sydney Boydells have moved into "Maranoa," letting their Vaucluse home to the Nicholsons. The great attraction to the latter, for Audrey particularly, is the tennis court, which flat-life did not give them.

Was It Luck?

WHEN seeing Mrs. Elm off at Mascot on Saturday, Mrs. Maurice Gibson pinned on her frock a lucky Chinese charm, which she bought last year in Canton. She was very thrilled to receive a private radio at midnight, and, of course, feels more or less responsible for the success of the venture.

Government House Guest

ROSEMARY Fleischmann, Lady Hore-Ruthven's niece, arrived on Friday in Sydney from Adelaide, and is staying at Government House for about a fortnight. She is of "party" age, and dark and attractive-looking. She is already quite initiated into before-breakfast surfing by Philip and David Game.

At the Auction Mart

HEARING of some wonderful linens being put up for auction, we wandered into the sale one day last week.

The place was not only full of ordinary buyers, but was the happy hunting-ground of many about-to-be-married young social lights, including Nancy White, Phyllis Hughes, and Nora Crowhurst.

Sign of the Times

JUST moved into "Queenscliff," Darling Point, with two sons and a daughter, are Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, who used to live next to "Retford Hall." When Mrs. Hughes was five she well remembers the water coming up to the house, for there were no walls on Rushcutters Bay beach in those days.

The Hughes's wanted to take the place for two years, but only got it for one. Hardly anyone is letting for more than a year now, as agents say rents will be up at the end of that time.

Inciting a Thirst

THE Sep Rows, who live in the same house on Bellevue Hill which sheltered Sep Rowe and Reg Dane during pre-marriage days, have no respect for the feelings of thirsty passers-by. They take their nightly cocktails on the verandah.

Lawyer's Love Affair

THE engagement of Russell Hicks, the elder son of the family, to Kathleen Belbridge, daughter of Mrs. F. M. Belbridge, of Bellevue Hill, is just announced. Russell is a solicitor, and brother of Mrs. John Gaden. Mrs. Hicks, who has been spending some time in Brisbane with her husband, Mr. Arthur Hicks, Chief Inspector of the Bank of New South Wales, has returned to her flat in Springfield Av.

Very Sporting

MRS. JACK HOLDSWORTH, once the croquet champion of Australia, loves sport in any shape or form, so much so that when Test match cricket is on she sees every ball bowled. Saturday found her en route to the White City about 9 a.m.

Mrs. Holdsworth has just "returned to civilisation" after rustication at Long Jetty for some months. At present she is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Hugh Ward, jun.

Examitis

DR. RAMSAY SHARP'S family is suffering from examitis, as Henry, Alan, Frank, and Catherine are in the throes at the University, while Elizabeth is having to give an account of herself in tests at school.

After Christmas, however, they are planning to have a little quiet and repose at Bowral, where Mrs. Sharp will leave off work to carry bricks in the shape of entertaining a large house-party.

Career Abandoned

MRS. Charles Stuart Campbell was well known before her marriage as a practising doctor, but now lives on a sheep station out of Coonamble, and only practises her profession when she gets an emergency call.

She thinks the country delightful, and finds plenty to do. With her husband, she is in Sydney for Christmas.

Queensland Visitor

STAYING with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whiddon is a Brisbane visitor, Pauline Rowe, daughter of Dr. Rowe. She has been spending her days motoring, and evenings, mostly, at theatres.

On Tuesday evening there was great tension in the Whiddon household because then Helen Whiddon and Pauline's brother learnt their fate in their final med. exams.

News from Edinburgh

LAST English mail brought a very cheery letter from Maurice Cay, describing a party he and Peggy Bullmore and Kathleen Packer threw when Peggy and Kathleen were passing through Edinburgh, en route, by car, to London.

Maurice has been seeing quite a lot of John Lodge and his wife (Tim Broadwood) lately.

Canberra's Romance

DELUGED with politics, satiated with talk of depression and national recovery in turn, Canberra residents are naturally revelling in the romance that has taken place in their midst.

It concerns Mr. E. H. Henderson, designing architect of the Commonwealth, regarded as a confirmed bachelor. One night recently he vanished from his hotel, to return a few hours later with a wife.

Mrs. Henderson was formerly Miss Muriel Butcher, and a Commonwealth officer herself. Together the newly-weds are planning the house they will occupy in Canberra, and it should be something special, as Mr. Henderson has designed every Commonwealth building of note during the last decade.

The Home for a Poet

MRS. PETER HOPE-GOOD, of W.A., is well known by her pen-name "Felix Rex." Her husband is author of "Austral Pan." "Creedy," at the end of Potts Point, one of those romantic old places which appeal to poetic natures, is now their home.

"Popping Off"

"SHIRLEY" is having a lot of excitement nowadays. This week Mrs. Laird (Ada Saunders) left England en route for Sydney, while a number of old girls have just announced their engagements.

Gretchen Landal is engaged to James Brogan; Cath. Westcott, of Sodwalls, near Bathurst, to Ralph Heave, of "Newstead," Tarana (he is an old shore boy); and Joan Pountney is to marry Frank Harlow on February 3. Gwen Jones, another "old girl," will be bridesmaid.

Simplicity the Keynote

MARGARET VYNER and Joy Chisholm, perhaps because both are very young and very fair, put it all over their elaborately clad fellow tennis fans at the White City last week in the matter of attractiveness, although Joy was in a simple holland colored linen coat and skirt with hat to tone, and Margaret wore a tussore silk coat and skirt, with brown cravat.

"Business Before Pleasure"

BECAUSE it is her birthday, and because she will have just finished with her veterinary science exams, Ann Flashman is looking forward to her house party at Palm Beach, which starts this Saturday. Yesterday was her last "viva," when she spent an hour alone with four men examiners. She felt like taking an air-cushion into the room so that they might "let her down lightly."

Guests at Palm Beach will include Mrs. C. Moore, Doreen Moore, Nancy Walker, Helen Lauder, John Hall-Johnston, and Northleigh Carter.

Navy Entertainments

THE captain and officers of the "Australia" entertained married people mostly at their party on board on Saturday evening, having previously given little cocktail parties and such for their "bright young" friends.

Lieutenant-Commander Woodhouse and Lieutenant Arnold Green are planning to visit the Jack Sinclairs soon. Commander Woodhouse also hopes to spend some time on the Gordon station, "Gragin."

LOOKING AT LIFE.

—By Driff.



DON'T SUFFER THE HUMILIATION OF SKIN BLEMISHES!

She hated the thought of going out! Her new outfit was certainly smart. But the whole effect was spoiled. Her skin was dull and blotchy.



Clear your Skin..

with

REXONA Medicated SOAP



Miss Betty Doyle has always used
Rexona Medicated Soap to guard
her lovely skin

This is Miss Betty Doyle, another very attractive user of Rexona Soap. The loveliness of her skin is proof of Rexona Soap's truly wonderful beautifying powers. She writes:

"I am pleased to tell you that since using Rexona Soap I have noticed my skin becoming clearer and finer. Rexona is a lovely soap to use."

To get full benefit from Rexona Soap use it always

Rexona Ointment should be in every home, too—to relieve pain, and to heal cuts, sores, burns and any broken or inflamed skin.

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MEDICATED SOAP

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Sold by all
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Which of these valuable gifts will you have
—in exchange for Rexona Soap Coupons?

Such an interesting list of free gifts that you just won't know which to choose! Every one of them is useful, attractive and really splendid quality.

A pair of Scissors for only
40 Coupons!



Good steel
scissors—6½ in.
long—and you
only have to
save 40 Rexona
Soap coupons
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Are of splendid
quality—stain-
less steel, with
Kylontite handle.
And you
get three of
them free for
only 50 Rexona
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Other useful Free Gifts!

Ladies' Handkerchiefs
Linen Glasscloths
Guest Towels
Pocket knife
Stainless Steel Bread Knife
Sifter Vanity Case
Fountain Pen (14ct. gold nib)
Platinum Pencil
Man's Nickel Watch
(Luminous dial)
Stainless Nickel Silver Forks
Stainless Nickel Silver Tea-
spoons
Bedroom Clock
Ladies' Wristlet Watch
Full particulars on every
Free Gift Coupon.

8.119.13

They'll ALL ENJOY CHRISTMAS Parties

Christmas trees, church bells, colored lights, paper streamers, bright postcards, toys, excursions, presents, plum puddings—these are the things which mark the approaching season of festivity.

YOUNG, old, poor, rich. They can all join in for the spirit of Christianity is abroad, and those who have even a little give to those who have naught.

Organisations which have been handicapped by lack of funds get a fresh lease of life and by concerted efforts arrange for comforts for the needy, the unemployed, the sick, the blind, the deaf and dumb, and even the friendless prisoners in our gaols.

MEMBERS of the Hurstville Auxiliary of the Crippled Children's Association got as much pleasure from seeing the happiness they gave to 49 crippled boys and girls on December 2, as did the youngsters themselves.

Scenes such as this will be re-enacted every day and every evening in every place, and by many organisations for many weeks to come.

In the Crippled Children's Association alone 23 such parties have been arranged and excursions planned to Balmoral, Taronga Park, Fairyland, and the various beaches.

THE Sydney City Mission, with its numerous branches, has a big programme for the month.

Christmas trees are to be erected in the various mission halls, and on each occasion children will be seen to react in different ways to the sight of Santa Claus and his beautiful tree. There will also be many parties for mothers, and parcels of food will be distributed on December 25. Special provisions will gladden the hearts of the undernourished children at Bowral and Springwood, while a dinner for the unemployed is also being given in the Sydney Town Hall by the City Mission in conjunction with the Retail Traders' Association.

Old and afflicted people are to be similarly entertained, and on December 9 many old-age pensioners are to experience the thrill of a motor outing.

THE Salvation Army also has a long list of festivities, and on Christmas Day Commissioner and Mrs. McKenzie, accompanied by the social secretary (Brigadier Bentley) and party will pay a round of visits.

Breakfast time will find Father Christmas ringing his bell and poking his head in the window at "The Fold," and afternoon tea time will reveal him silhouetted on the top of "The Nest," where the girls on the lawn below will be left to guess whether he'll come to earth by means of the chimney or the stairs.

Before the day is over this busy person will have distributed hundreds of

presents to the old ladies at the Booth Home, to the men at St. Peter's Industrial Home and Balmoral, and to the girls at Stanmore.

Nearly 900 parcels of jam are to be given out on another day, while chocolates are to be sent to children in hospitals, to the military cottages, to the Parramatta Men's Home for the Blind, to Lidcombe, and to Newington.

But weeks of work follow Christmas-tide, which is only the beginning of the festive season.

On December 30 the camp at Collaroy is to be invaded by 120 girls, and later by a similar number of boys for a fortnight.

Then the camp is to have a short respite, only to be the centre of renewed activities when women in necessitous circumstances visit it.

THE Kindergarten Union has 16 Christmas trees to arrange at its various schools, beginning on December 8, while the Girl Guides Association has been busy preparing for their functions for many weeks past.

This is also the social season for the Smith Family of Jeppara, Un-



limited—the season when members indulge in a ceaseless round of calls. The engagement book of the Smith Family for this month has the following entries: December 11, Myse Hostel, Arncliffe; December 13, Correll Hostel, Marrickville; December 16, Girls' Industrial School, Parramatta; "Maxville," Carlingford Branch Farm, Eastwood; Old Men's Homes at Lidcombe, Liverpool, George St., and Macquarie St., Parramatta; Old Ladies' Home, Newington; Boys' Home, Scheyville, Watertall Sanatorium; December 17, "Bodington," Wentworth Falls, Queen Victoria Sanatorium, Wentworth Falls and Thirlmere; Boys' Farm, Mittagong; December 18, Girls' Home, Yarra Bay, Lady Davidson Home, Turramurra, "Aldura," Glebe, Roylestone Crippled Boys' Home, Glebe; December 19, Prince of Wales Hospital, Randwick; December 20, "Elmore," Burwood; December 22, Boys and Girls' Shelters, City.

On December 21 the family will entertain hundreds of poor children at the Showground, and on December 23 Christmas hampers will be distributed to poor families.

Organisations such as the Women's Guild of Empire also arrange special functions. On December 15, 200 unemployed are to dine at Mortdale, and to be entertained at a Christmas tree.

REFRESHING AND ECONOMICAL TOO!

GOLDENIA TEA

THE SUPER-QUALITY TEA

8381

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



THE Leaving Certificate and Intermediate are now becoming things of the past, but school exams, are in full swing. This certainly makes many a home where children are a place of "nerves," but all the same we wonder.

Is the present outcry to make schoolwork easier and lighten the exam. requirements all for the sake of the suffering young?

Last week we heard of Christmas party after Christmas party thronged by young people, but at the Women Graduates' party most of our teacher friends were absent, their reason being "prostration because of the exams."

"Do you notice how Mr. Faunce Allman conducts with his eyebrows?" said Gladys Marks, at the Women Graduates' party on Friday. As exams were on, only seven of the 160 members of the University Musical Society were available, and they could only fit in two rehearsals, yet they gave a splendid performance. Only two men were present, Mr. Allman and Mr. Melville, the Music Club secretary.

After Miss Marks offered a prize to anyone who could find Mr. Melville, he was finally discovered hiding behind a grandfather's clock, surrounded by a circle of girls.

The large gathering included graduates of all callings, from social workers such as Miss Aileen Fitzpatrick, to happy wives like Mrs. R. H. Swainson, Mrs. A. J. Turner, and Mrs. C. S. Campbell.

DR. MARY BOOTH has suddenly discovered that Good Queen Bees was born 400 years ago (quart centenary?). As no one has done anything about it, Dr. Mary is getting up a dinner. Elizabeth was born on September 6, but the dinner will have to be on December 14.

Professor MacCallum, who is saturated with Elizabethan lore, is all for it, and agrees that 1933 cannot possibly be allowed to pass without a celebration, although his recent bereavement prevents him from taking an active part.

THINGS were very gay at the Lyceum Club last week, when the Players' Club had a party to raise funds to furnish their clubrooms, barn dances taking place quite early in the evening, followed by a demonstration tango by Myrna Dickey and fancee Roger Gibson.

Those present included Arthur O'Keefe, who told us he was in red socks when he wasn't; Arthur Dibley, recently returned from abroad, who has written what is described as a "play about a decayed (or perhaps faded) vaudeville actress in a French port"; Bee Wins, in pink georgette and pink gloves to match; secretary Willie Wines (of Willie St. Stratfield), and many others.

LADY WADDELL is up from "Glen Iris" Bethunga, with daughter Margaret, who is staying with her friend, Pat Long Innes.

AFTER Mrs. Hagon had said she was afraid she was present at the Far West Children's Health Scheme luncheon at the Arts Club on Monday, the Governor arose and said he was sure he was. He had looked through his invitations at Government House that morning, and there was none there, so he was obviously gate-crashing!

By Jane Anne Seymour

POPPY and Maxa Bagley gave a party for an Adelaide visitor, Kitty McInchmore, last week. After dancing, a treasure hunt took place, with clues leading from Rose Bay to Parsley Bay, and a golden-topped bottle as prize for the boys, and a mammoth box of chocolates for the girls (won by Pixie Friend).

THE opening of the "Ginger Jar," formerly Smith's Oriental, was particularly gay because many people were having birthday parties and champagne. Miss Austin, with her brother, is in charge of the cabaret, and looked charming in glacial blue.

BEFORE shipping off to Europe in the "Orsova," Mr. F. G. Bentivoglio took the opportunity of enjoying himself at the Italia Club on Monday evening, when, in company with daughter, Dr. Marie, the Italian Consul, the Marchese Ferrante, and the Marchesa Ferrante, the Marchesa Torigliani and Donna Waltha, Commandante and Mrs. Nurra, Mr. and Mrs. Giffre, and many others, he was entertained by a grand opera concert under the direction of W. Aldrovandi and F. Izal.

At the end the flowers on the piano (we didn't think enthusiasts did this), split over the accompanist, Miss A. Gaspari, but otherwise all went well.

TO use his own book on Australian lawn tennis as an autograph book is the original idea of "Austral." Many famous champions have inscribed their names, among them being Suzanne Lenglen, who has a characteristic signature.



NEARLY ALL the Brisbane girls who visit Sydney seem keen on repertory work. Ercil Kelly, of Ascot, is very fond of acting, and she is a member of the Repertory Society in her home town. Ercil is at present staying in Sydney with Mrs. Murray Toms, of Rose Bay.

—Desmond Woolley.

MARGERY HALLORAN is being almost "killed with kindness." Parties within the next few days include a shower tea at Marjorie Greenland's, a linen tea by Mrs. Herbert Waring, a party at Lella Manning's, and another at Mrs. Bruce Bedgood's. Mrs. Wilfrid Myers and Mrs. Eric Reynolds were to be joint hostesses at a bridge tea at the Carlton this Friday, but Mrs. Reynolds has had to go to a private hospital suddenly. Mr. and Mrs. David Gillespie, who always give a book party to every member of the "Old Crew" who marries, will entertain in Margery's honor on December 13.

MRS. NORMAN LOWE was within an hour of sending out broadcast S.O.S.'s for Mr. Norman Lowe and party, who were lost en route to home from gold seeking in Central Australia, when they suddenly turned up between Ivanhoe and Camdoolah, having been bogged. Although safe and sound, they had run out of food and were not feeling frightfully happy. Now aboriginal spears and nicknacks are added to the Siamese treasures of the Lowe's Mosman home.

A PART from the dreadful feeling of every woman at the tennis when she saw that everyone else had had the same brilliant idea of combining white shoes and enormous white hat, Mrs. Barney Uitz and Mrs. Carlyon (formerly Miss Vickery) had a horrible experience. Both appeared one day in very distinctive model frocks in two shades of blue, both of which were identical.

MISS ELLA MOORE, of Wollstonecraft, a prominent member of the Women's Club, is enjoying her visit to Japan so much that she is going to prolong it.

MRS. JIM LITCHFIELD, in white stiffened organdie, looked so girlish and so youthfully pretty at the Royal Empire Society's Christmas party, where she represented her mother, Lady Harvey, that it was hard to believe she is the mother of two children. Enid Riddle's organdie costume with a collar that topped her head, worn over a black dress, was very striking, while Mrs. M. E. Stacpoole looked as if Holland had scattered its brilliant tulips all over her frock.

Mrs. Roystone Davey's bag which, ap-



ON THE SANDS at Palm Beach, our photographer took this picture of Mr. Douglas Levy and his bride. Mrs. Levy was formerly Miss Barbara Smart. She is always a chic figure, and her hands are much admired for their slender beauty.

—Women's Weekly photo.

parently merely a vanity case, turned itself into a repository for two packs of cards, some scorpions and other whatnots, was the centre of much admiration.

NORMAN LINDSAY was ill and unable to be present, but most other artistic folk gathered at Mrs. Alison Reichfish's studio to farewell her before her departure for England this week. Nan Fievel arrived with wings, and Stella Kidgell with false curls.

BERYL BRYANT is particularly interested in Mr. Douglas's statement that in America the tendency is to show a vaudeville show and a picture on the same bill, instead of two pictures, for it was what she herself admires. "Snappy Sydney" is to be shown thus (or half of it) during the coming week at suburban picture theatres.

DAGMAR ROBERTS, who has been in bed for some days following her heart-attack last week, was hoping to go to Collaroy to recuperate immediately, but the holiday has had to be postponed until January, for all the cottages on the beach are let until then.

LADY FULLER, who spent her last few days in town at the Queen's Club, has left for her beautiful Bowral home.

ALTHOUGH open all through December, pictures at Mr. Fred Knowles' "Salon" in Gowing's Chambers, are constantly being changed. Not only are they being snapped up at Christmas presents, but Mr. Prendergast, of Coogee, bought one last week for his typist, who is to be married this Thursday. Probably it will be too late for her to put it inside her glory box, but she can, at any rate, place it along the top.

IT was fitting that the Christmas party at the Arts Club on Tuesday should take the form of a musicale, for this club has given many benefit concerts for musical people during the year—noticeably for Caruso, Eileen Boyd, Charles Nicks, and Carl Budden Morris.

The musically-minded who gathered **HOST HOLMROOK** says: A few drops of my Worcestershire Sauce impart a delicious flavour to the simplest meal.

round the maypole laden tables included Lady Cook, Lady Kingsmill, Lady Barlow, Lady (Ben) Fuller, Mrs. H. Armistage, Mrs. Arthur Scrivener, Mrs. Percy Paget, Miss Anna Parsons, and Mrs. A. Hyman.

THE annual meeting of the Home of Peace (Pete's sham) Linen Fund was held at the residence of Mrs. A. W. H. Padfield, Pymble. Fifty members attended, and addresses were given by Mrs. Guy Menzies (hon. secretary of the Home), and Mr. Padfield. Mrs. Padfield reported on the activities of the fund.



MRS. H. P. CHRISTMAS (standing) is president of the committee arranging a fete at Scots College on December 9, and met to talk over plans with her friend, Mrs. Bruce Ryrie. The proceeds of the fete will be used to build an Assembly Hall as a memorial to ex-students who fell in the Great War.

—Women's Weekly photo.

1934, for its annual dance. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Game will attend and will be welcomed in the Great Hall at the University, where the reception of debutantes will take place. The committee includes Miss I. M. Fidler (pres.), Mrs. O. Hargrave (sec.), and Mrs. H. Dew (treas.).

WHILE all of us are feeling the call of Bondi or Palm Beach, as the case may be, Mrs. Rodney Dangar doesn't have to stir from her home to be at the seaside, having a special "fish" room, decorated with "seaweed" and everything.

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S.4 23/6 S.2 31/6
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Also many others to select from.
All Stores and Chemists



TWO Interesting DEALS In Bridge

By . . .
FRANK CAYLEY

There is no surer way of improving one's game than by studying the play of experts and attempting to follow their reasoning.

From time to time in this column I propose to publish hands from actual play with all details and explanations.

THE first to be submitted was very prettily negotiated by the defence, with the American authority, Sidney S. Lenz, in the South position.

S: A 10 4
H: 10 5
D: 4
C: A Q J 10 6 4 2
S: K 9 8
H: A K Q J 9 8 6
D: 8 6
C: K

S: Q J 5 4
H: 7 4 3 2
D: 9 7 5 3 2
C:

The game was auction, not contract, and the bidding went:

North. East. South. West.
1 C. 1 D. No bid. 3 H.
4 C. Double. No bid. 4 H.

The ace of clubs was led and dummy was exposed with a solid nut of diamonds. What would you play if you were South and had not seen the four hands? Lenz, after some thought, trumped his partner's ace and returned the Queen of spades. Three tricks were made in this suit, and the "4 heart" contract was set one trick. There was no other way of saving game, and the defence was brilliant.

When the ace of clubs was led and dummy exposed it became apparent that North must hold the ace of spades or a quick trick in hearts to justify his bid. The re-bid of "4 clubs" showed about 6 or 7 clubs.

If only six, then North can get the lead again with the ace of spades, and give South a second ruff. If, however, North holds seven clubs, then game is lost if South does not ruff the ace.

Saving a Slam Bid

The play of the next deal contains no feature of any special interest, but the bidding (contract) is worthy of some consideration. The game was played in Sydney in 1932.

S: J 6 4
H: 3
D: Q J 10 8 7 3
C: J 4 3

S: 10 9 8 7 5
H: A J 9
D: 9 6
C: K 7 5

S: A 3 2
H: 10 9 7 6 5 4
D: 5 2
C: 10 9

It will be seen that East and West (who were vulnerable) have got the cards for a "lay down" small slam. North and South, however, were not vulnerable, and the latter was unwilling to die without a struggle.

The Bidding

West. North. East. South.
No bid. No bid. 3 C (1). 3 H (2).
Double. No bid. No bid. No bid.

Result: 4 down, doubled, and not vulnerable. The cost was 600 points, and would have been 700 if the new scoring had been in vogue at the time.

East-West were deprived of 750 points for small slam, 700 points for rubber, and 180 points for tricks. A total of 1630 points.

South's call of "3 hearts" instead of "2 hearts" was a good one, because it made the double seem more tempting, and forced up the bidding. West could hardly be blamed for doubling, and East, naturally, expected a huge penalty.

There's ROMANCE in these FRAGRANT PERFUMES

DIVERTING, risqué, and even incriminating are some of the names given to the new French perfumes this year. Nearer home there is a soupçon of romance attached to the dainty and artistic bottles you see on the shop counters all ready to wend their way as a Christmas present to a gratified recipient.

"Fleurs d'amour" in a tiny crystal bottle in a red and gold box recalls the perfume of the old gardens of France, while Jean Marie Farina eau-de-cologne has lingered with us through the centuries. Originated by the gentleman of that intriguing name in Cologne it was first brought to our shores by Roger and Gallet one hundred years ago.

"Soir de Paris" in tiny, dainty

containers nestling in artistic boxes has just that elusive, fascinating fragrance that its name would imply.

THE new French perfumes have names that are risqué or romantic, and often incriminating.

There are some diverting n e w names this year. Cabilla's "Foolish Virgin" comes in a modest small bottle for a few shillings. Lanvin charges 75/- for "My Sin," which seems very reasonable in the circumstances. "La Dame En Noir" is the mysterious title of one of Lenthéric's new creations, with "Fougère," "Forest Vierge," and "Miracle." Worth keeps up his romantic reputation with "Vera Toi."

Patou plays tenderly on the heart-strings with "Amour, Amour," and less discreetly drives us to reckless deeds

with "Adieu Sagesse." You can buy his set of "Cocktails"—Dry, Sweet, and Bitter Sweet—for ten guineas, which would be very expensive if you wanted to drink them instead of dabbling them behind your shell-pink ears or on your bee-stung lip. The cocktail bottles are set up on a miniature gold buffet, with a narrow neck to them and a miniature footfall in front.

Le Gallon, a comparative newcomer, sends "Golden Gallon," "Indian Summer," and "Jasmin."



This picture depicts some of the most exquisite perfumes for miladi's boudoir. It includes Lanvin's "My Sin," Christy's "Caprice" perfume and powder, Houbigant's "Blonde," and Patou's cocktail set in the background.

"1000 Joys" have been poured into a very elegant bottle. "Confession" is safely stored in a flask, and there are "Un Air Embalmé," "Si Different," "Three Passions," and "Coeur de Femme."

Bottles and cases are richer than ever though less ornate. Line, color, and material are more important than decoration. Chromium stoppers and pedes-

Being the Weekly Shopping Diary of SAIDE.

tals are a feature of this season's new arrivals, and the more expensive bottles of perfume are packed in a colored case of finest leather, accompanied by a delicate little vaporiser.

Houbigant has surpassed himself with "Blonde" in a simple column-like bottle with a chromium pedestal and flat, square chromium stopper. Milieu's "Crepe de Chine" comes in a lovely green leather case accompanied by a vaporiser. The perfume is in a bottle of very modern angular shape, with marble top and pedestal. Lanvin's globetrotter black glass bottles with gold figures and gold stoppers are labelled "My Sin" and "Scandal."

A beautifully carved stopper stems the rich vapors of Coty's "La Fougère au Crepuscule," which is packed in a shining lacquered box like a long matchbox. Lucien Lelong gives us "Melody," in brown and gold.

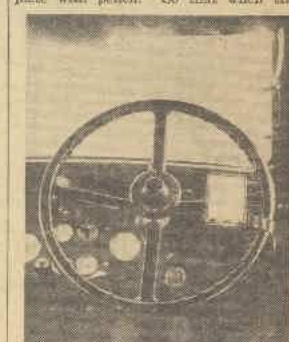
One of the newest makers of perfumes is Weil, the furrier modiste, whose perfumes have particularly well on furs. "Hermine," "Chinchilla," and "Royal Zebeline" are three of them.

Australian products grow more presentable every year. Christy's, the English firm manufacturing here, have packed powder, talc and perfume in delightful boxes of brown and beige suede. The perfume bottle is shaped like an octagonal bell.

Lipsticks are dressed up in new shapes, new colors, and new names to make them more interesting. "Blue Waltz," "Princess Pal," "Blue Hyacinth," and "Anna Zolita," are some of them.

You may have studied all sorts of memory tests and what not, but the very best systems are apt to fail one if not assisted in a practical way.

Wherefore all motorists will appreciate the little pad that attaches itself to the rim of the steering wheel—complete with pencil. So that when the



speed merchant, or the driver who copes in more thoughtful vein with the exigencies of the traffic, has a brainwave, she just jots it down on this tiny pad and thereby eliminates the chance that subsequent occurrences will banish it from her memory before it has been put to good effect.

Finished with a pickle plate and adaptable for either side of the wheel, the price is 7/6.

HERE'S a notion that has not, of course, the cache of the preparations propounded by famous Frenchmen, but it certainly has its uses.

It is called the fountain brush and works on the same system as a fountain pen. That is to say, there are no pauses for dipping. You simply remove the top of the brush—it unscrews like a pickle bottle, and fills the handle with paint. Whereupon a ceaseless flow of paint enables the craftsman to work on a similar unceasing basis.

This name of this resourceful gadget is "Selfed," and the price is 3/2.

HOST BOLDWOOD says: My Worcestershire sauce will favour the Soup, season the Gravy, make the simplest meat appetizing and

PERSONAL GIFTS that show good taste!



De luxe presentation bottle of Potter and Moore's Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne, with cut glass stopper, complete in silver box. 12/6. Others 2/- to 29/6.

Mitcham Lavender Calfine—Talcum Powder, Soap, and Laveur. 10/6. Others 2/- to 21/6.

Mitcham Lavender, Sprinkler top bottle. In presentation box, 5/6 each. Others 2/- to 29/6.

ALL gifts should be personal, because giving involves the intimacy of friendship and affection. Potter and Moore's exquisite perfumeries from London are always welcome and appreciated, and in perfect taste. Smart, attractive and useful, they are inexpensive as well. Give Potter and Moore's to your friends this year—they'll be thanking you for months to come! These articles of exquisite perfumery are obtainable at all departmental stores and chemists.



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Beau Monde
FULL FASHIONED
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Mothers' Kisses Infect Their Own Babies

1. Thousands of Mothers suffering from catarrh in nose or chronic form infect with their kisses their own babies with this infectious disease.

2. Every child at birth has FOUR tonsils, two in the throat which are easily seen and two behind the nose.

3. These four tonsils guard the breathing passages during the first years of life, filtering out germs and bacteria which strive to enter the body.

4. Having served this useful purpose, the nasal mucus begins to dry up and disappear, but it is they are unobscured through mucus, or because of infection by the Mother or some friend suffering from catarrh or some other disease of the air passages the tonsils become inflamed and swell greatly, blocking up the air passage through the nostrils.

This swelling mass of infected tissue is called ADENOID.

SYMPTOMS OF ADENOID. ARTERY mouth breathing, frequent colds, weak chest, sore throat, and loss of energy. Adenoidal children are often backward at school, and first to catch epidemic diseases such as scarlet fever, whooping cough, and septicaemia and diphtheria.

DISSOLVE ADENOID WITH KANATOX.

If your little ones suffer from adenoids, if you or your family are victims of disgusting catarrh, dissolve the adenoids and avoid the need for a painful operation. Kill the bacteria and catarrh germs with KANATOX, the wonderful antiseptic containing some of the oldest

Anatomical chart showing important air passage which filters all air entering the lungs.



and most valuable bacterial oils known in medicine. DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX surrounds and exterminates the colonies of bacteria, which infect the air passages for its wonderful curative oils are many times more powerful than carbolic acid, yet absolutely harmless to the most delicate membranes and easy and pleasant to use.

A few drops of DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX inhaled or dropped into each nostril night and morning will soothe and kill the bacteria and soothe the inflamed and tender membranes of nose and throat.

You can get DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX in large tins containing enough for more than a month's treatment for 10/-, or a sample pack for 3/6.

Ask your chemist for KANATOX to-day, or put a postal note with your name and address to this page, send it to your nearest State distributor, and KANATOX will reach you by return mail, post free, with full directions for use.

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We have won the approval of women of good taste everywhere, with this exquisite product.

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Bath Crystals

An excellent Christmas gift. Crystals made by a new special process. Genuine water softener. Exquisitely perfumed. Packed in beautiful, black and white check effect, glass container.

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Send for the New Meccano Book
In return for the name and address of three chums, we will send you a copy of the New Meccano Book that tells all about the famous Meccano hobby.

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MECCANO

Charming NOVELTIES for the HOME

Traced Ready for Rapid Working

They are all made from finest quality crash. They cost a trifle. Using quick stitchery you can have them ready for Christmas gift-giving. Send to-day!

NOW, with Christmas nearly upon us, we are all in the throes of "What to give?" Household or personal novelties are ever welcome, especially those little things which carry a touch of the hand-made about them.

THE sketches given here cannot, of course, show the dainty colorings which will make these novelties so doubly attractive. We have full stocks on hand so that you will not experience any delay with orders.

Only the finest quality crash is used. Run through this list, taking each article in turn, from top (see illustration) downwards. Postage is free. Please quote marginal numbers (No. 1, or No. 4, as the case may be) in addition to name of article.

SIX OF the nine novelties shown here cost only 1/- each. With scraps of embroidery cotton you can turn out amazingly inexpensive Christmas gifts in the shortest space of time.

No. 1—DAINTY STRING BAG, cottage and hollyhock design, traced for working in stem and satin stitch, or button-hole stitch. Price 1/-.

No. 2—THE "MATCH BOY, quaint holder, traced, with picot edging. Can be easily and rapidly worked. Price 1/-.

No. 3—KOOKABURRA DOYLEY CASE, in brown linen (note this), traced, with picot edging. Decidedly quaint and attractive. Price 2/-.

No. 4—CHRISTMAS BELL STRING BAG, with greetings. All in readiness for quick stitchery. Price 1/-.

All these traced novelties may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, at—
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.

No. 5—QUAINT "PUSSY" MATCH-HOLDER, traced, with picot edging. Price 1/-.

No. 6—"COO-EE" POT HOLDER, featuring magpie. Fascinating, if he is worked in black and white, with long and short stitch. Price only 1/-.

No. 7—KITCHEN TIDY, traced, with picot edging. Price 1/3.

No. 8—SMART PEG APRON, with "Australia" and Christmas Bell design, bound in orange, with pockets. All ready for rapid working. Price 2/3.

No. 9—KOOKABURRA NOTE CASE. This should make a novel gift. It is traced, and the old laughing jockass will most certainly appeal to everybody. Price 1/-.

CLEVER IDEAS HINTS FROM READERS

IF YOU have any difficulty in persuading your dog to take medicine, try this: Buy a box of chocolate laxatives containing castor oil, as used for children. We give our Pom. one every second week, and are delighted with his abounding health and energy.—Miss H. E. Taylor, Toorak and Glen Iris Rds., South Camberwell Eps. Vic.

QUITE THE quickest way of clearing the smell of stale smoke out of a room is to burn a few drops of vinegar on a hot shovel. This freshens the room at once.—"Leslie," Middle Park, Melbourne, Vic.

IF YOU have trouble in getting the rod through freshly-ironed curtains, place a finger from an old kid glove on the end of the rod—it will then go through quite easily. The kid finger will not take up as much room on the rod as a thimble.—Mrs. E. Gates, 223 Liverpool Rd., Enfield, N.S.W.

SHOULD WINE be spilled on a tablecloth or napkin, sprinkle at once with powdered starch and leave it on for two hours. Shake the powder off and wash in cold water, then boil, when the stain will disappear.—"G.E.H." Kingaroy, Qld.

BELTS FOR volio frocks, or other flimsy materials will have a much more satisfactory effect if lined with Peter-shum ribbon. This costs only a few pence, and can be procured in almost any shade.—Miss E. Elliott, Mill St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

NOW THAT colored bedspreads are so popular, here is a cheap way to utilise your old marcella quilt: To tint any color, one with heavy embossing is best, to harmonise with your furnishings, and new colored cotton fringes to three sides. This costs only a few pence, and saves much laundering as well as being attractive.—D. Nesbitt, "Dunvegan," Baden St., Coogee, N.S.W.

HERE IS a simple way to save on boot leather: Paint the soles of your shoes with varnish, leave to dry, and then apply another coat. The leather lasts twice as long, thus saving a considerable amount, for boot repairs are costly—at everyone's knees. Every few months apply a coating to your shoes, and you will be pleased with the result.—Mrs. A. Ryan, 75 Cambridge St., Collingwood, Melbourne, Vic.

WHEN HANGING Chinese lanterns on festive occasions, it is a good thing always to put a couple of handfuls of sand in the bottom of the lantern, around the cup which holds the candle. This prevents the lantern from swaying, and, in case of ignition, it prevents the flame from spreading.—Mrs. J. Hill, 28 George St., Enfield, N.S.W.

IF SOAP is rubbed on your scouring cloth before the cleanser is put on, the snot on the bottom of a pan will be instantly removed and the cloth will be free from the black snot on rinsing.—"Faret," Toowoomba, Qld.



COOL AS A SEA BREEZE

This lovely material is clip and washable. Never fades or runs. Retains beauty and smoothness. 250 Percale pattern. 24 in. wide. 1/11 a yard.

"Summer Breeze" SMART COLOUR-FAST COTTONS



Have You received Your copy?

Here is a booklet which is worthy of a place in every kitchen. "Enduring Service"—now presented in a new and enlarged form—is filled with information that offers practical solutions to a host of household problems.

The widespread and consistent demand for previous issues of "Enduring Service" has furnished definite proof of the value of this "kitchen aid" to women; the incorporation of additional features in the 1934 edition will make it even more valuable. The following are some of the sections of the new "Enduring Service"—Household Hints, Xmas Recipes, Sponge and Scone Making, Gas Saving Hints, the Correct Heat for Cooking, etc., etc.

If you have not received your copy of "Enduring Service," write for it to-day. It will be posted to you free.

At your service always.

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1934 DESIGN

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Opposite A. Harcourt's.

Make Going to Business a Pleasure LIVE AT MANLY

Travel to and from town in big, comfortable, roomy, glazed-in saloon steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world.

Only MANLY can offer you this.

Manly's gigantic wonder pool, at night floodlit over and under the water, contains a Slippery Dip, Diving Tower, Water Wheels, Spinning Planks, Rolling Logs, numerous springboards and a host of other aquatic novelties and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT.

A magnificent Dressing Parlour and Tea Room situated right at the end of the Pool provides the scene of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Room is also available for supper parties, dances, bridge, etc.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENT'S 4/6. LADIES' 3/6. CHILD'S 1/6.

WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME): GENT'S 4/-. LADIES' 2/-. CHILD'S 1/6.

DAILY FARE: ADULT'S 6d. CHILDREN 1d. (under 5 years FREE).
THE PORT JACKSON AND MANLY S.S. CO., LTD.
Telephone, B2251, B2252.

GIRL Without COUNTRY...

Found Aunt Here

The Australian Women's Weekly, by publishing, on November 4, a photo of Miss Rachel Rolbant, has been the inadvertent means of finding for a Sydney woman her young Russian niece with whom she had lost contact.

THE aunt is Mrs. Sophie Calmus, who 19 years ago lived in Harbin with her brother. On her marriage she came to Australia, but for some years lately has not heard from her relations. The publication of the photo has given her a clue to their movements, and through our American correspondent she will now be able to communicate with them.

Miss Rolbant is the 22-year-old daughter of Russian Jews. Her father disapproved of her studying in the universities of China for religious reasons, but apparently consented to her studying in America.

Two years ago she went to the university of California, but was not allowed to become a citizen unless she resided there for several years.

Since her departure from the home of her parents at Harbin to study in America the territory has been taken from the Chinese by the Japanese, neither of whom will let her become naturalised. As Russia will not have her either Miss Rolbant is in the unique position of being without a country. She recently returned to her parents at Harbin, however.



Susie: How much are they asking for your rent now?
Lou: Oh, about twice a week!

Unique Exhibition of Needlework

THAT there is a noticeably strong revival throughout Australia in the more beautiful forms of stitchcraft is indicated by the high standard of competitive work received from every State for the Liberty Art Needlework Exhibition, which opens at 297 Elizabeth St., Sydney, next Monday.

This has been organised by Mrs. I. E. Chapman, and the proceeds will be given to the N.S.W. Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children, Darlinghurst.

The needlecraft expert from The Australian Women's Weekly assisted in the judging this week. Of special interest was the fine work submitted by children, from eight years and upwards.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

THREE hundred and twenty-five entries were received by the Fellowship of Australian Writers in its short story competition. Dr. G. Mackenzie, Mrs. Mary Gilmore, Mr. Aidan de Bruns, Mr. C. L. Cunningham, Mr. C. Price Conigrave, Miss Irena Payler, and Mr. Bartlett Adamson are the judges, and they are still engaged in reading manuscripts. The prize-winners will be announced at the Fellowship's Christmas party, to be held on the evening of December 12, at the Lyceum Club.



Sergeant "Dicky Duck"

MISSING LINE COMPETITION—

TRY YOUR SKILL FILL IN THE LAST LINE

This is Sergeant Dicky Duck,
Who waddles on parade,
You can, if you have any luck,
Enjoy the things she's made.

Jellies crystal clear and sweet,
Ripe fruit just off the tree,
All blended in one perfect treat,
That please you perfectly.

You will love them more and more,
And want each helping twice,
Dinner's tame without them, for

First Prize £5 cash!
EACH MONTH

Closing on the last day of the month

Address entries "Fountain Pure Fruit Jelly Competition,"

25 Consolation Prizes 2/6

Each Entry must be accompanied by the COUPON SIDE of a "Fountain" Fruit Jelly Carton. Other side of Carton not accepted

Box 218 D, G.P.O., Sydney

FOUNTAIN PURE FRUIT JELLIES are sold as follows:

3 Large Packets (Sydney) 1/- (Country) 1/3

If you cannot obtain these Jellies from your grocer, write to W. C. Douglass Ltd., Box 218 D, G.P.O., Sydney, and send us the name and address of your grocer.

FOUNTAIN PURE FRUIT JELLIES

Write your name and address here:

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Address

Name of Grocer

Be sure and attach COUPON SIDE of a packet of Fountain Jelly to each entry.

Peeps into
Australian Homes



When one considers the economy as well as the better flavour of Cornwell's Vinegar, it is easy to understand why it is used everywhere.

Says Mrs. H. Kogarah

FREE
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BOUGHT EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY

The Hub

THE HUB NEVER LETS UP

Daintily Boxed XMAS GIFTS Popularly Priced

Hosiery for Gifts

Fully fashioned Pure Silk Hosiery, in dainty gift box—as illustrated. Colors: Rose Beige, Sable, Beach Nido, Cedar, Mid Grey, Onmetal, Bahama, Brownleaf, and Gypsey Tan. Usually 5/11. XMAS PRICE, pr. . . . 4/11½



Xmas Handkerchiefs

White opal cloth Handkerchiefs, with colored embroidered corners in fancy boxes containing six handkerchiefs. Usually 3/11. XMAS PRICE 2/6



"Locknit" Slips

Princess Slips in "Locknit" art silk Milanese. Round neck shape, with shell-finished edge. S.W. and W. sizes. Six dainty pastel shades—packed in attractive gift box. Usually 4/11. XMAS PRICE . . . 2/11½



Pyjamas in Box

"Locknit" Art silk Milanese Pyjamas. Tuck-in styles. Smart two-tone coloring. Several attractive trimmings. Packed in dainty gift box. S.W. and W. Usly 9/11. XMAS PRICE 6/11



Underwear Sets

"Baroness" Lingerie Sets, with Vest to match, in open top or round neck. A large range of most appealing shades. Packed in pretty floral gift box. S.W. and W. O.S. Usually 7/11. XMAS PRICE, set . . . 5/11



TOILET CASKETS

Half-Price Toilet Caskets. Containing Bath Crystals and Toilet Soap. Usually 2/11. XMAS PRICE . . . 1/6



NECKLET AND EARRINGS

Less than half-price! Crystal Necklet and Earrings. Threaded on sterling silver chain—in fancy gift-cases. Usually 6/11. XMAS PRICE, set . . . 2/11½



LIZARD ROAN BAGS

Lizard Handbags in genuine Lizard Roan Leather, with top opening on crystal frame. Five divisions—inner using tissue and large bevelled mirror. Black-White, Brown-White, and Fawn-Brown. Usually 12/11. Xmas Price, each . . . 12/11

GIFT CASKETS

The well-known "Waltham" Gift Caskets so popular at less than one-third usual price! Two dainty caskets of Toilet Soap and a bottle of Perfume in each casket. Usually 10/6. Xmas Price . . . 2/11½

The HUB Ltd. 393-5-7 PITT ST. SYDNEY.

Parisian Models For Tiny Tots

From . . . MURIEL SEGAL Our Correspondent in Europe

THE well-dressed little maid will wear a tailored coat with shoulder treatment which gives the new silhouette as effectively as anything from Schiaparelli.

The bow at the back is a smart finish to the collar, which fastens in front by means of one loop slipping through a slot in the other. There are two large buttons similar to those on the cuff. The material is one of the coarse hopsacs which are worn by people from five to seventy. The flare of the skirt is decidedly 1934. The model is maize yellow.

For afternoon wear she is to wear a



new white muslin embroidered with red. The little square neck and puffed sleeves have narrow pipings of the red and also the double scallops of the frill bordering the hem. Most of the skirt is embroidered over in the cross-cross-and-dot design, excepting a panel in front of plain pleated muslin.

SOME NEW LAUGHS

May: He told me he could live on my kisses.
Fay: Well, are you going to feed him some?
May: Not till I find out what he expects for dessert.

"Yep, I had a beard like yours once, and when I realised how it made me look I cut it off."

"Well, I had a face like yours once, and when I realised that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard."

Overheard on the tram: "Jane is worrying because her hair is going dark, but I told her not to worry because—life as a brunette is not so black as it's painted."

"Any opening for a poet here?"
"Yes; there's the door."

Employer (to lad applying for a job in butcher's shop): Your salary will be fifteen shillings a week. Now, my boy, what experience have you had? Can you dress a chicken?

Applicant: No, sir, not on fifteen bob a week.

Woman: "My husband gave the pie I had made for his supper to the dog."

Husband: "Yes, the dog had good teeth."

We will Pay your DOCTOR'S BILLS

Make no mistake about it—constipation is serious—Constipation causes biliousness—headaches—sleeplessness—skin eruptions—nervous debility—lassitude—rheumatism and a host of other complaints. To cure these conditions is hopeless—unless you first cure constipation. And you cannot cure constipation without Lubri-Lax. LUBRI-LAX—a lubricating laxative—is an Agar preparation in a solidified form and is one hundred per cent. pure. LUBRI-LAX definitely banishes constipation—quickly—permanently and safely. LUBRI-LAX is obtainable in Yellow Cartons at all good chemists and costs 2/6. Generally Yellow Carton LUBRI-LAX is sufficiently strong for absolute cases, but in chronic cases Double-strength LUBRI-LAX, in the Blue Packet at 3/6, is recommended. Double-strength LUBRI-LAX never fails! If it is not effective after you have taken 3 jars—then your trouble is organic—possibly serious—and a Sydney, Melbourne, or Brisbane specialist should be consulted immediately.



Liquid Paraffin would be excellent but for its loss of specific gravity, causing seepage, then it causes Haemorrhoids.



Salts are repulsive to many.



Pills are habit-forming.



LUBRI-LAX will always be found safe, effective, and permanent.

THIS IS A GENUINE OFFER

If, after taking three jars of Double Strength Lubri-Lax, constipation still persists, The Natural Remedy Co. will pay the consultation fee for your examination by a duly qualified Medical Specialist (usually £2/7). This is a genuine offer—without restrictions or obligations other than that you write to The Natural Remedy Co., Box 143613, G.P.O., Sydney, stating the name of your chemist or store, together with the dates on which you made your three purchases. We will then give you a letter to the specialist we think most suitable to deal with your case. To be on the safe side keep the cartons. It is unlikely that you will need them, as LUBRI-LAX will not fail you or the proprietors—The Natural Remedy Co., Erskineville, Sydney.

PHYSICAL SUFFERINGS CAN BE CURED . . . MENTAL SUFFERINGS LAST A LIFETIME!

Do not let constipation get on your mind—it will, if you only alleviate the condition.
BANISH CONSTIPATION WITH LUBRI-LAX!

The Lubri-Lax Way is the Doctor's Way!



LUBRI-LAX (YELLOW CARTON), 2/- and 3/6.
LUBRI-LAX (BLUE CARTON), DOUBLE STRENGTH, 3/6.
POSTAGE EXTRA.

SPECIAL NOTE.

Lubri-Lax is in a jar—not a bottle, and is packed in yellow and blue cartons. Obtainable at all Halls, Ltd., Pharmacies, and all good chemists and stores, or direct from The Natural Remedy Co., G.P.O., Box 143613, Sydney.

Our FASHION Service & FREE PATTERN



WX236.—Frock with Raglan sleeves and pleated godets in skirt. Material required, four and three-eighths yards 36 inch. Width at hem, two and seven-eighths yards. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

WX237.—Smart frock featuring jumper and skirt effect with broad shoulder and puff sleeves; also tucked skirt. Material required, three and seven-eighths yards 36 inch, quarter of a yard 36-inch contrasting, and half a yard 36-inch lining. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

WX238.—Coat with Magyar sleeves cut on unusual lines, also one-piece skirt. Material required, two and three-quarter yards 36 inch for coat, and two and one-eighth yards 36 inch for skirt. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarters yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

WX239.—Frock with extended shoulder line, also full sleeves with kitting around armhole. The skirt features godets back and front. Material required, four and three-eighths yards 36 inch, and half a yard 36-inch lining. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

In dainty be-frilled guise or in tailored line, our free pattern this week can be simply made into a charming blouse.

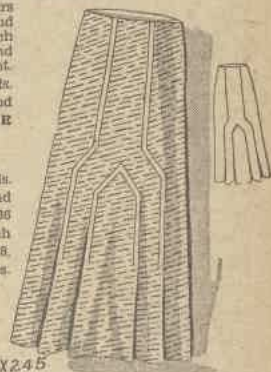
The very smart skirt pictured at right would be a delightful finish to the costume if the skirt were made in linen and the blouse in organdie muslin to tone. Striking models for every occasion, models for the kindergarten and for sweet sixteen complete the service.



WX241.—Simply-cut evening gown with cowl front. The back features an unusual rever effect trimmed with kitting. Material required, five and a quarter yards 36 inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and three-quarters yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN 2/-.**

WX240.—Attractive frock featuring cowl front and latest cape effect; paneled skirt with double inverted pleats. Material required, four and three-quarters yards 36 inch and three-quarters yard 36 inch contrasting for cape and bow. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, three yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

WX245.—Skirt with panels. Material required, two and seven-eighths yards 36 inch. To fit size 40-inch hips. Other sizes, 36, 38, 42, and 44 inch hips. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**



OUR FREE PATTERN IN TWO EFFECTIVE DESIGNS

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED

Here's good news for Asthma sufferers. Numbers of people all over Australia who have been afflicted with this distressing complaint for many years have obtained immediate relief from Weston-Carr's Asthma and Bronchitis Cure. Sufferers who have had to be propped up in bed to try to get a night's rest now enjoy quiet, refreshing sleep. Weston-Carr's Asthma Cure gives immediate relief. It is a wonderful tonic, improves the appetite, digestion, and general health.

Read what this grateful patient says:

Olongwal, N.S.W.
I have received the Asthma Cure and have not yet taken half a bottle. I feel the best I have ever felt in the last eleven years. It is, indeed, a wonderful cure. I can get a good night's rest and breathe freely for the first time in many years.
T.C.

Prices, 4/6 small, 7/6 (double size). Postage, small 1/6, large 2/-.

Write to Mr. Weston-Carr to-day and give him full particulars of your case.

A. WESTON-CARR

ASTHMA AND CATARRH SPECIALIST

1st FLOOR, THE BLOCK, 428 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.



WX244.—Small boy's play suit consisting of blouse and overalls. Material required, one and a half yards 36 inch and one yard for tunic. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/4d.**

WX245.—Jumper, skirt, and cape, suitable for maids. Material required, one and three-quarter yards 36 inch for skirt, one and three-eighths yards 36 inch for jumper, and three-quarters yard 36 inch for cape. To fit size 12-14 years. Other sizes, 10-12 and 14-16 years. Size 10-12 years, **PAPER PATTERN 9/4d.** Size 12-14 and 14-16 years, **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

WX243.—Girl's sleeveless frock with Peter Pan collar and contrasting yoke. Material required, one and a half yards 36 inch and half a yard 36 inch contrasting for yoke and collar. To fit size 8-10 years. Other sizes, 6-8 and 10-12 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/4d.**

Our patterns are a reliable guide to economical cutting and simple dressmaking. Complete instructions are given with each one. They banish the home-made look from every frock from the simplest house frock to the most elaborate evening gown.

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns may be obtained on personal application at our office as follows:—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.

BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.

MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to: Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above address.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 9/12/33.

Spotlight on FASHION

Back to Simpler Lines

Exaggerated shoulders are going, going —, no more straight "coat-hanger" effects is the general verdict. Fashion has a new story . . . covered throats and slim, sleek hips. A new simplicity and fresh youthfulness mark the smartest frocks this season.

And now about the summer clothes. Fashion seems to have entered one of its famous backwashers for the time being — no really startling innovations — it is engaged in modifying and simplifying line and silhouette instead of exaggerating them. This process means quieter clothes. The Winter mode was largely exaggerated shoulders and straight, square bodyline. The Summer line is moulded.

So pack away your leg-of-mutton sleeves in camphor; discard those military epaulettes and stiffened shoulder wings, for we are shedding the squared shoulders of masculinity in favour of a new and softened femininity.

True, shoulders still retain a broadened look, but they are rounded, not squared; simple, not exaggerated; and blend inconspicuously into the silhouette. Even the famous Schiaparelli, who first introduced the "coat-hanger" silhouette to an unsuspecting world, has now rounded her shoulder lines with the most becoming results. In evening frocks, too, no unnecessary accents prevail. Bare shoulders, or simply covered ones, will prevail in future.

Sleeves, particularly for day wear, are also being cast in a more conservative mould, although they are still very interesting in treatment. Long sleeves, both of the clinging and raglan variety, seem to be gaining favour, although three-quarter length are still very new and very smart.

For sports and the cruise in hot summer days, however, short sleeves will be worn. So you can make your choice from the three lengths with perfect safety.

Heightened Neck-lines

Fashion interest seems to have definitely shifted from the shoulders to necks. All the smartest frocks now feature quaint clerical collars, jabots or ruffles, high over the throat, or are collarless and worn with scarfs, stocks, or the new roll turtle neck.

All these frivolous but very feminine fripperies serve to accentuate the curves above the waist and make the hips look slimmer by contrast.

Skirts are to be a little longer (we expected that, didn't we?); for morning dresses and sports suits they reach the base of the calf. In the afternoon they touch anywhere between the calf and ankle. Evening dresses are longer than before, many of the more formal styles featuring small fishtail trains, which swirl and swirl around the wearer's ankles.

Are you ready to wear the Summer Clothes?

Youthful exuberance and "joie de vivre" is allied with quiet good taste in all the smartest frocks — and the result is perfection. Youth takes no heed of bulging, clumsy figures. Its ideal is slim, natural-figure architecture. More than ever, it will be the ambition of women of fashion to wear these rejuvenating fashions — the slim, tubular skirts with flat inset pleats for walking, moulding the hips like a glove; the frocks and blouses with high-to-the-throat necklines; the rounded waistlines which are made to appear smaller by the new soft bosom draperies.

It is obvious that if we wish to carry

off fashion honours in these so-revealing frocks we must first turn a microscopic eye on to our curves. If they're not all they should be, there's no reason to get downhearted, however, for clever corsetry makes svelte, graceful lines a reality.

The hips and the thighs seem to present the biggest problem this summer. They must be slim and shapely beneath the diaphanous cottons and slinky silks of daylight hours, as well as the heavy crepes and metals and clinging janes so dear to the evening.

More and more the lacing corset is being adopted as a solution to the silhouette problem. And the new Berlei Front Lacing models are fitting foundations for the most trying dress. They are made of attractive figured broches and failles in soft shades of Pastel Tea Rose, lovely to look on, delightful to wear. They give a beautiful, smooth backline, and the absence of elastic side-panels results in the firm control of the material itself over the usually troublesome hipline. Another point worth remembering is that the hard, unyielding front-bush has been dispensed with in favour of the more pliable side-hooking.

To see them, of course, is to appreciate their possibilities . . . to have one correctly fitted is to realise just what they can do to your figure. You all know where to look for them — in all the leading stores.

Are you a short-backed figure with flesh accumulation at the abdomen? Wear Berlei Front-lacing foundation 7134 and rejoice in the modish lines your figure takes. In attractive Art silk broche. Waists 25-26 ins.



This Berlei Front-lacing foundation 7136 gives such a clever hipline, such wonderful control, that smart women of heavy Hip type insist on wearing it. And what an exquisite backline. Waists 25-30 ins.

The model is wearing a clever Front-lacing foundation, 7133, in Pastel Tea Rose faille, enhanced with dainty net lace medallions. Clever boning has an exceptionally slenderising effect. A bonded flap reinforces the non-slip lock lacing. Elastic sections at side waists and lower centre back. Average type. Waists 23-24 ins.

WEAR a new Front-lacing Berlei when you fit new gowns, because this up-to-the-minute foundation makes a world of difference in the silhouette!

Hips are slimmer; the back more smoothly contoured; flesh above the abdomen diplomatically distributed. As you might guess, the complete effect is wonderful! Youthifying! And the figure ready for the closest-fitting frock.

There are Berlei Front-Lace foundations for all figure types. Fit them to-day at your favourite draper.

Berlei

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

MAKE the Most of YOUR Crowning GLORY

A lovely head of hair has always been considered a beauty asset!

It is, of course, essential for a woman who wishes to be thought good-looking to have a well-groomed head of healthy hair. Consequently, this arresting article containing sound advice from the beautiful Grace Bradley, Paramount star, and which is exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, will create instantaneous interest everywhere.

THE bobbed-haired woman is only as beautiful as her barber makes her.

Hair that is cut to fit and frame the features becomingly can create a swan of the ugly duckling, and hair that is distorted or incorrectly shingled will play havoc with the most beautiful face in the world.

Women cannot be too careful when they visit the beauty parlor and order a hair trim. I watch every movement of the shears as they shorten my hair. To do this I turn my chair sideways so that with a hand-mirror I get an unobstructed view of the business at hand.

It is usually safe to take the advice of your barber on new cuts and trims, but first be very sure that he knows the individual requirements of your features, height, and weight. Don't allow anyone to experiment with your hair just because you are tired of the style in which you are wearing it.

It is far better to risk a too-long cut than one that is too short.

The present mode favors a medium-length bob. The too-long cut is decidedly out, as is the very short shingle. A straight line from neck to ear, and a very subtle shingle that leaves the hair softly outlining the contour of the head, comprises the perfect cut. Softly waved

bobs are a bit more fashionable than the straight variety.

A HURRIED shampoo lays the foundation of all the ills that rob hair of its lustre and beauty.

The rewards of hasty hair washings are many and ill-looking. Premature greyness is one of them, and its main cause lies in the dryness of the scalp. A hot oil treatment preceding each shampoo will guard you from this dreaded sentence.

Warm olive oil must be rubbed into every inch of the scalp and allowed to remain there for two hours. Then it may be washed off by a shampoo of equal care. The hair should first be sprayed with hot water to cut the oil. Then with a good melted soap (never use a cake of soap on the hair), the hair is washed three times and rinsed carefully between each soaping.

The final rinsing is the most important step in the entire treatment.

Diluted lemon-juice poured over the hair just before the final cold rinsing water is used, will bring out the lustre and color of the hair, whether it is light or dark.

Don't let the attendant at your beauty salon rush through your shampoo. Insist upon careful washing and rinsing, and suggest the lemon-finishing touch.



APPLY A GOOD hair tonic to the scalp with pad of cotton, systematically parting the hair every inch or two over the head, and thus moistening the entire scalp.



NOW BRACE the thumbs on the forehead, while the four fingers massage the tonic into the scalp with a circular movement, for five minutes. Then rotate the scalp gently over the skull.



BRUSH THE HAIR for ten minutes with firm rhythmic strokes, beginning with brush close to the scalp and moving away from it along the hair. Wipe brush off frequently on clean towel.



NOW SET your wave back into place with the fingers and the comb, spraying on a little wave-setting lotion with an atomizer if necessary. Always be sure to let the lotion dry thoroughly.

Compacts

THE GLARE of the sun on water, on paved roads, on tennis courts, is responsible for lots of small wrinkles about the eyes which get a good start during the summer if not watched carefully. So a hat with a wide brim added to your wardrobe will help your looks not only this summer but next winter as well.

IT IS important that you conduct your beauty campaign under the cloak of naturalness. You can develop your personality through color, or ruin it by applying too much. No well-dressed woman can afford to make herself conspicuous by the color combination of her face. Therefore, use that your rouge and lipstick harmonize.

IT IS best to bathe an hour and ten minutes after a meal. Of course, it isn't always easy to time your dip with quite such accuracy as this—but in any case, do not bathe within an hour after a meal. And don't indulge in cold drinks before going in.



ADDING LUSTRE to the natural beauty of your hair is such an easy process. Simple, yet correct, consistent care will do it.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

•• BY A DOCTOR ••

PATIENT: I saw in a newspaper, doctor, that if a person took a drink of whisky he was taking the equivalent of three eggs. Is this correct?

IT is most decidedly not correct. The food value of an egg is about eighty calories, and the food value of an ounce of whisky—the ordinary hotel "spot" size—is decidedly less. The doctor who made the statement must have been incorrectly reported—for the error is obvious. Perhaps he meant that alcohol made one so hungry that additional food was taken, with disastrous results to a slimming diet.

If we can eliminate spirits as not being fattening agents, other alcoholic liquors are not so guiltless. Beer and stout, especially the latter, contain a high proportion of malt, a substance which is very fattening. Similarly, sweet wines contain a large proportion of sugar, and tend to the production of fat storage.

PATIENT: How much water should we drink, doctor? Is there any harm in drinking water with meals?

NOT the slightest. Medical opinion was once against it, since it was held that water would dilute the gastric juices and so render them less efficacious in digesting food. Experiments have shown this to be quite wrong. The drinking of water itself stimulates the production of the gastric juices, and, in any case, the amount of dilution matters little. Water is expelled very quickly from the stomach, and so probably stimulates the rate at which the food is passed on. In addition, it helps to thoroughly mix the food.

These remarks apply to water at a normal temperature. Water at the temperature of ice is another matter, and probably retards the production of the gastric juices.

Americans especially are fond of ice cold water, and this fact is held forth by some people as the reason why they are alleged to be a nation of dyspeptics.

Everyone needs to drink a reasonable amount of water throughout the day; the amount needed varies with the occupation of the drinker, and with the amount of fluid lost by sweating, etc. Thus we need more water in summer than in winter, and more if we have been taking strenuous exercise. There seems to be no time of the day at which it is wrong to drink it.

PATIENT: Doctor, my boy has several nasty sores on his legs and face. My neighbor tells me he has eczema. Will you please advise me?

ECZEMA is a very wide term that is being used less and less in medicine. Popularly used, it covers several different diseases—a sort of rubbish tip on which to sling all the diseases that you don't know.

A more correct term is dermatitis. A common cause of such a condition is irritation from some substance that is continually handled. This frequently occurs as an occupational disease. Thus the washerwoman, whose hands are continually soaked in hot water containing caustic soap, develops dermatitis of the hands. No amount of treatment will do this any good unless the occupation is changed; and this is indeed a tragedy to those who cannot afford to give up their job. The baker often develops dermatitis from substances handled during the making of bread; at least this is not quite correct nowadays, since the bakers employed a skin specialist to track down the offending substance, and it has been since largely eliminated. Often, unfortunately, the surgeon develops a sensitiveness to some antiseptic solution or other, and has to change his entire technique or give up surgery altogether.

Not only can substances irritate the skin, but some can cause eczema when taken internally. In a similar way, such substances can cause hives, asthma, and other troubles.

There is a common infective condition in children caused by a well-known germ, the staphylococcus. This causes weeping sores with a golden crust forming on them, and is very infectious; this is probably the trouble from which the child of the questioner is suffering, and she should consult a doctor.

For Slimness and Grace



Sit on the floor, hands on hips. Bend first to one side, then to the other, then over in front as far as you can, then to the back. Continue this in a circular motion. If it is difficult to fold the legs back, the same exercises can be carried out by sitting on the floor with the legs extended.



MISS ENID LAVISSE

The Beautiful Theatrical Artist is another of the brilliant women who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

Clear Your Complexion

FIRST clear your complexion. Do not be satisfied to mask blemishes beneath a film of face cream. Abandon such methods now. Let Mercolized Wax absorb and thus remove impurities from the pores. This is the first step to skin beauty, the only way, indeed, to establish a permanently good complexion. Mercolized Wax will clear your complexion and keep it clear. It is the cleanest, pleasantest, safest, and most effective of all beauty treatments. Invaluable for Freckles, Sunburn, Wind-chap, Moth-patches and Surface skin imperfections. It is undoubtedly the perfect powder base.



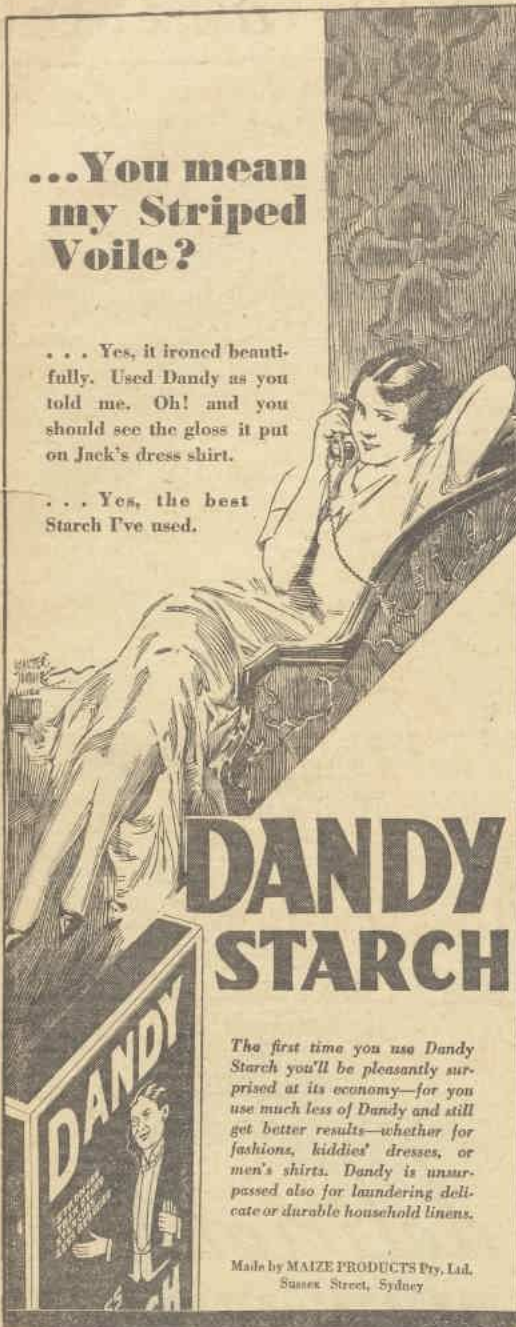
Mercolized Wax

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

...You mean my Striped Voile?

... Yes, it ironed beautifully. Used Dandy as you told me. Oh! and you should see the gloss it put on Jack's dress shirt.

... Yes, the best Starch I've used.



DANDY STARCH

The first time you use Dandy Starch you'll be pleasantly surprised at its economy—for you use much less of Dandy and still get better results—whether for fashions, kiddies' dresses, or men's shirts. Dandy is unsurpassed also for laundering delicate or durable household linens.

Made by MAIZE PRODUCTS Pty. Ltd.
Sussex Street, Sydney

LOST HER DOUBLE CHIN

And Her Prominent Hips

2 st. 6 lbs. of Fat Gone

This woman writes:—"I have a hearty appetite and always stay at 11 st. 2 lbs." She is one of the thousands of women who have Kruschen Salts to thank for the loss of a load of unhealthy fat. To-day, she provides living proof that the reducing effect of Kruschen, no matter how consistent at first, cannot proceed to a degree harmful to the body's well-being. Read her letter:—"I am 40 years old, 5 ft. 5 1/2 ins. in height, and was 13 st. 8 lbs. when I started taking a level teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning. I went slowly down in weight—some weeks 2 lbs., others just 1 lb., until I got down to 11 st. 2 lbs. I have never felt better in my life than I do now, and I feel so much lighter and feel years younger. There's always somebody saying to me that I look about 35 or thereabouts. My measurements are below:—

Before.		After.	
Bust ..	43 ins.	Bust ..	38 ins.
Hips ..	44 ins.	Hips ..	39 1/2 ins.
Waist ..	33 ins.	Waist ..	28 ins.

"Also I had a double chin before taking Kruschen—but not now. I have never dieted except once during the time I was taking Kruschen, and I tried eating brown bread, boiled eggs, no potatoes or fat meat for a week or two. I lost myself down to 10 st. 11 lbs., but as I have a healthy appetite and



like to eat everything that's going, I stopped dieting and always stay at 11 st. 2 lbs. Even better than all this is the fact that Kruschen Salts have brought me through the difficult period of life without even so much as a headache."—(Mrs.) W. I. Taken every morning, Kruschen affects a perfectly natural clearance of undigested food substances and all excessive wastes matter. Unless this wasteage is regularly expelled, Nature will eventually store it up out of the way in the form of ugly fat. Try one-half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning—in 3 weeks get on the scales, and note how many pounds of fat have vanished. Kruschen will give any fat person a joyous surprise. Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.

IT'S An Old JAPANESE CUSTOM

Says the Old Gardener

The Japanese are the cleverest people at growing tiny trees, and at one time they would not let any of them go out of the country. They guarded the secret of dwarf-tree growing very closely. Our Old Gardener tells you about it this week.

MINIATURE tree-growing is very interesting, and the trees bring a good price in various markets. Wealthy people keep them as art treasures. They make good house plants and table decorations. Now I'm going to tell you how to raise these trees yourself.

Get a few large, thick-skinned oranges and halve them. Remove the pulp and cover the outside of the skins with shellac. By covering with shellac the skin won't shrivel. Fill the skins with fine rich soil and plant a seed of any tree you wish to grow, or put in two or three seeds. Then you can keep the best or strongest plant. Sometimes as you know, one won't germinate, so you have the others to rely on.

Make a stand of some kind so that the tree when growing can be kept in an upright position, and where it can get plenty of sunshine. Water them regularly, but not too much.

When the plant, or tiny tree, begins to grow, you will notice the roots coming through the orange-peel. Now all you do is to cut the roots off flush with the outside surface of the orange-peel, and be careful you don't injure the surface of the shellac. Remember, the cutting of the roots stunts the plant. When the tree grows to the size you want it, transfer it to a more attractive pot or dish. Cedars, pines, lilies, and citrus also cryptomerias, can be easily stunted.

Fruit trees, such as oranges, lemons, plums, and many others can also be stunted. They even blossom and bear fruit, and of course, they look very beautiful.

THAT'S right—those chrysanthemums want separating and planting out. Let



KEEP AN EYE on those Christmas bushes. Insects are doing a lot of damage to the young flowers. Spray freely, using one teaspoon of kerosene to two gallons of water.—**THE OLD GARDENER.**

me show you: Just take one piece of plant like that—my word, they are getting too big—we'll just nip some of

it off. Now that will make a sturdy plant and will send out plenty of smaller branches.

Just look at your paths! You must get rid of those weeds. No, don't so chopping them—because you only cut the top off them and in a few days' time they'll be just as bad as ever.

Get some sodium chlorate. Mix one pound to four gallons of water, and use the watering-can to spread the liquid over the paths. Do that, and you won't have any more weeds for six months; it saves such a lot of work.

I'd put those young carnations in that good bed there—they like the morning sun. When you plant them put some good sharp sand around them—let me plant one for you!

See, you make a hole, and just three parts fill in the soil around the plant, and fill the other part with good clean sand. No fear of them getting collar rot then, because the sand keeps the plant near the surface dry.

When planted, give the bed a dusting of lime. Carnations love lime. Don't give them too much water. A good watering about twice a week suffices.

GET out all those young dahlias you have struck from cuttings. My word, we'll have a nice show for the autumn if we have any luck. Give them plenty of manure. Dahlias are hungry plants and eat up all you can give them. They are terriers to drink—especially when they are showing flower-buds.

For YOUNG WIVES BABY'S FIRST MONTH

By M. TRUBY KING

Daughter of Sir Truby King, World-Renowned Authority on Baby Welfare

The most necessary thing to remember, during baby's first month, is to keep up the natural supply of milk, so that baby will not have to be weaned prematurely. As a general rule, if the mother lives a healthy active life, paying due attention to regularity in all things, her milk-supply adjusts itself to the growing needs of the baby without any special local treatment.

FAIR too often, however, when the milk supply shows a tendency to fall off, the nurse in charge, or well-meaning relatives, advise the mother to wean baby on to some patent food or modified milk mixture.

For many years it has been a criminal offence in France for the mother of a maternity home or hospital to countenance, encourage or recommend artificial feeding instead of natural feeding.

Later, the same law was rigidly enforced throughout Germany, and this is now the case in Italy, under Mussolini, and elsewhere in Europe. Australian parliamentarians would do well to pass similar laws for the sake of the health of the rising generation.

All that is necessary when the milk supply is decreasing, is for the mother to consult her nearest Mothercraft centre, and receive detailed printed, or verbal, instructions as to how to increase the natural supply by natural methods. There is no expense in connection with this, and the mother is not advised to buy any of the patent galactogenes on the market, expensive preparations purporting to increase the human milk supply.

If any mother reading this article would care to have detailed typed directions for increasing her supply, she may procure them by simply sending a stamped addressed envelope with her request to Sister in Charge, Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

The mother should not form the habit during baby's first month of taking baby to bed with her. Many women have rolled over their babies in their sleep, thus stifling and killing them. In New Zealand magistrates or coroners are now in the habit of reprimanding and not sympathizing with the mother in a bereavement so brought about. They say: "What proportion is there between the passing grief of yourself, and the manslaughter of your baby?"

I do not think that Australian coroners have risen to that degree of sensible and logical frankness, but perhaps if they did fewer babies would be over-lain.

Apart altogether from the fact that he may be suffocated, baby, if kept in bed with the mother, breathes the damp, humid, fetid atmosphere caused by the mother's body and breath, making him a delicate weakling. Such babies become pale-faced, thin and flabby, and when any infection comes along they quickly succumb to it.

Baby should have a cradle to himself, and, if possible, a room to himself.

Babies sleep better when alone, as they then breathe fresher air, and are not disturbed by the switching on and off of lights, noises, and talking. During the day baby should be put out on a sheltered verandah, or under a shady tree. If it is raining, or there is a strong wind blowing, baby should be placed in an airy room, with the window wide open, being protected from any draughts by a screen put round the head-end of the cot.

Eels of the "Comforter"

ANOTHER bad habit which the mother should avoid is that of giving her baby a "dummy," or "comforter." The use of this unsightly object does harm, even in New Zealand, where Mothercraft as an art has been better perfected than in any other part of the world. All chemists and many grocers have attractive show-cards of dummies in their windows, but I have yet to find a chemist who would allow his wife to put one into his own baby's mouth! Chemists know (as do doctors and nurses and all thinking laymen) that the dummy causes a highly-arched palate, mouth-breathing, tonsillitis, and (worst



of all, helps to bring about adenoids—and all the train of evils associated therewith—such as deafness, impaired mentality and in some cases even lung trouble. This is recognised in France, where anyone countenancing the use of the dummy in any way is liable to summary imprisonment.

In the first month baby should be accustomed to having a little boiled warm water every day by bottle and teat. The water should be given to baby at blood heat (i.e., 100 degrees Fahr.). Do not give the water less than one hour before or after feeds. Don't use a teaspoon for this purpose, because baby will get the fluid too quickly

DO NOT OVER-CLOTHE

MOTHERS tend to over-clothe babies. So long as baby's feet and hands are warm, and his lips nice and pink, you need not fear that he is under-clad. In the tropics, baby may not need more than his napkin, binder (until the cord has healed), and singlet.

from a spoon. When baby comes to be weaned, the process will be much easier if, from an early age, he has been accustomed to the "feel" of bottle and teat.

Nature's Exercise

THE mother should not be frightened if baby should cry for about two hours (on and off) out of the twenty-four. Crying is the only exercise the wee mite is capable of having, and a certain amount does him good and helps to expand his lungs. Should baby cry more than this, he may be having too little to eat, or he may be ill or in pain, and you will have to find out the cause and set matters right.

Bathing baby is a task which the mother with a "first" babe often fears. It is as well to ask the nurse who attends you in hospital to let you bath baby under her direction before you go home, so that you will get used to the feeling of the slippery little object!

When putting baby into his bath slip your left arm round the back of baby's shoulders, and clasp his left arm high up with your right hand. Your right hand is then free to do the washing.

You may feel it is safer to wash baby on your lap, or lying on a table for the first week after you get him home. The important thing to remember when doing this is to keep the parts you are not washing at the moment well covered, so that he will not catch cold. Bathing should be a quick process; it is not the time for admiring baby, and pausing to play with him.

Do Not Over-clothe

MOTHERS tend to over-clothe babies. So long as baby's feet and hands are warm, and his lips nice and pink, you need not fear that he is under-clad. In the tropics, baby may not need more than his napkin, binder (until the cord has healed), and singlet.

Baby should have from one to three motions a day in the first month. They should resemble thin mustard in consistency and color, and should not be "rotten."

In the first month the mother should establish regularity concerning all baby's doings—regular feeding time, the same hour every day for baby's bath, regular times to be held out, regular times for water-drinking, and regular times for sleeping. Baby should be trained to work to the clock, because this is best for him and will make the mother's tasks easier. The normal baby, well trained, will sleep all the time at bed time, except when being bathed and fed.

Be sure to have baby weighed regularly every week. Your clinic nurse will do this when you come home from hospital.

The Traditional FEAST and the Christmas Cake

By MARGARET SHEPHERD, instructor to leading hospitals

CHRISTMAS dinner being the royal feast of the year, when all the members of the family, if possible, meet, the housewife feels it her pleasure and duty to provide a memorable repast, and so carry on the traditions of hospitality and good cheer, which have been handed down through the ages.

With this arresting, up-to-date menu before you, and these unusually fine recipes to guide you, prefaced by helpful suggestions, you can serve a memorable Christmas dinner, as well as cut into a sumptuous cake.

The Christmas Dinner

- Ginger Cocktail. Holly hors d'oeuvres.
- Mushroom Soup.
- Olives.
- Roast Duck and Apple Stuffing.
- Sweet Potato Fingers Sauted.
- Glazed Onions. Peas.
- Peach Salad.
- Plum Pudding. Caramel Brandy Sauce.
- Cherry Jelly.
- Nuts. Sweets. Coffee.

THE time to plan the Christmas dinner is not a day or so beforehand, but at least two weeks in advance. Cakes, puddings, and mince-cakes can be made, and jottings on paper (not in the head) of the material required.

The housewife should plan and select her foods with care, and bestow on their preparation the thought and artistry due to the occasion.

On Christmas Eve the poultry can be prepared, the soup made ready for reheating, the salad greens washed and crisped, and jellies made. The result will be a serene and happy hostess ready to enjoy the fun and good things she has prepared.

The cocktail and festive hors d'oeuvres can be served in the living room. The soup is equally delicious hot or cold—VERY cold.

We have chosen an unusual stuffing for the duck, which is the centre of attraction with its parcels of unpeeled, sliced oranges, dotted with a bright red jelly, and an accompaniment of gravy and vegetables.

This is followed by a salad, which appeals to the eye as well as the palate. Then pudding. Bob Cratchit—if you remember your Dickens—said all there was to any about plum pudding. Jelly, nuts, sweets—the latter we will discuss in next week's issue.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

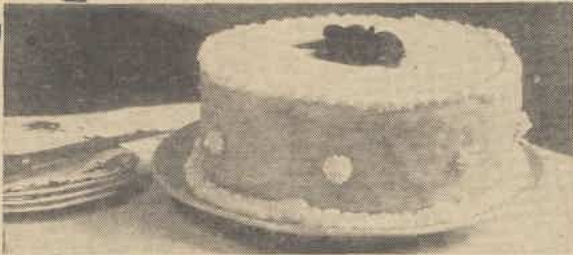
1½ lb. raisins, 1½ lb. sultanas, 1½ lb. currants, 1½ lb. chopped figs, 2 oz. glass cherries, 1 lb. mixed peel, 1 lb. blanched almonds, vanilla essence, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon Farnham essence or caramel, 2 eggs, 1 lb. sugar, 4 tablespoons brandy, 2 tablespoons rum, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ground cinnamon, and grated nutmeg, grated rind of 1½ lemons and orange, 1½ lb. butter, 1½ lb. sugar, 1 small teaspoon baking powder.

Clean the fruit, chop figs, almonds, peel, and cherries. Line a cake tin with brown paper, then with two layers of grease-proof paper, keeping the paper 1½ to 2 inches above the tin. Beat eggs well together, add the brandy and rum, mix sugar and baking powder together. Cream butter and sugar together with the hand, add beaten eggs, brandy, then fruit, alternately with the flour, mixing well all the time. Lastly, add caramel, mix well and bake in the prepared tin 2 hours in a gradually decreasing heat. When cooked, turn on to a cake rack. Do not remove paper until required. Leave for a few days if possible, before covering with almond paste.

ALMOND PASTE

1½ lb. almond paste, 1½ lb. icing sugar, cherry, yolk 2 eggs, extra icing for dusting board.

Put icing sugar into a basin, add the almond paste. Mix egg yolk and oil together, add to icing, mixing well to make a firm paste. It is little more than a paste, so necessary. Turn on to a board dusted with icing sugar, and knead until firm. Then divide into four pieces. Roll three pieces into strips for the sides of cake, wrapping the cake with the



ROAST DUCK, plum pudding, and the Christmas cake—Delightful as all sorts of novel touches to Christmas foods may be, it is the perfection of a few traditional dishes that gives Christmas its real air.

SOFT ICING

1½ lb. icing sugar, boiling water, flavor.

Put icing sugar well, and add sufficient water to make into a mixture of the right consistency to spread. Add the coloring and flavoring if desired. Heat slightly, and immediately pour over cake. When set, decorate with Royal icing.

ROYAL ICING

1½ lb. icing sugar, white 2 eggs, ¼ teaspoon lemon juice.

Beat eggs through a sieve. Beat egg whites slightly, add lemon juice, then icing sugar, gradually mixing it well. Continue beating this mixture until it reaches the shape of a stiff peak. Add the coloring and flavoring if desired. Heat slightly, and immediately pour over cake. When set, decorate with Royal icing.



DELICIOUS holly hors d'oeuvres follow the ginger cocktail, and give additional zest and novelty to the Christmas dinner.

GINGER COCKTAIL

1 bottle ginger ale, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup grapefruit juice, ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup water, 6 small pieces candied ginger peel.

Put sugar and water into a saucepan, and bring to the boil. When cool, add fruit juice, ginger ale, crushed ice. Mix well. Serve in cocktail glasses with a piece of candied ginger in each glass.

MOCK CHAMPAGNE

Made from green gooseberries, which are now in season, this may be used for this, but never put in much brandy, apple or pear. Take a cupful of orange (not a sweet), half a large orange (sliced), 3 slices of a juicy lemon, 1 banana sliced, 2 slices of pineapple, 1 peach with a lock of flesh, a slice or two of apple, a dozen cherries, not strawberries in place of cherries. 1 little sliced peach. Put all the prepared fruit in a large jug with several pieces of ice, and fast before serving pour in 2 large bottles of well aerated beverage and 2 bottles of ice and strawberry, cherry, or fruit juice to each bottle. Consultation price of 2½ in Mrs. Agnes M. Doyle, Inverness, Vic.

FRUIT DRINK SUPREMACY

Any household fruit may be used for this, but never put in much brandy, apple or pear. Take a cupful of orange (not a sweet), half a large orange (sliced), 3 slices of a juicy lemon, 1 banana sliced, 2 slices of pineapple, 1 peach with a lock of flesh, a slice or two of apple, a dozen cherries, not strawberries in place of cherries. 1 little sliced peach. Put all the prepared fruit in a large jug with several pieces of ice, and fast before serving pour in 2 large bottles of well aerated beverage and 2 bottles of ice and strawberry, cherry, or fruit juice to each bottle. Consultation price of 2½ in Mrs. Agnes M. Doyle, Inverness, Vic.

CHERRY CUP

One pound of sugar, a cup of water, a pint of cherry juice, three lemons, orange slices, pineapple slices, 200 sugar, water, and thick cut lemon rinds for five minutes. Cool and strain, add a pint of cherry juice, lemon juice, and 1 quart. Cooked water. Grate with orange slices, pineapple slices, sliced cherries, and cracked ice if procurable. Consultation price of 2½ in Mrs. Agnes M. Doyle, Inverness, Vic.

PINEAPPLE QUENCH

Peel a large pineapple. Use 1½ lb. of fruit, grate over a basin, as in our recipe for the quench. Add juice of three lemons, 200 sugar, water, and thick cut lemon rinds for five minutes. Cool and strain, add a pint of cherry juice, lemon juice, and 1 quart. Cooked water. Grate with orange slices, pineapple slices, sliced cherries, and cracked ice if procurable. Consultation price of 2½ in Mrs. Agnes M. Doyle, Inverness, Vic.

cherries, 2 oz. blanched almonds, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons brandy, ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon.

Have in readiness a large vessel of boiling water and a grating board. Sprinkle with sugar, dust to the oven it and string for a large pudding cloth sprinkled with flour and sugar. Beat eggs well, add brandy and rum. Cream butter and sugar together, add eggs. Then add sifted flour, salt, cinnamon, and dried fruit. Finely chopped almonds, cherries, spices all mixed together. Put into the basin or cloth, allowing room to swell, and cook in boiling water for six hours. On Christmas morning boil for three hours before serving with caramel brandy sauce, made as follows:

CARAMEL BRANDY SAUCE

½ cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons brandy, 2 eggs, ½ cup cream.

Cream butter, add sugar, a little at a time. Then brandy, a teaspoonful at a time. Fold in well-beaten egg yolks and cream. Cook over a vessel of hot water until the mixture thickens. Pour on to the beaten egg whites.

CHERRY JELLY

2½ lb. cherries, 4 cups water, 1½ lb. sugar, 2 bay leaves, 1 inch cinnamon stick, 1 rod and juice of 1½ lemons, 5 heaped tablespoons gelatine. 2 oz. blanched almonds, ½ cup red wine.

Wash 1½ lb. cherries and put into a saucepan with lemon rind, water, bay leaves, and cinnamon stick. Simmer slowly, with lid on saucepan, until cherries are well stewed. Strain, return to saucepan with sugar. Simmer until sugar is dissolved. Add gelatine, which has been soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water, and the juice of half a lemon. Add few drops cochineal, if necessary. Stand aside until cold. Stone remainder of cherries, and insert a strip of blanched almond in each cavity. When jelly is cold, pour 1½ cups into a wetted mould. When set, add some of the cherries, and pour a little cold jelly on them. Repeat until the cherries and jelly are used. Stand aside to set. Just before serving, turn on to a dish and fill the centre with whipped cream.

BAKED HAM

1 small ham, brown sugar, cloves, 1 cup red wine, 1 clove garlic.

Cover ham with cold water, and stand 12 hours. Cover with fresh cold water, and bring to boiling point; boil three hours. Remove skin, place in roasting dish, rub with cut garlic. Cover with brown sugar, and stick with cloves. Roast three-quarters of an hour, baste carefully with wine. Cover with more brown sugar, reduce heat, and cook very gently for a quarter of an hour, without basting. This is a very nice way to cook a ham.



delicious
**PEEK FREAN
PUDDINGS**
save all the trouble!

WHY spend hours cleaning currants, chopping suet, and stirring till your arm aches? Ask yourself, is it worth it when you can buy those excellent Peek Frean "Santa Claus" Plum Puddings? And if you're planning a Christmas out-of-doors, Santa Claus puddings are so easy to carry; so easy to heat.

Of course, the proof of any pudding is in the eating, and the very first bite will convince you about Peek Frean's. That rich, fruity flavour that smooth, mellow goodness; you'll find it as good as the best of made-at-home puddings. (And let's whisper, even better than some!)

Santa Claus Plum Puddings are sold in two sizes—1½ lb. and 2½ lb. Directions for serving hot are given on each container.

Obtainable at All Grocers and Stores.



PEEK FREAN

Win a Prize For Children's Holiday Dishes

SCHOOLS will soon be breaking-up for the summer holidays, which means extra cooking to cope with holiday appetites.

Can you suggest economical, quickly prepared, yet nourishing dishes?

It will be paid for the best recipe. Consultation prizes awarded. Results announced in our issue of December 23.

See next issue for winners in the Cherry Competition.

1½ lb. cherries, 4 cups water, 1½ lb. sugar, 2 bay leaves, 1 inch cinnamon stick, 1 rod and juice of 1½ lemons, 5 heaped tablespoons gelatine. 2 oz. blanched almonds, ½ cup red wine.

Wash 1½ lb. cherries and put into a saucepan with lemon rind, water, bay leaves, and cinnamon stick. Simmer slowly, with lid on saucepan, until cherries are well stewed. Strain, return to saucepan with sugar. Simmer until sugar is dissolved. Add gelatine, which has been soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water, and the juice of half a lemon. Add few drops cochineal, if necessary. Stand aside until cold. Stone remainder of cherries, and insert a strip of blanched almond in each cavity. When jelly is cold, pour 1½ cups into a wetted mould. When set, add some of the cherries, and pour a little cold jelly on them. Repeat until the cherries and jelly are used. Stand aside to set. Just before serving, turn on to a dish and fill the centre with whipped cream.

Her Son's Choice

Continued from Page 11

RUTH woke the next morning wondering what the postman would bring. It was her birthday, and the children always remembered. It was the letters she looked forward to; the small gifts did not cause her any thrill. She was "past birthday presents," she always told them. But they always sent something.

The post came during breakfast. Cherry ran to the door and came back with parcels.

The usual things. Ida and Gregory had sent a leather purse and a pot of home-made jam. The children had added a tin of toffees that were Ruth's weakness. There was a writing-pad and a long letter of trouble from an elder sister of Ruth.

Nothing at all from John and Catherine. Ruth looked vaguely troubled. They had never missed before; she hoped the children were not ill. It was quite a time since she had had a letter.

Cherry's eyes were dancing. She was full of suppressed excitement, longing for Ruth to finish reading her letters. Ruth looked up and caught her making signs to David. David nodded, and Cherry ran out of the room. She came back with a box that Ruth had seen her taking up to her room the day before, when she returned from shopping in the town. It was a large, round box, and bore the name of "Pipette" in sprawling letters. Ruth knew Pipette's smart little hat-shop in the High Street; she had sometimes glanced idly in its decorative windows, and had vaguely disapproved when she had seen that Cherry had added another hat to her already over-stocked wardrobe upstairs. She supposed this was another of those ridiculous minute affairs, looking like a pimple on a pumpkin.

But it wasn't. Cherry opened the box and took out the hat. A charming hat; a peach of a hat. Or, it might be more strictly said, a violet of a hat! It was small, toque-shaped, entirely composed of tiny purple violets in all their soft multi-shades. It sported a dinky little smoke-grey eye-veil, and had chic and Pipette written all over it. Ruth gave an exclamation. It was a long time since beauty had moved her.

"Why, what a pretty hat! I've never seen such a pretty one!" she said. "It would fit you, I believe. Try it!" said Cherry.

"Don't be ridiculous, child! It's not my sort of hat. I'm forty-six to-day!"

"Anyway, try it. I'd like to see the effect."

With fingers that fluttered, Ruth tried on the hat. Turned it this side and that. It fitted her perfectly. Almost Ruth preened.

"Why, Mum!" said David, "it might have been made for you!"

Cherry was dancing up and down. "Look, Dave! Doesn't she look a darling! Didn't I say it was just her hat!"

Ruth looked from one to the other, bewildered. Her hat? Whose hat?

"It's yours," Cherry explained. "You see, I—David—"

"Cherry wanted to give you a birthday present, Mum. She spotted that hat, and that's that," her son informed her.

"But, Cherry, it's sweet of you, child—but, really, I can't!"

"Oh, yes, you can. Oh, Mother—"

There was a shyness in the girl's voice, slammering hesitancy. "Mother, don't shut yourself out—away from all the pretty things. You'll grow so miserable. Just look how alive you are in that hat; the color suits you. You've got such a lovely pink face—and your eyes—"

Ruth looked, and saw that it was so. She turned to Cherry, eager, vivid little Cherry, so alive and vital herself, and in a flood of realization sensed all that her ordered, stilted life must seem to the girl. Impulsively she held out her arms, and Cherry went into them like a homing pigeon.

"Thank you, dear," Ruth said softly. "It's the loveliest birthday present I've ever had."

"Here, what about mine?" David hurt, indignant.

"His" was of all things—a bottle of perfume, real live perfume, lovely, lingering, smelling of every flower that ever was.

"Cherry's idea, too," he had to confess. "My thoughts ran on the usual lines, Mum; you know, something useful for mother—"

"I nearly bought a kettle-holder shaped like a cat," "Cherry knows that I've always longed for a bottle of scent other than lavender-water," Ruth said smiling. "Old ladies' night-out perfume, that is!" from irrepressible Cherry. "You've got years and years before you reach the lavender-water era, Mother!"

The postman knocked again; this time the mid-morning letter-post. A hurried scrawl from Catherine—she was so sorry—they'd forgotten mother's birthday! But what with the children

doing this and that, and the house being re-decorated—anyway, she sent loving wishes, and was sending off a parcel to-morrow; she thought Ruth would find a pair of hand-knitted bed-socks comforting and useful.

Ruth read the letter. "Dear Catherine," she murmured. "It's thoughtful of her. But—she doesn't know I've found something a good deal more comforting—my new daughter!" She smiled fondly at Cherry.

"Even if I'm not useful, eh? But I've been wanting to ask you—you will show me all the things to do in a house? I do so want to be a good wife to David—I try so hard—"

She sounded so anxious! Ruth laughed.

"Of course I will! We'll have such fun. I'll show you how to be old, while you show me how to keep young, eh?"

"That's a bargain!"

"Well, to begin. Get your things on. I'll attack the breakfast-things in the sink." (The sink gasped.) "I'm going to buy myself a new frock to go with my new hat, and I shall want your advice, dear. After that, we'll have my birthday treat. Lunch out—Bill's in the High Street. Do you very well, I hear."

"Extravagance!" murmured David. "Never mind. I want to swank with my new clothes. And afterwards, we'll go to the talkies! It looks such an interesting picture, by the posters."

"O-oh, lovely!" said Cherry. "Which one? What's it called?"

Ruth puzzled for a moment. Then: "I remember! 'Be Yourself!'" she said. "Sounds a strange title, but the posters look fine!"

(Copyright)



HUSBY: What! Fish and chips for dinner?
WIFE: Yes, dear! The roast caught fire and spread to the apple tart, so I had to take the soup and put it out."



"Is that young man of yours a poor swimmer?"
"Don't be absurd, Auntie—as a matter of fact he's a very rich company promoter!"

JEALOUSY

Continued from Page 8

"ARE they? Then I suppose I'll have to go. I'll leave the chocolates here under your care in the meantime. Since you don't like sweets you won't feel tempted to help yourself!" He laughed at his own joke. "I'll call in for them in the evening. I'm dining with Miss Wilcox and I can take them with me. Well, good-bye, Miss Minchin! Be good!"

He was in high spirits. As he ran down the stairs from the office he told himself that everything was going surprisingly well. Really, it was very simple to commit a murder if you took a little thought and went about it in the right way.

He had guarded new against every contingency. If by any chance he had been observed buying a box of chocolates, he could produce Miss Minchin as a witness that they were intended for Fleur Wilcox. And on his way out to her house that evening he would buy another similar box to present to her. No one would guess that the box he gave was not the same as the one Miss Minchin had seen in the office. "Galley's Popular Assortment" were done up in distinctive boxes tied with blue ribbon.

In the meantime the box of poisoned chocolates could not be in a safer place than in his office under the guardianship of Miss Minchin. When he went back in the evening he could type Lotta's address and weigh the parcel on the office scales so as to know how many stamps to put on. That would diminish the chances of his being noticed by the clerk in the post office.

NOW that everything was settled and arranged, his mind was quite tranquil. He was able to concentrate on the plans of the factory he was designing for Messrs. Barrow. While he worked the delightful thought hovered at the back of his mind that he would be seeing Fleur in a few hours. Dear little Fleur! She would be enchanted to get his present that evening. She loved chocolates almost as much as Lotta herself, but what seemed greed in the older woman seemed merely a lovable trait in the young girl.

A selfish man's power for self-justification is unlimited. Actually Harkness had come to think that in putting Lotta out of the way—that was how he thought of the murder—he had planned—he was performing a meritorious action. He assuaged his conscience by telling himself it was for Fleur's sake he was doing this thing.

According to his usual custom he dropped in at his club for tea after the interview with Messrs. Barrow. It was then five. He had decided he would go to his flat and change into dinner-clothes before returning to the office for the chocolates. Miss Minchin would have gone by that time, and he could proceed with the tying of Lotta's address and the doing up of the parcel unobserved.

There was plenty of time. Tea finished, he joined some friends in a rather of bridge. Then, however, came an interruption. One of the guests informed him that he was wanted on the phone.

It was Miss Minchin speaking from the office. Some matter had cropped up concerning which she wanted his opinion. Harkness, eager to return

to his rubber, gave it impatiently. But Miss Minchin was still speaking. Confound the woman! What was she saying?

"What's that?"

"I'm saying it's a pity you were out this afternoon. There was a visitor—a visitor you'd have liked to have seen."

"Who?"

"Miss Wilcox. She said she'd called in to see what your office was like. She was so sorry to find you out! Oh, and I gave her the chocolates. I thought it would save you the trouble of coming back to the office. She was delighted. . . . Hello! Are you listening? Hello?"

But Miss Minchin got no reply. The receiver had fallen from Harkness's hand. His eyes were staring; every drop of blood had drained from his cheeks.

Jealousy again! It was Fleur's jealousy of Miss Minchin that had led her to pay that surprise visit to the office. Oh, God, why hadn't he thought of it before? Why hadn't he remembered her questions the previous night?

Stay! Perhaps there was yet time to avert the tragedy. If only she had not yet eaten the chocolates. He called up the number of the house, cursing the slowness of the exchange like a madman.

It was Fleur's mother who answered.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Harkness? How funny! I was just going to ask you if you would mind coming to dinner another night instead? . . . Fleur's not very well. . . . Nothing to worry about. . . . The silly girl ate too many of those delicious chocolates you gave her. . . . She simply can't resist chocolates."

From the club to Harkness's flat was only a few hundred yards. Nobody noticed him leaving the club. Nobody knew he had returned to the flat until the sound of a revolver made the startled servants cry out in terror. . . .

After her employer's inexplicable suicide Miss Minchin had no difficulty in finding another post. She is now secretary to a lawyer who sometimes laughingly calls her "the Robot."

Very occasionally, when she is alone in her bedroom, Miss Minchin opens a drawer that she always keeps locked. Hidden in that drawer there is a box of chocolates tied with faded blue ribbon. She has never opened it and the chocolates inside must be musty and quite uneatable. Sometimes Miss Minchin lifts the box to her lips and when she does so the tears run down her cheeks.

It is her only keepsake of the man she loved. Jealousy is a queer thing. What satisfaction she got from slipping out of the office that afternoon and buying a similar box to substitute for the one Harkness had kissed. I cannot say, but that is what she had done. I suppose in some obscure way she felt she was cheating Fleur, the girl of whom she was insanely jealous.

So the box Fleur carried from the office was not the one Harkness had kissed, not the one that contained the poisoned chocolates. Its contents were entirely harmless. But jealousy is a queer thing. It was the thought of a young sister who also adored chocolates that made Fleur eat so many; and at such a pace that she became quite ill and had to go to bed.

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All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post at the prices indicated at—
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 331 PALL ST.
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BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.

Half a yard 36-inch. Frock with Apron: Half a yard 36-inch. Apron: Quarter of a yard 36-inch. Coat: Three-quarters yard 30-inch. PAPER PATTERN FOR FULL SET, 1/1.

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PATTERNS.
See special notice on the pattern page.

The Poison RING

Continued from Page 5

"I WON'T let you go—ever," said Orsini in his best and most passionate manner.

Ned stroled across. Orsini saw him and dropped his grasp of Louvina as if she had been a hot potato. There was a red mark on her arm where the hand on which he wore his ring had pressed. Ned saw the mark, but said nothing. It was during his silent moments that Louvina was most fearful of what he might do.

"If you slip upstairs I'll be coming up in a minute," was all he said to her when he came up.

Louvina looked at her husband anxiously. He looked exceedingly annoyed.

"You are not—" she began nervously.

"I am not going to break anything," he answered shortly. "Now you go on; toddle."

Later Ned joined his wife. The interval of waiting had been an anxious time for Louvina. She hoped Ned hadn't been violent to Count Orsini. These Italians were so quick-tempered—and revengeful, one never knew what they might do.

Louvina had put on her prettiest boudoir cap and retired to bed after bathing her forehead with eau-de-Cologne. She felt perfectly well, but after such a scene it seemed more decent to have a headache.

"What did you say to him?" she asked as her husband came in.

Ned didn't answer; he went to the glass and tugged at his tie.

"You weren't rude, I hope?"

"No, I was perfectly polite."

"But what did you say?"

Ned turned. "I simply told the little swine that if I found him talking to you again I'd chuck him in the Grand Canal."

"Oh! Ned! How could you!"

"Well, he must learn to behave himself. Why?"

Ned's voice grew indignant. "I actually saw the mark of one of his filthy finger-nails on your arm."

Louvina looked at her arm, the faint imprint of Orsini's ring still showed.

"That's isn't a finger mark," she began, then stopped; if she told Ned these Italians were about we a ring poison ring, he'd probably take her away from the Lido altogether.

"What is it, then?"

"Oh, don't fuss so, and turn out the light," said Louvina.

AFTER this there was calm in the Frimton ménage. From whatever motives, whether a desire to avoid the Grand Canal or because he did not wish to embarrass Louvina, or from a simple sense of native dignity which he appeared to possess in plenty, Count Orsini kept away. Indeed, the Italian's manner was so splendidly aloof that Ned began to think he had made rather a fool of himself.

If actually brought face to face with Louvina in the hotel, Orsini would bow with such exceedingly frigid politeness that the greeting was almost ironical; but never again, neither on the beach nor in the ballroom nor any of the places where hotel visitors were wont to foregather, did he attempt to approach her.

At the end of the two or three days Louvina began to miss his company. He had been amusing; really, she thought Ned need not have made such a fuss.

Then came the night of the fancy dress ball, a very grand affair given in one of the big hotels near St. Mark's. The period fixed for the dresses was Venice in the seventeenth century. Of course, every one from the Lido had arranged to go.

Louvina buttoned the reluctant Ned into a Maltese-like costume and took him off to the festivities.

Louvina knew plenty of English partners, and when Ned was satisfied she would be all right, he went off, saying he would take a tour round the streets and come back later.

It was during an interval between dances that Louvina's adventure began again at the point where it had been broken off. A masked figure approached her.

When immediately in front of her the figure stopped, swept off his hat and bowed.

"I have waited three days for this hour," Louvina knew the voice; she knew the manner, but taken aback by the unexpected encounter, she stilled for time.

"Who are you?"

For answer he held out his hand on which glittered the ring of the Orsini. Louvina looked round quickly. Ned would be away smoking for a bit; anyway, the forbidden one had had the tact to wear a mask.

"The next dance is ours," said Orsini.

The next dance, as a matter of fact, belonged to a retired Major of the Indian Army, who knew every blade of grass in Baluchistan.

The music began—a tango which Orsini danced divinely. The Major's chances went out to a thousand to one.

"I knew we should meet again," whispered Orsini, as he held Louvina closely to him in the swaying rhythmic dance. "I even dared to think you wished that we should meet; but, of course, in the big world one understands things and a first duty is not to cause embarrassment to a charming lady."

"Heaven help me, if Ned ever discovers this!" thought Louvina.

"It has been cruelly difficult to keep away from you," continued Orsini; "but it is all the more wonderful to have my arm round you again."

"Now I'm going to show you Venice from a gondola."

"Oh! I couldn't do that."

"For just twenty minutes—a quarter of an hour; no one will notice you have left the room; the Grand Canal, with the dark facades of the once famous palaces, is rather beautiful at night."

"The Grand Canal," repeated Louvina. She wasn't a fool, and she wasn't going to get into a gondola and go just anywhere with this firebrand of a Count. But the Grand Canal! That was a sort of main street.

Orsini divined her misgivings.

"Yes, the Grand Canal. My gondola is at St. Mark's Steps. We will go up



"Just look at him, Joe! Hasn't the little darling got an active brain?"

as far as the Rialto, and then back again."

"Well, all right; we mustn't be long."

THEY slipped from the ballroom unobserved. Orsini still wore his mask, but the crossing near the corner of St. Mark's was an anxious moment for Louvina. "Suffering snakes!" she thought. "If Ned saw me now!"

They found the gondola at the steps, dark and velvet hooded as Orsini himself. Even the gondolier had a subtle air of mystery about him. Beyond a slight inclination of his head towards his master, he took no notice of their arrival; in fact, he deliberately looked away as Orsini helped Louvina in.

At night in Venice a good gondolier never looks at the face of the lady that accompanies his master.

"You are comfortable?" Orsini asked as he settled her on some soft cushions in the cabin.

"Yes, but we can't see much from in here. Can't we have the hood back?"

"If you like," Orsini reluctantly pulled back one of the curtains.

The gondolier's oar fell with a soft splash in the water and the black-painted craft glided forward. In a few moments Louvina's misgivings were forgotten in the charm of the experience of a voyage by gondola through Venice at night, made the more romantic by the presence of her companion in his picturesque costume. Orsini was behaving himself admirably. He had not even tried to take her hand, but lay back against the cushions, dreamily smoking a cigarette.

Suddenly Louvina sat forward. The gondola had given a swerve to the right and was heading straight for the opening of one of the narrow dark side canals that twist their mysterious way between tall buildings, behind whose barred windows none seem to know who lives.

"Where are we going?" she asked sharply.

"Does it matter?"

Please turn to Page 43

"YES, it does. I said I'd go up the Grand Canal with you, not down the side-way. Hi!" She waved to the gondolier: "Canal Grande."

The man took no notice, but continued to paddle the gondola in the direction he had taken.

Louvinia shook Orsini's shoulder; he seemed half asleep.

"You tell him, the gondolier doesn't understand me; I'm not going up one of those side canals, do you hear?"

Louvinia had jumped to her feet and was standing in the well of the gondola, the white-crowned prow of which was now right inside the entrance to the small canal.

She looked round. There was not a soul in sight. Orsini, stretched on the cushions, seemed completely indifferent to their direction; she even fancied there was a sly smile playing about his lips.

Suddenly she grew afraid. She was not going up that dark, narrow side canal with this man, about whom she knew so little; once up there anything might happen; no, she would throw herself into the water first. She could swim.

Then hands caught her and drew her backwards.

"Come and sit down quietly and don't be a little fool," said Orsini in a very different voice.

"Let me go! Stop the gondola!" She looked wildly at the gondolier, but for all the notice the man took of her she might have been made of stone. Orsini's grasp tightened.

"Help!" called Louvinia at the top of her voice.

At the same moment the gondola heaved with a jerk and a voice—a very English voice that she knew well, said, "What is it?"

Ned! What a fool she had been not to recall that he had gone for a walk, yet what a relief to find him here.

In a moment Louvinia was on the footway, with Ned's right arm round her. His left hand still held the prow of the gondola firmly.

It was at this moment that the Count Orsini, dressed in his mask, most unwisely showed his face.

"Oh, it's you again," said Ned, then quietly began to draw the gondola towards him. "I told you what I'd do to you if I found you annoying my wife again."

"Ned!" Louvinia implored.

The Poison RING

HUSBAND and wife made their way back towards the dance by a narrow side street that leads directly into St. Mark's. As they came within sight of the lights of the entrance Ned asked Louvinia if she was really anxious to dance again.

"Not if you want to go home," she said.

"Well, I've got a bit of a head on me."

"All right; let's go back to the hotel, then."

Ned was very quiet in the gondola that took them back to the Lido, and when they reached the hotel lost no time in undressing and getting into bed.

Louvinia herself, tired out with all the excitement of the evening, was soon asleep. She was awakened by a sense of something unusual, and opening her eyes saw Ned had turned on his light.

"What is it?" she called.

"I don't know. I felt pretty queer when I got into bed, aching all over and that sort of thing; then I started shivering, pulled some blankets over me, and now I'm sweating like a pig. Ough!" Ned gave a grunt and sat up.

"George! I feel rotten."

He looked rotten, too. His face was white and drawn; great beads of sweat stood on his forehead; his eyes were large and bright and shining with an unhealthy glossiness.

Louvinia got her thermometer and took his temperature. Only a sound training as a V.A.D. enabled her to repress a start. It was 104 degrees.

She took his wrist to feel his pulse, and as she did so she saw something that made her feel as though her very heart had turned to ice. On the outside of Ned's finger there was a red mark; the whole finger looked inflamed.

She pointed to the mark. "How did that happen?"

"Oh, that!" Ned's drawn lips twisted into a smile. "That's that damned dog. When I hauled him out of the water I scratched myself on his beastly ring. What are you doing?"

Louvinia did not answer. She had lifted the telephone.

"Hullo! Is that the night porter? Listen. I want a doctor at once."

patient's bedside, retook his temperature, felt his pulse. His expression became grave.

He asked a question in Italian. Louvinia spoke no Italian, but Ned knew a little and was able to reply. Several more questions between patient and doctor followed. Louvinia listened, understanding nothing. It was as Orsini had said: "Of course no doctor could diagnose what was the matter. At last she could bear it no longer. She went up to the bedside, lifted Ned's hand and pointed to the inflamed place on his first finger. The doctor examined the finger, but did not appear to make much of it."

"Mosquito!" he muttered.

"No," screamed Louvinia, "it's not a mosquito; it's—it's—" She stopped. How could she say what was on her tongue before Ned! How tell her husband the ghastly nature of his illness!

The doctor said something to Ned. He was evidently remonstrating.

"He says he can't get on with his work while you are in the room," said Ned. "Go and wait outside a moment, there's a good girl. You know how funny these foreigners are."

There was nothing for it but to obey. Louvinia waited outside, it seemed for a hundred years. At last the doctor appeared. Louvinia clutched at his arm. He tried to calm her. He began to speak at length, talking all the while in Italian.

Evidently he was telling her the nature of her husband's illness. Using apparently the only French word he knew, he said "typhus" many times. At last, seeing she did not understand, he resorted to pantomime. With fingers

Continued from Page 42

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Instant relief for



BAD BREATH

Sufferers from bad breath are rarely aware of it—others always notice it.

Instant relief is sure. Melasol makes an efficient quick-acting gargle, because it contains 40% Iodoform, the powerful deodorant and germicide. Unique because non-poisonous and non-irritating to the most delicate tissues.

Also unequalled for: Poisoned wounds, cuts and sores, skin eruptions, tonsillitis, sore throat. Available for Personal Hygiene.

Of all Chemists, 2/-, 4/6, 9/6

MELASOL
Antiseptic Solution

Contains 40% Iodoform, the new Australian germicide. Gargles times as strong as carbolic but non-poisonous and non-irritant.

"Sure in Action—Safe in Use."



NEIGHBOR: Did our party disturb your husband's rest last night?
MISSUS: Yes. He woke up every time he heard a cork pop.

But he brushed her aside, caught Orsini by the scruff of his velvet collar and, lifting him from the gondola as easily as if he'd been a kitten, pitched him head first into the Grand Canal.

As she saw the twentieth century offspring of the Dogs of Venice plunging and spluttering in his own canal, Louvinia's first inclination was to laugh. Then she saw the Italian was in difficulties. The gondolier had fled, and Orsini was scrambling at the side of the waterfront, the top of which was too high for him to reach.

"Ned, he can't swim!"

"Neither he can," said her husband, regarding Count Orsini without much sympathy.

"Help him out at once; he'll drown! Do you hear?"

Ned now saw something must be done, and throwing himself down on the waterspout, stretched out an arm to Orsini, who frantically clutched his hand. A strong tug hoisted the Italian back on to dry land. Count Orsini presented a woebegone appearance as he stood in his dragged finery spitting out the silny waters of the Grand Canal.

"Now be off," said Ned, "unless you want another wash."

Count Orsini apparently did not want any more washing and, as Ned approached, betook himself off quickly.

What's that—you can only get an Italian doctor at this hour, and he can't speak English? Never mind; send him immediately. Do you understand?"

"For goodness' sake!" Ned protested. Louvinia said nothing. Indeed, she could scarcely speak. And if she had been able to, what could she tell her husband? That an Italian, with whom she had been associating against his wishes, had injected him with the virus of rattlesnake bite to revenge himself for an insult!

The second must have obtained some of the poison somehow during the last three days and come to the hall prepared.

Surely never did wife that had playfully defied her husband suffer more! If only the doctor would come! She looked at Ned. He seemed to be getting worse each minute. Sometimes he would roll restlessly in his bed, trying to push the blankets from him. Then he would be still and after a moment shivers terrible to watch would shake his huge frame. In her tortured mind she imagined him actually dying under her very eyes, one of the most terrible deaths imaginable.

A knock on the door. The doctor at last!

A little fussy Italian with a black beard entered. He went at once to the

HOT HOLBROOK says: Spread Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste on hot buttered toast. Remove crust, cut into strips. Add hot tasty.



HAPPY the woman who finds a Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Gift awaiting her on Christmas morning—a gift fragrant with the quality famous for 127 years. Yet such gifts of rare distinction that any woman will be thrilled to receive—gifts that will express your good taste—cost a trifling sum indeed. You will find Cashmere Bouquet Xmas Gifts displayed at chemists and stores everywhere.

THE CASHMERE BOUQUET GIFT BOX—a dainty gift for women. It contains a cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, a large tin of Cashmere Bouquet Talc and a box of the New Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder—a delightful trio in a dainty box.

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP—the most famous soap in the world, with a reputation 127 years old. The gift box contains 3 cakes of this best loved of all toilet soaps. So fine, so fragrant, with its perfume of 12 precious flower oils. A most flattering gift for Mother, Sisters, women relatives and friends.

PAIMOLIVE GIFT BOX FOR MEN—a large tube of Paimolive Shaving Cream, a cake of Paimolive Soap and a tin of Paimolive After-Shaving Talc—all in a gay box that will delight any man.



COLGATE'S MEANS — 127 YEARS OF QUALITY

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

FRED peered out of the big window, and saw, in the distance the old friendly tiger ambling his way down to the river's edge. Also he could see, dipping gently to and fro, a rowing boat crowded with happy boys and girls. The boat came along for a distance, then suddenly, without any warning, went round in a complete circle, then tipped up. Fred quickly realised what was the matter—the boat was caught in a whirlpool. He sprang from where he sat, and called for the others to follow. Wunderlust was the first to run to him, then the lost children came scrambling out, and, lastly, the big teddy bear, the middle-sized teddy bear, and the baby bear.

SOON a small crowd stood beside the river, and watched the children struggling in the water. Something had to be done, and to be done quickly if the lives of the children were to be saved.

Wunderlust raced madly up and down the river bank. He realised that he could do nothing, for he could scarcely swim more than a few yards himself. And, as he looked, a queer feeling came over him. With horror in his eyes, he saw not a hundred yards away, a shark with wide opened mouth swimming down the river. Wunderlust stood speechless as the shark came within a few feet of a little fair-haired child. But the shark, as if frightened by the continual screaming of the children, headed off down the river.

Fred by this time had raced down one side of the river, and had found a little motor boat anchored under a weeping willow tree. He started the engine and was soon speeding in the direction of the terrified children.

One by one they managed to clamber in, all wet and tired and with their little hearts beating quickly.

Fred reached the shore and was met by a cheering crowd. Everyone had gathered to see Fred's heroic deed. Why, there were several ducks and drakes, some swallows, some doves, a big grey-



THE TEDDY BEAR'S HOME

ish bird, and goodness knows what else! And, sure enough, there was a kangaroo. Soon all the wet children were seated comfortably before a roaring fire, which Father Teddybear had so kindly lit. Dear old Mamma Teddybear was out in the kitchen preparing a hearty dinner for the wet tots. All the towels in the house had to be used to dry them, and all the rugs were taken off all the beds and put around them, so they could not catch cold.

Luckily, Mamma Teddybear had a big pot of soup in readiness for her family's evening meal, so she had little trouble in heating it up for the children.

While they were enjoying their soup, Wunderlust asked the brightest looking of them "where they were heading for when they got into difficulties." But, as the little fellow seemed to hesitate and fiddle with his fingers, Wunderlust did not press his question.

"ALL had a good feed?" said Wunderlust, smiling his broadest smile. They all said that they had had enough, except one little fat boy who looked the other way. Wunderlust thought he must still be hungry, and so he 'crept into the kitchen, where Mamma Teddybear was washing some dishes. As her back was turned towards the door, she did not see Wunderlust, nor did she hear him, so when he said gently, "have you got anything more we could give a poor hungry boy?" she turned round with a start.

"Oh-ah!" she exclaimed, "It's only you! Yes, I have some strawberries and cream in the ice chest, over there." She pointed to an ice chest in the corner.

Wunderlust took some of them and gave them to the boy who hadn't smiled. Of course, when he got the strawberries, he smiled, and what a smile it was! When the rest of the boys and girls cast envious eyes at the strawberries and cream, poor Wunderlust did not know what to do. He went to the kitchen once more, and this time he returned with some apples, some bananas, and some cherries. And so the boys and girls did not feel any the worse for their accident.

(Fred meets a fairy in next week's issue who can make fairies. Read the next instalment and learn how she does it.)

Just Chatter

ETHEL WHITEBOURNE, of Kybraham (Vic.), writes a very interesting letter. Margaret Jenkins, of Mordiallo, is glad the yearly examinations are over. Jack Mangen, of Milton (Qld.), is 9 years old.

Valerie Miles, of Glenland (Vic.), is 12 years of age; N. Laage, of Maribou (Qld.), lives seven miles out of Brisbane; Mavis Jones, of Nambour, writes pretty verses.

Lucy Faudie, of Lipson (E.A.), writes a very interesting letter. Judith Blanton, of North Sydney, writes verses.

Clare Stockhill, of Coomera, has for her pets eight hamsters, a cat, and two kittens. **Donald Harral**, of 8 Mile Plains (Qld.), is a good writer. **Margaret O'Hanlon**, of Bonaah (Qld.), is fond of stitching.

Billy Kestwell, of Winton, rides to school every day. **Doris Mappin**, of Marrabett, likes reading stories. **Neville Appleby**, of Tamworth, writes an excellent letter.

Glady's Calkins, of West Coomera, is fond of stitching. **Robert Wright**, of Maribou, is 12 years old. **Kath Maylor**, of Macdonald (Vic.), always reads "Fred's" adventures.

LUMMARD HOWARD, of Fairfield, is going to buy a pony. **Joy Cummins**, of Auburn, likes swimming. **Tom Kestler**, of Prunard Hill, is fond of chopping wood.

Ray Thompson, of Glenelg, is 9 years old next month. **Margaret Crayden**, of North Bonaah, likes reading jokes.

Mary Brian, of Frankston, likes stitching. **Dolly Marshall**, of Hamilton (Vic.), enjoys reading about the "Terrible Twins". **John Turnbull**, of Bundamba, is eight years old.

Joan Harrell, of Hazzardville, writes very nicely. **Killy Jerram**, of North Sydney, can milk a cow. **Harry Ford**, of Wellington, is there is **Mickie Ryan**, quite a little artist.

CHRISTMAS TIME

By Helen Rowe.

JUST two more weeks to Christmas, And then the fun begins; Because on Christmas morning, We receive such lovely things. There's toys and guns for little boys, And motor cars and bikes, And hats and balls and other toys That help to make things bright.

Prize of 5/- to Helen Rowe, Waratah St., Mayfield West, Newcastle, for this original little verse.

Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—

Here is a little verse I would like you all to learn and to follow:

"Smile awhile, And while you smile another smiles, And so there's smiles and smiles of smiles. And life's worth while, Because YOU smile!"

A most interesting letter came this week from Heather Hay (15), 56 Fourth Ave., Lidcombe, which thoroughly deserves the prize of 5/-.

In it Heather tells me all about a wonderful trip she had to London, via America.

"We crossed Canada by railway from Vancouver to Montreal. During this part of the trip the Rocky Mountains were passed, which were extremely beautiful," says Heather in her letter.

Good-bye, Pals, until next week. Cherish.

From your Pal,

CONNIE.

FOR FUN & FANCY

QUEST (departing from hotel): "Quick! Run upstairs and see if I left my umbrella by the washstand in my bedroom. I've only got three minutes to catch my train." (After returning two minutes later): "Yes, sir, it's exactly where you said it was!" Prize Card to Jim Haggles, 40 Belmont St., Merrylands.

Harold (showing grandma the wireless): "Of course, you know who invented the wireless, don't you, granny? It was Marconi!" (Gently: "Harold! Harold! How disgraceful and disrespectful! You should say 'Mrs. Coni'") Prize Card to Laura Clayton, Box 54, Post Office, Hamilton.

Uncle: "What sort of a doll would you like as a birthday present, Bella?" Bella: "I think I'll have twins, Uncle!" Prize Card to Nell Topping, "Astor," 43 K's a slinger, Rd. Greenwich.

Which is the best year for frogs—Leap Year? What has a head but no face? —A match. Prize Card to David Giles, Currawang St., Young.

Teacher: "A not can ask more questions than a wise man can answer." **Ben**: "No wonder I failed in my exam!" **Teacher**: "You must sing louder than that!" **Pupil**: "But I'm singing as loud as I can!" **Teacher**: "Well, let yourself go. Open your mouth and throw yourself!" Prize Card to David Giles, Currawang St., Young.

John: "Professor Smith has given me a ticket for a lecture, and I don't quite know what he means by it."

Joe: "Why, what's the trouble?" **John**: "The lecture is on 'Fools,' and on the ticket it says 'Admit one!'" Prize Card to R. Ryan, "Emuhead," 28 Bonaah Avenue, Mordiallo.

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FALLING STAR

Continued from Page 14

BLAKELY, in full uniform, was sitting near Donca and smoking. Eisenlohr stood with one foot on the runner of the sleigh and looked lazily as he watched the reflector and the Klieg lights being shored this way and that. Takus was not far from the sleigh. Mackenzie was at hand with powder and mirror and a tall fur cap. As Mackenzie came up to the sleigh he heard the Morescu talk Russian to the driver, who turned around, swished his whip, and said something in Russian to the horses. The horses understood only English and Spanish, and their flesh trembled when the whip touched them. But they were experienced and patient film horses.

"Hello, Mack!" Eisenlohr called. He never liked to see any of his competitors on the lot when he was shooting. But he was flattered when they did come around.

"Hello, Eisenlohr," replied Mackenzie. "Hello, Mackenzie," called the Morescu, offering her hand. She was so deep in her regal role that he could do nothing else but kiss her hand.

"What do you say to this light?" Eisenlohr asked. "But that damn cloud there—if it don't pass soon we'll have to quit. We're two days late without that damn cloud."

"Eisenlohr is developing a special talent as a gaol-keeper," the Morescu said smiling. "I have never been played so in my life, not even by him. I can already see that I'll have to register fainting, as Rita Nara used to do, before I can get a minute's rest." She spoke with a little more exaggerated accent than usual. There was every evidence that she was in the best of humor. "Have you seen our prison scenes, Mackenzie? Let them run them off for you." She put three fingers on her lips and kissed them.

"Why don't you shout it from the top of the roof?" Eisenlohr said angrily. The little cloud over Petrograd split

and distributed itself over nooks and corners.

"I would like to see you for a moment," Mackenzie said to Eisenlohr.

"Shoot," Eisenlohr said, without leaving the sleigh. He had fixed his eyes on the lamps that were to illuminate the scene. As the Morescu dabbed powder on her face, Mackenzie put his arm under Eisenlohr's and drew him aside.

"What's the dirt about Donca? She doesn't know anything yet, does she?" Mackenzie asked. "I couldn't talk to you with her listening. It's a question of Oliver's role in 'Progress'."

"No, she hasn't got the faintest idea. We've been shooting till five o'clock in the morning. And then I've waited until she fell asleep. At noon-to-day I got her out of her room myself. And I'll work her until she falls in a heap. To-morrow morning we'll shoot again. Everybody's instructed accordingly. Who makes the slightest error gets fired."

"And how can you stand it?" "I?" Eisenlohr said, stretching his giant body. "I only look decadent," he laughed. "But I've already worked thirty-seven hours before without a stop. Haven't you?"

"Of course I have," Mackenzie affirmed. And then questioned Eisenlohr about the man Aldens.

EISENLOHR hesitated a moment. Of course he had kept Aldens under his wing, but actually he had not believed in him much. Aldens was just a ham, he thought, good front, but nothing behind it. He looked around. Nobody was listening to them. Well, after all,

wasn't Oliver just a ham, he reflected. Something in him answered: No, Oliver was not a ham.

"Aldens?" he said. "That's a grand idea. Aldens? My God, we were brought up together in Darmstadt. He isn't just an extra, you know. He was a great guy in Berlin. A real actor. Of course no one believes in the sentimental stories in magazines about the extra who suddenly becomes a star. Even Grannit don't believe that stuff. But Aldens is a different story. He is an actor. If you handle him you will have to do it carefully. The sweet boy stuff. He is a little sentimental."

"And aren't we all, in Hollywood?" Mackenzie hinted.

"Just because. He will have to get another nose. You will have to tell him that. Or let me tell him. Tell him to make himself up to look like Oliver, for the tests. If the tests come out O.K., we will have to get Patapopolus to make him another nose. Of course now, for the while, there isn't enough time for that. Patapopolus is a wonderful nose-maker. And he will have to dye his hair. He has a kind of faded blond that doesn't photograph well, you know. A German blond. And he still has a little accent, of course."

"Can we begin?" an assistant asked, shuffling up to them.

Eisenlohr forgot all about Aldens and Mackenzie at that moment, and began to roar like an engine.

"Let's go," he bellowed and disappeared.

The Morescu put on her fur cap. The extras stood stock still, like living statues in the scenery. The whistle blew; and for a moment it looked like when you have thrown a penny into one of the penny peep-show movie machines. The people of Petrograd

began to move in their chalked-out places. At the last moment Blakely handed his smoking cigar to a fireman, who put it out and the horses drew the troika into the scene. As Mackenzie was halfway to his office he heard the explosion of the bomb and the great cry of the crowd.

They worked like that as long as the sun shone. Donca was trembling a little when they stopped, trembling from overwork although she was wrapped in the fur coat. The sun disappeared very rapidly. It was cold soon after that.

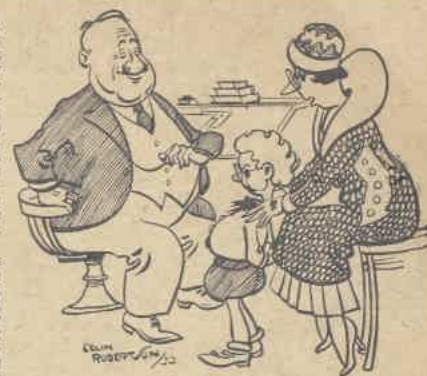
"I'll take you in my car to your bungalow," Eisenlohr offered. "Takus stood on the other side like a bodyguard."

"To the bungalow? The hell you will!" she replied. "Donca's tired. Donca would like to go back to her own house and sleep again in her own real bed."

"Nothing doing. Those are the caprices of a prima donna," Eisenlohr said smiling. "You will sleep where I put you down to sleep. Get into my car and don't say another word."

"That's nice—the way you order me about! I am just too tired to quarrel with you now. But I would like to walk, and not to drive."

"Then I'll walk beside you. That's right, we should walk a little," he approved, setting himself in motion at her side. She threw him a quick glance



FOND MOTHER: He's such a refined, delicate darling. I wonder what will become of him among the big, rough boys?
SCHOOLMASTER: Madam, I shudder to think of it!

in a hidden smile. "What's news?" "Nothing," he answered. She suddenly had an idea that Eisenlohr was again in love with her. It was an amusing idea. They stood for a moment and looked at the scenery. "Not bad," she said softly, pointing a finger into a street at the end of which was the silhouette of the leaning tower of Pisa. "Not bad."

"Yes, isn't it wonderful," Eisenlohr agreed, "how we are all stupidly in love with all this trash and will remain so for the rest of our days?"

They had already reached the corner of the avenue on which Donca's bungalow stood. The arc lamps had just been lit. There was a mist of twilight in the air.

Please turn to Page 46

PRESTIGE BUILT ON QUALITY



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SPEAKING

ONE admits to being spellbound by the magic of Crawford and Perry; the adroit stroke play of the youth-ful McGee—and his delightful sang-ine and the pedal agility of Hopman list.

These things are assets attainable by select few, and to them ten thou-sand people gathered at the White City courts and paid homage on Saturday last, when Australia registered a victory in the first Test match.

But there were many points of in-terest, apart from these valorous deeds. There was the wearing of the shorts by Adrian Quist. We have heard so many arguments for and against this attire since English "Bunny" Austin first essayed the attempt, that interest in Adrian's entry on Saturday resembled that of a noted stage artist making his first bow to the audience.

Adrian is fortunate. His mother limbs are of the type that could wear doublet and hose to good effect.

Perry's magnetic personality was a factor that kept the spectators in a happy and expectant frame of mind. His fall in the singles against Crawford was so gracefully executed as to excuse the extra seconds in which he lay prone in order that the assembled photo-graphers might do him full justice. Not so his later collapse, when, hit by a hard return from Adrian's racquet, he was completely winded. The ambu-lance man ran forward, complete with case and armed with a wide belt like a fireman, to look soothing, but ineffec-tive.

The gentleman, however, staged a comeback with much rolling of head and tossing of long, black locks, after which he laid up a rapid fire of com-ments at Wilde, whose play was not of the same standard as that of his brilliant partner, and who was obviously disconcerted.

It was curious to note, too, that there was a definite color line drawn between the two opposing teams. The English-men were all of brunette persuasion, and the Australians blonde.

And again during the momentous singles, when Crawford met Perry, the former expressed dissatisfaction with his feet while the latter gesticulated with his head.

Finally, the front view of the stands revealed a vast cage of carrier pigeons holed to roost, for row upon row of white hats were the order of the day.



MISS ALICE WEGEMUND, the foremost woman wicket-keeper in Australia, who considers that the wearing of a mask would hinder, rather than help, a wicket-keeper. Miss Wegemund is a member of the Cyprus (N.W.C.A.) team, and has "kept" for the New South Wales team in all interstate matches.

Hockey Delegate Returns From World Conference

MISS Kate Ogilvie, who, as vice-president of the Australian Women's Hockey Association, attended the Copenhagen tournament and conference, has just returned to Australia.

The rules of thirty-one countries were investigated at the conference and nine teams drawn from different nations took part in the tournament.



Miss Kate Ogilvie

THIS investigation proved that despite the disparities of speech of customs, and national characteristics generally, the rules governing the play of this popular sport were to all intents and purposes uniform. The English code, if any distinction were to be made, was most used.

Hockey has been an established game in England for a very long time, and the English team proved themselves superior to all others. Miss C. J. Gaskell, president of the federation, was among the English visitors. Australian girls will remember her as a member of the English team that visited us in 1914.

Barbara Cohen, who was a former Melbourne University player, kept goal for the "overseas team," which also included two girls from Egypt in its ranks.

The German and Danish teams, Miss Ogilvie says, take an intense interest in sport. They believe and encourage scientific training for the players. This re-

sults in great speed, but, despite this attribute, they were not as clever with the ball as their English opponents. They have splendid physiques, however, and are very sporting players.

The Danish girls are greatly encouraged by Princess Margherita, who takes a keen and practical interest in women's sport. The princess graciously consented to present the trophies at the international function, the largest women's sports gathering ever held.

"It was a wonderful experience," Miss Ogilvie continued, "to see all the teams assembled singing each other's national anthem, quite undisturbed by the fact that they had not the faintest idea of the words."

The final function took the form of a magnificent banquet when the members of the teams and the delegates were entertained with many distinguished visitors.

These included the British Minister, the German Charge d'Affaires, and America's first woman diplomat, who is not only a brilliant speaker but a striking personality.

The next world tournament will be held in Philadelphia (U.S.A.), and it is fully anticipated that an Australian team will be among the competitors.

SPORTING SHORTS

Week-End Cricket

MRS. HOWARTH, captain of the Stokes Victor cricket team, intends taking the team to Wollongong during the week-end, to play a friendly match against a team from the Illawarra Association.

Popular Sportsgirl Engaged

MISS MARGARET PEDER, B.A., eldest daughter of Sir John Peder of Chateaufort, whose engagement to Mr. Emanuel, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel, of Roseville, has recently been announced, is one of the best known sportswomen in Sydney. Miss Peder has been secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association since its inception, and also holds the same position with the N.S.W. Women's Amateur Sports Council. She was the first secretary of the Australian Women's Sports Council. Mr. Emanuel is also a sportsman of note, and his prowess on the tennis courts is well known.

HORT ROBINSON says: My sister-in-law just told me she had just seen a wonderful new...

Baseball Tourists

THE Baseball Association is hopeful of arranging a match against the Arnot's team during their stay in Brisbane. The tourists arrive on December 26, and will play a friendly match against Toowoomba. If suitable they will play the Brisbane team on January 6. The match should be of interest, for the visitors are the premier team of New South Wales.

N.Z. Golfers

THE New Zealand women golfers are still endeavoring to raise enough money to send their two champions, Miss Olive Kay and Miss Bessie Gainsford, to England to compete in the British women's open golf championship, which will be played next year. With this object in view Miss Kay on Saturday played a splendid game when opposed to Mr. B. V. Wright, the New Zealand amateur champion.

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UMPIRES have to make QUICK DECISIONS

A RECENT occurrence at the Sydney Cricket Ground, when an umpire signalled "out" although he called "not out," has given rise to much discussion. To those not conversant with the rules of cricket this mistake will always remain a debatable subject.

By Ruth Predey,
ex-interstate cricketer.

THERE are two rulings to this question. In the first place an umpire may alter his decision if he finds he was in error and gave a wrong decision in a hurry, and, secondly, the umpire must be sure that the batsman understands his decision.

In this particular case the batsman was recalled, and continued with his innings.

Those who have taken their turn as an umpire will quite understand and sympathise with this particular umpire, but to those who have never experienced the sensation of having to give a decision in a second, the matter will long remain a subject for argument.

There are many questions relating to umpiring that the average person does not know, and it might be as well for those connected with cricket to acquaint themselves with the facts. Very often one hears of an umpire giving an extra ball in an over. It is definitely not the duty of the scorer to acquaint the umpire or the players of the fact. The scorer on all occasions takes his instructions from the umpire.

An incident happened in women's interstate cricket during play at the Sydney Cricket Ground several seasons ago. Two players went to catch a ball. One of the players got the ball but she was knocked over and the ball, of course, was dropped. There was an appeal and there was a consultation between the umpires before the final decision was given. The question that arose was as to whether the ball had rested long enough in the player's hands to constitute a catch.

In this particular case the decision was given in favor of the fielder. Unusual happenings in cricket are frequent, and emphasize the necessity for a player to be conversant with the rules.

The long-before-wicket rule is another one that many people misconstrue. The umpire gives a decision from his point

of view, and a batsman standing at the same end as the umpire cannot give an opinion as to whether he is standing in a line with the wicket.

I have heard remarks frequently made that batsmen cannot be given out l.b.w. when they have hit the ball with their bat after it has hit their leg, but unfortunately they can be definitely out.

Probably there is no game in the world where decisions are left so much to the judgment of the umpire, and that there have been so few glaring mistakes made, speaks volumes for the band of umpires.

And why do umpires wear white coats? It has been suggested that the idea was used for the benefit of the batsman, as it was thought that a ball would not be so visible coming from the bowler if the umpire stood at the wicket in dark clothes.

Cricket at Wollongong

ANNANDALE Waratahs cricketers journeyed to Wollongong during the week and played a match against a Waratah-Kembla team. Rain delayed the start of the match and the heavy outfield was responsible for very slow scoring.

R. Monaghan and E. Evans opened for Wollongong. The former retired at 28, after being two hours at the batting crease.

An exciting finish saw the Waratah-Kembla team beat the Annandale Waratahs by three runs.

The Illawarra Association is keen for their team to win the premiership at country week and the selectors are lessening the opportunity to watch their likely representatives in all their matches. Country week is the stepping stone for those who are anxious to be included in the interstate team.

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